FEATURES OF NEBRASKA LIFE

Sunday Journal and Star

EDITORIAL AND FEATURES

FOUNDED IN 1867 | LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1933 | SECTION C AND D

Code for the Perfect Employee....

Lincoln Bosses Say They Can Find Imperfections in Their Help and Dont Mind Telling What They Are....

BY LULU MAE COE.

WHEN gay March gales were toasting spring with a "Here's dust in your eye," we blew away a few employer complexes of perfection through the beautiful anonymity of those who must sit agreeing and agreeable when the great ones speak.

But that better-than-thou idea was whuffed right into nothing by the great ones as soon as the paper hit the front door.

They insisted that their employes had no difficulty keeping their feet on the floor and had no appearance of being wafted upward by wings of impeccable behavior. In fact, their own very minor failures in indefectibility were due solely to the soul torturing peccancies of those on the other end of the pay envelopes.

Of course, it seemed utterly impossible of those who only stand and work that faults were theirs!

And so we asked the men and women in the swivel chairs if it were possible to find something they wished their employes wouldn't do, what it might be."

Not So Hard.

It appeared they didn't have to take a day off to do it! The facts were at hand.

And thus, in December, we're turning all the little workers into icicles over what their employers think of them.

The first one was a boomerang—"We dislike exceedingly the employe who compositions a paragraph of this type"—with a nice green circle around the objectionable thought. "Certainly a graduate of business college wouldn't even try to get by with it." Or use this dandy hunt and peck system, either. Nor make a verb out of compositions.

"My complaint is," states another thoughtful soul "that employes should come to work on time and then go to work when they get into the place of business." —with on time and go to work emphasized. "Not discuss parties, their dates, golf and baseball scores, and not stay in the rest room too long. The man who pays the bills wants people to work and tend to business not talk—talk—talk. Both men and girls keep this up day after day, and it makes them most unsatisfactory."

"Remember The Overhead."

An employer of men and women for the last twenty-seven years wishes the employes would remember the "overhead."

"I wish they would pay closer attention to the waste of small articles. In our business, we have many small items of merchandise which we use and for which we should be paid, but many times do not, owing to the fact that the employe does not realize, or does not want to realize the amount of waste and money they can save in a business. Among the things they might do is turn off the lights when leaving an unused room.

"I do not mean every employe is wasteful because the materials cost him nothing nor do I think they are all, shall I say, somewhat lazy. There are, however, too many unable to see far enough ahead that by not practicing the small economies and using some [illegible] they are not going to better themselves in positions, and, of course, in salary.

I think the employe particularly at this time, who is constantly working for the interest of the company will benefit by doing so."

A merchant wishes his employes would never scowl or frown and always carry a smile. While smiling, he suggests they meet their customers as though it "really were a pleasure to serve them."

But here's where us girls get a break. This man is a deep thinker!

Bouquets, Indeed.

"The facts are we do not have any suggestion to make for we have a fine set of young women in our employ and everyone of them knows her place, does her work, and certainly takes an interest in the business. We can not suggest just what our employes should not do, for they are loyal and do their work well."

Thoughts on thinking vary.

"I wish they would not expect one of the proprietors to do all their thinking for them. Learn to do some real constructive thinking of their own."

And—

"Assume too much in handling office matters." He also wailed the workers waited too long to answer the phone.

"I dislike employes who annoy me with details, instead of thinking for themselves. I like snappy employes who think for themselves and for the firm and who do NOT 'yes' the bosses."

A couple, at least, complain of their employes' lack of interest in their work. One of them also comments on the fatal fault of carelessness as another of his troubles.

Object To Criticism.

His face must have been red!

"I wish they wouldn't enter into any conversation whatsoever, good, bad, or otherwise, about their employer."

Well—he's not alone.

"I don't want them to criticize, in idle gossip, their employer or his method of doing business.

"And I wish they wouldn't act as though they were imposed upon if they are requested to fill in, even if it is out of their line of duty."

"I have great admiration for the industry and loyalty of the employes with whom I am associated," declares one, as he slips the medicine under the orange juice, "but—an occasional unwelcome visitor is Dame Gossip."

Incidentally, who made gossip feminine?

"I don't like her," he continues. "Carping criticism among fellow employes is damaging to their best interests. It's the friendly good word that pays!"

Brief and to the point this one—"Not to visit during office hours." Oh, suh, it can't keep 'till 5 o'clock.

Nix On Disputes.

This "boss" is quite willing to be Solomon, but he's not going into any disputes without the facts in the case.

"I wish my employes—he must be right, for they appear to be feminine—would not ask my advice concerning their problems. I wish they would tell me how to solve their problems. I could then act as a judge, deciding whether they were right or wrong."

Maybe Solomon knows his help, but how'll he convince her she's wrong, when she has found her own solution.

Just resignation here! He doesn't like it, but he knows it's good for him. Her fault is her good point.

"There is just one thing that is annoying and that is that one's own secretary in the office need not hound him about taking care of this or that—in a very superior tone."

"But" [illegible] I presume it is good to have one in the office who can hound a man, just like a man has a wife at the home to hound him and see the [illegible] things done there. [illegible]

(Continued On Page Two.)

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Carols Of Lincoln Youngsters Mix Much History With Their Holiday Rhythms

BY LULU MAE COE.

WHEN Lincoln boys and girls in their raccoon coats and berets gather on the street corners in Christmas week to sing their carols, they are but the modern counterparts of those red-checked English lads and lasses who, lantern in hand, capped, shawled, and muffleered, went about the crisp countryside, along the lanes, and through the city streets singing of "Nowell, Nowell," or

"The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown"

with vast spirit and heartiness.

Oddly enough, carol singing goes back to the beauty that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, in the temples, at feasts for the great games, and some of the less well known antedate the Christian era, changed, but the substance is very old. Holly and ivy were part of the ritual of the Druids, but some that is pagan remains in the molder faith, for the first fathers were compelled to adapt the old into the new, because their people clung to the outward symbols.

Started as Lyrics.

In the beginning, carols really were lyrics set to dance measures, but today for us they symbolize only the Christmas festival of peace and joy. From Italy, the carols, less devotional than the hymns, were taken to France, Spain, Germany, and the British isles, little folk songs of their own beliefs and superstitions of the sagas told about the fire of pagan days.

The majority of the carols were written early, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, although the lovely Chrsimas hymn, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" was an eighteenth century composition. "The Cherry Tree Carol"—

"Joseph was an old man, an old man was he;
He married sweet Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

"As they went a-walking in the garden so gay,
Sweet Mary spied cherries hanging over yon tree.

"Mary said to cherry tree 'Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries, by one, two, and three.'—

is based up an old legend from a mystery play.

First Collection In 1521.

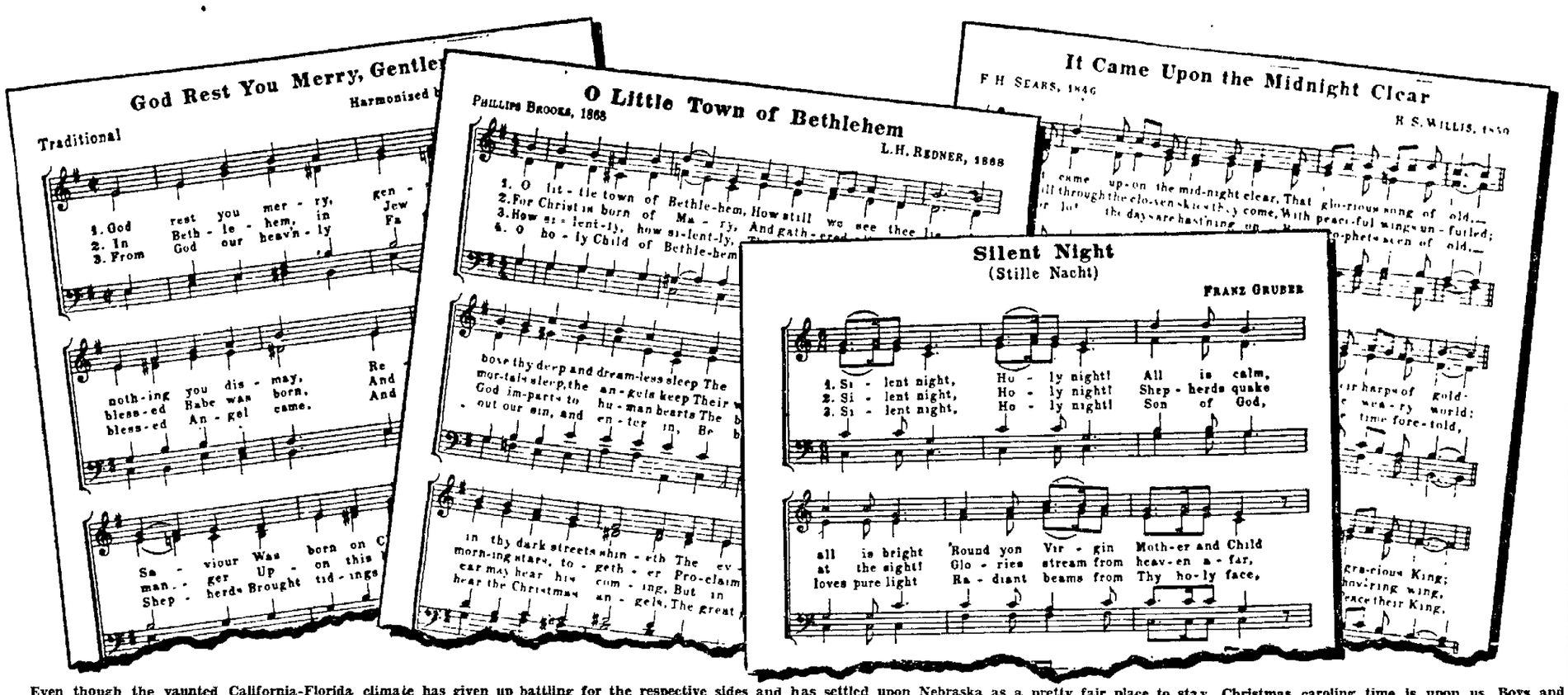
The earliest printed collection of "Christmasse Carolles' was published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521. It included the famous "Boars Head Carol," prepared for that traditional ceremony—

"The Boar's head in hand bear I
Bedeckt with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you my masters be merry,
Quot estis in convivio."

Another of the early carols based upon legend is "I Saw Three Ships", with the answering verses:

"And what was in those ships all three?
Our Saviour Christ and his lady.
Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem.
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
Then let us all rejoice amain!

But it was from the eighteen and nineteenth centuries, with a dip into the seventeenth, that come those carol-hymns which drift from churches and cathedrals at the Yuletides, which swing across the winter snows when vaunted from young throats.



Even though the vaunted California-Florida climate has given up battling for the respective sides and has settled upon Nebraska as a pretty fair place to stay, Christmas caroling time is upon us. Boys and girls and men and women sang the carols in a much younger world than this, and for half a hundred different occasions, but some of those melodies and some of those verses, changed some to meet a Christian world, are caroled today, along with the beautiful Christmas hymns that we term carols, in the Yuletide season. Many Lincoln groups are planning to continue the pleasant custom, begun in the old world, of caroling during Christmas week.

That loveliest of all the carols, as we note them, "Adeste Fideles" or "O Come All Ye Faithful" is a translation from the Latin. The composer of the music is not known.

Wesley's Brother Composed.

"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," composed in 1739, was the work of Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, written when he was thirty-two. Known as the poet of the revival, Wesley composed around 6,500 hymns, and has been termed as the greatest hymn writer of all ages. The inspiring music is by Mendelssohn, noted German composer.

Although Nahum Tate, one of England's poet laureates was considered rather dull in most of his work and he never has gained a high place in the arts, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," is attributed to him. Tate, born in Dublin in 1652, was a graduate of Trinity college in Dublin, and authored several plays and books of verse, including elegies and birthday odes.

Martin Luther, German religious reformer, was a caroler in his youth, joining the parties that went forth to sing. As a man, he, who was devotedly fond of music and who wrote many Reformation hymns, setting some of them to music, did words and music for—

"Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head;
The stars in the sky
Looked down where he lay—
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep in the hay."

"We Three Kings of Orient Are" was written by John H. Hopkins, a prolific writer, who are successively an iron manufacturer, a student of the law, rector of a Boston Episcopal church, and bishop of Vermont. A native of Dublin, he came to the United States in 1801, and died here in 1868. The music, too, is his.

One of the most beautiful and significant songs of Christmas was written in the nineteenth century, after the middle, in 1868, by Phillips Brooks, Episcopal bishop, famed for his liberal doctrines, independence of thought, tolerance, and ability as an orator. Following a Christmas eve in Bethlehem, he penned the stanzas, set to music by Lewis H. Redner the same year. A native of Massachusetts, Bishop Brooks served churches in Philadelphia and Boston, and was elected bishop of his native state in 1891.

Reginald Heber, second bishop of Calcutta, wrote the words of "Brightest and Best"—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Shine on our dakness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid."

Poet as well as churchman, he published his first volume of verse, in 1812, the same year he was made prebendery of an English church. In 1823, h was raised to the bishopric, and continued to write on religious subjects and travel. Bishop Heber also wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Holy, Holy, Holy."

Montgomery's Songs.

Chiefly remembered for his hymns, James Montgomery also is known for one particular piece of Christmas music, "Angels from the Realms of Glory." Son of a Moravian minister in Scotland, the boy was sent to a Moravian school, but earned the ire of the masters because of his tendency to spend his leisure moments in writing epics on non-religious subjects. In his later life, he became an editor, exceedingly liberal in his youth, but becoming conservative with age.

Josiah G. Holland authored "Christmas Song"—

"There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!"—

During a lifetime that included many forms of activity and left several volumes of fiction and verse of a moral tone. Born in Massachusetts, he graduated in medicine and practiced for three years. Holland then became superintendent of schools in Vicksburg, Miss., and from there went to the Springfield Republican as associate editor, and remained there from 1849 to 1866, doing much to maintain the standards of that outstanding publication. He then founded Scribner's magazine which was absorbed later by the Century, and remained as its editor until his death in 1881.

Edmund H. Sears, an American Unitarian clergyman and poet, composed the lines of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." A native of Massachusetts, he was a graduate of Union and of the Harvard divinity school. He held pastorates at Wayland, Lancaster, and Weston, Mass., and for a number of years was editor of the Monthly Religious magazine. Mr. Sears, who spent all his life in the one state, died there in 1876 at the age of sixty-six.

The words of "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," as the music, are traditional, sung by the Christmas waits of sixteenth century England. It appears in a number of versions, depending upon the part of the country singing.

It Happened In Nebraska Or To Nebraskans

YOU'VE heard of the three little kittens and their mittens—there are five little kittens in Omaha that would require in all twenty-nine gloves; the large town of Nebraska City has no terrors for a large coon which invaded its precincts; a Newark farmer's horses celebrated the close of cornpicking with a little fancy running; good neighbors for fifty years celebrate together; bluebirds still linger in southeast Nebraska.

Five Little Kittens.

Omaha World Herald—Ring out wild bells, repeal, repeal, but don't tell this story to any of the celebrating indulgents.

For those enjoying a good safe and sane December 6, a sight of Mrs. W. D. Moore's kitties should excite mere wonder, and no running amuck. Mrs. Moore lives at 3532 South Fortieth street, and Emleta, 5, is the proud owner of five cats with 29 paws. Scratch that if you can.

"Skitter" (not "jitter") is the mother cat, and has two paws to each front leg. There are two kittens, both named "Floradora," the same way. A third named "Handsome Dice" has seven, a quartet in front and three around in back. The fourth is named "Sells, Forepaugh and Floto" and has only as many paws as is indicated in the clever name gven it.

Sometimes when the little family gets to romping it looks as though there were five times as many, making 145 paws in all.

When informed of this, Pussyfoot Johnson said: "Prohibition is bound to come again some day — maybe tomorrow!"

Coon Invades City.

Nebraska City News Press—Night Policeman William Gunn, although not a member of the Nebraska Coon Hunters' association, bagged a large coon Monday night at the M. A. Shepard home, Twelfth street and Third corso.

About 10 o'cock Monday night, Herbert Schwaderer, who lives near the Shepard home, was awakened by the continual barking of a dog and upon investigation found the Shepard dog had "treed" a coon on the telephone pole in the Shepard yard. As the pole is near the Schwaderer chicken house Herb suspected the animal was looking for his fowls when discovered by the dog. He called the police station and Will Gunn was sent out to get the coon. He got it.

Horses Celebrate.

Minden Courier—Mr. F. O. Rowley, of near Newark had a rather exciting few minutes Thursday as the windup of his corn husking for this year. He had just brought in the last load, and as the crib was pretty well filled he climbed to the top and pushed the corn into the low places to make room for the last thirty-five bushels. As he was climbing back down one of the horses took a notion to go places and the other went along without much coaxing. They crashed through two woven wire fences, then through a barbed wire fence and into a field, tore loose from the wagon and finally stopped after a bit of plain and fancy running about the field.

Longtime Friends.

McCook Gazette — A friendship which began over fifty years ago has been kept in full flower ever since then by Mrs. Vina Wood, 82, and Mrs. Bertha Kleven, 94.

Mrs. Kleven was the first woman Mrs. Wood met in Nebraska. For more than fifty years they exchanged recipes, advised each other on problems and were good neighbors.

Sunday they were turkey dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stokes. Mrs. Stokes is the daughter of Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Kleven lives at Culbertson, as do Mrs. Clara Wray, her daughter, and Paul Wray, her grandson, and Mrs. John McNiece, other guests at the dinner.

Enlarges Collection.

Dorchester Times — J. V. Kenney came into possession of an old Indian tomahawk last week and has added it to his collection of Indian relics. The tomahawk was shaped from a solid stone and with a handle attached as only an Indian could fasten it.

Mr. Kenney came into possession of the old time weapon through his friend, Mr. R. C. Wellshear. It was found north of Grand Island.

Bluebirds Linger.

Nebraska City News-Press—Bluebirds must have mistaken the balmy weather Sunday and Monday for the return of spring, Mrs. Arthur Whyte thought when she watched a pair of them flitting around in her yard on north Sixteenth street.

Perhaps they were attracted by their feathered friends who make their permanent abode in the Whyte gardens. Bluebirds, redbirds, pewees and chick-a-dees were enjoying their meals of suet and ground corn Mrs. Whyte put out for them.

Redbirds remain in the underbrush along North Table creek all winter, Mrs. Whyte said, and to keep them from going hungry food is placed in the Whyte gardens regularly.

Talks on Ancient Trail.

McCook Gazette — Art Carmody, who lives south of Trenton, told the Rotary club today of the romance of the old Texas cattle trail, which wound near the homestead his father took up near Trenton 50 years ago. Carmody was a speaker last night at the meeting of the Southwestern Nebraska Historical society. He told how the Texans, their ponies crowding the lagging "dogies," trailed thousands of head of cattle to rich grasses of Nebraska, the Dakotas and Montana and the frontier shipping points.

Custer County Couple Flaunting Depression By Building Sod House

Depressions may be depressing, but they don't get the upper hand with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Neth. A sod house was their home in early days and a sod house is their home in the truest sense of the word today. Both were created through necessity, and both, because of the spirit which builded them, are typical of the splendid courage that made a new Nebraska years ago and which is supporting it through every trouble today.

The spirit of the pioneer is not dead. The sod that supplied the livelihood of the early settlers had bred a valiant race which with fortitude and courage face the hazards which the last few years have brought to them. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Neth of Custer county, who are engaged in their second pioneering enterprise, epitomize this courageous strain.

For the second time in their married life Mr. and Mrs. Neth are living in a sod house. The first one they occupied following their marriage and in it their three children were born. The second one has followed the depression and they find many things about it to admire. Of the first "soddy" Mrs. Neth says "We didn't have much then but I guess they were the happiest days we ever spent."

Caught In Market.

During the war Mr. Neth invested heavily in stock and was caught in the downward market. Interest and taxes could not be met and eventually he lost the 800 acres of Custer county land that he had worked so hard to own.

With the courage of true pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Neth now in middle age, started over again. They have a 25-year lease on a school section. No house being available they procured a tent and lived in this several months last year until their first crops could be harvested. In November, 1932, they began the erection of their second sod house. A breaking plow was used to turn over the prairie sod, and a spade cut it in even lengths. A location was selected under a hill where it would be sheltered from the north wind. Clay was placed between the joints. It took the returns from a hundred acres of corn to buy the needed lumber to construct the house and to buy the rubberoid for a roof, which was covered with sod.

Moved In Storm.

Shortly before Christmas the house, 16x40 feet, was completed, and in the midst of the first severe storm of the year, they moved to the new quarters. At first the house had only a dirt floor, but as time permitted a concrete floor was put in one section at a time. Later they plan to partition the one large room into three smaller ones.

And so, from the hills which they love, they have, like other people in this section, built themselves a new home, have received new hope, new life, and carry on with the undaunted light of the true pioneers in their eyes. They visualize a new home in the future located near the road with all the farm buildings that should accompany it.

Mr. Neth has taken a prominent part in community affairs since coming to Custer county in 1890. He has been township clerk, justice of the peace, treasurer of the school district and road overseer. He was influential in having several much needed roads laid out.

Devised Snow Fence.

During his years as road overseer he saw the need of some means of keeping the road open during the winter and protecting it from snow. The idea came to him in 1924 of using slat fence for this purpose. Heretofore this had been considered useful mainly for corn cribs and garden fence. Mr. Neth erected these snow fences which have proved so successful. J. A. VanSant, then highway commissioner watched the venture and now Custer county buys this slat fence by the carload for snow fence use.

In addition to rearing their own family of three children, Mr. and Mrs. Neth took into their home as children two nephews who are now self-supporting. At present they have with them their eldest son and his two small children, so the new "soddy," with its few windows and flowering plants and children at the door, resembles in every way the many sod homes that dotted the prairies when the white man first took possession of the undulating hills.

Bosses Suggest Code For Perfect Employes

(Continued from Page One.)

when all is said and done, a man needs to be hounded. It makes him work and accomplish more!"

Only Inevitable.

No names are furnished with that however, for he seems to have accepted the inevitable.

Somebody had been sticking a finger in the wrong pie that day!

"I wish they'd take the same interest in their own jobs as they do trying to take care of the 'boss's'".

Whoops.

And if she went home early that night, and said that the boss didn't know it, it was just too bad, for sez he:

"The dishonesty of time killing with the thought that they are getting away with it."

"I have a very capable office force. My wish is that my employes cultivate a courteous manner in answering the telephone. This especially applies to the many offices we have occasion to call."

Another rose among the cabbages has this in its leaves. "No complaint. My boys are doing the very best they can in the boss's interest. It is difficult to keep good natured and full of pep these days."

The girl who says "yes" under the moon one night, goes to the person the next, and leaves the next day gets in bad with one man, according to this tale.

Phrase Give Notice.

"Girls would get much further in industry if they would be more honorable with their employer. For instance when they resign, they give no notice or very little."

It's just too bad these boys and girls don't know their employer's little leanings so that they can have a few Elbert Hubbard quotations to get him in good humor when the coffee's been bad. However, he's chiefly interested in "The Message to Garcia" which in its arrangement of careless employes wouldn't do anything to bring out the rainbow between the two at 8 a. m. But he would have them read it once a month.

"So many employes are just plain dumb," we are crushed to learn.

But, the same boss goes on to explain— "in fact, as much so as their employers," which helps some.

"The business world wants to pay a better wage to the worker who cares a tinker's dam," he concludes.

"To treat all customers in a way implying they are guests of the institution and entitled to every consideration—for without the customer there would be no institution."

Not "Always" Wrong.

No matter what the employes think, the boss isn't always wrong. In most cases, this one declares. "I'll say he is not."

"When a man is hired, he is supposed to work for the employers interest, get on his toes suggest sales, be courteous to all customers, be bright and lively, and not act as though he had to do it. Nine times out of ten tha tis the attitude, and when he is doing this the employe is not working for the employers interest."

Trustful workers is all this boss wants.

"I don't want the employes to look with suspicion and distrust on all my actions, when I am attempting to maintain the business by economy and efficiency, and thus perpetuate jobs for the employes."

And in the end, here's an employer—a woman, who wishes all the employes would read the skilfully worded ads on personal grooming. "Such carelessness is to me one of the most important things which our employes in any field should guard against."

So it becomes that the only reason the halo of the man behind the push buttons is a bit dim is because of those pushed.

But there's no room for wings in a princess frock!

Uni. Players Prepare Brilliant Performance "Another Language"

—Photos by Hale.

Shown in the top pictures are the three "sisters-in-law" in the Hallam family, secrets of which will be revealed when the University Players present "Another Language," brilliant Broadway success of last year, opening Monday night. From left to right in the picture are Adela Tombrink who plays the part of Grace Hallam; Mary Kay Throop, comedy lead in the production as Helen Hallam; and Nora Osborne, who is cast as Etta Hallam.

Armand Hunter and Dorothy Zimmer, the two principals in the play, are shown in the bottom picture. Miss Zimmer plays the part of Stella, a romantic wife who wishes to get more out of life than "getting up in the morning and going to bed at night." Mr. Hunter is cast as Victor, her husband, who partially understand his wife's temperament until the coarse ridicule of his family turns him from her.

BY BILL LAWRENCE.

With Dorothy Zimmer, Armand Hunter, Mary Kay Throop and Dwight Perkins cast in the leading roles, the University Players will open Monday night in the Temple theater for a week's run of "Another Language," brilliant Broadway success of last year.

Acclaimed as one of the finest plays produced on Broadway last year, "Another Language" comes to Lincoln, just as "The Late Christopher Bean" and "Dinner at Eight" did, to both thrill and delight University Players audiences. The play during its extended run on Broadway drew favorable comments from almost all of the New York critics.

Praised By Nathan.

Of it George Jean Nathan, critic for "The Theatre" magazine, said that it turned out to be one of the finest plays of "the year" while brusque Ed Sullivan, Graphic's critic said "Never have I heard an audience cheer so lustily at a premiere."

The action of the play itself is built around the ever-constant conflict between the artistic and romantic mind of Stella, an in-law, who refuses to adopt the materialistic attitude of the Hallams a commonplace American family and the efforts of the entire family.

It is a difficult role that Miss Zimmer is assigned in the part of Stella, but Director Harold Priestley Sumption, who has appeared in the play with four different companies, expects and predicts a great performance by her. She has appeared in numerous University Players productions in the past.

Hunter Promises Excellent Work.

Armand Hunter portrays the part of Victor husband of Stella who to a certain extent understands the romantic temperament of his wife and sympathizes with her until the combined ridicule of his brothers, their wives, and his mother with her condescending "dear" spells turns his mind to the Hallam family. Mr. Hunter's portrayal judging from rehearsals at least, is excellent.

Mary Kay Throop comes to the Temple stage in a role entirely different from those which she has played before Lincoln audiences hitherto. Cast as a comedy lead, her ever-ready wise cracks and humorous gestures furnish the only relief from the heavy drama of the remainder of the production.

Miss Throop has just returned from an appearance with the Ottumwa, Ia., players in which she had the title role of "The First Mrs. Fraser." Miss Alice Howell, head of the dramatic department at the university, says that the role of Miss Throop, although it is an entirely new type for her, seems to be suited excellently to her talents and predicts that she will impress Lincoln audiences most favorably.

But the most difficult part and the one with the greatest possibilities is the one assigned to Dwight Perkins, a new "find" for the University Players. He has been assigned the role of Jerry, a juvenile with a yearning to go to Europe and study architecture. Stella sees in him a great resemblance to her husband, Victor, and encourages him in his attempt to break away from the family and realize his ambition.

First Uni. Appearance.

This is Perkins' first appearance with the University Players, but he had leading roles in nearly all the plays produced in Lincoln high school, while he was a student there. Miss Frances McChesney, dramatic coach at the high school, who was formerly a member of the Players, recommends him highly and Director Sumption also predicts a great performance from him.

Other important characters in the production are Clara Christensen, who appears as Mrs. Hallam, the long suffering and very positive mother of Victor, who is also able to faint when it seems most effective. Miss Christensen will be remembered as a very able actress by those Lincoln people who saw her in the leading role of "The Late Christopher Bean."

Nora Osborne in the role of Etta Hallam also has a very good part and should do very nicely in it, judging from her performances in "Beggars on Horseback" and "Porgy" with the University Players in the past. Both Miss Christiansen and Miss Osborne are graduate students in the dramatic department.

Follows New Policy.

The presentation of "Another Language" by the Players is only a continuation of their policy of this year presenting the successful plays of Broadway last year. It is the third presentation of the year and should rank equally with their two previous successes.

Advance ticket sales for the week's run point to a sold-out Opening Monday night the play will run until Saturday night with a Saturday afternoon matinee.

The complete cast for the production is as follows:

[illegible]	Armand Hunter
[illegible]	Dwight Perkins
[illegible]	Dorothy Zimmer
[illegible]	Mary Kay Throop
[illegible]	Harold Priestley
[illegible]	Adela Tombrink
[illegible]	Nora Osborne
[illegible]	Frances McChesney
[illegible]	Bob Beagle
[illegible]	Bob Sorensen
[illegible]	Clara Christensen

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BY DON R. LEECH.
(Director, Albion Adult Education school)

WHATEVER Junior's ideas about school may be, if he lives in Albion, Neb., his mother or father probably attends school and likes it.

Friday night is the night, and that evening finds the Albion high school alight and surrounded by 50 or more cars. Inside, 245 adults are boldly plunging into studies that fulfill, in many cases, lifelong ambitions.

How is it done?
What does it cost?
Who pays the salaries?
What courses are offered?
Who is responsible?

456 Courses Given.

These are some of the questions that have been asked many times not only by local people, but those in other towns of the state. A school with 245 adults registered, taking 456 courses, taught by a staff of 16, teaching 19 subjects, would be no small institution in a city many times the size of Albion. And for Albion and community with an estimated population of 3,000 it is a sensation. Not only from the city of Albion, but from the farms and neighboring community centers, men and women come each week to attend this school.

Every class and many occupations are represented in the school. There are farmers, and farmers' hired men, merchants and clerks, lawyers, doctors, ministers, and stenographers, business men and retired farmers, housewives and teachers, rich and poor together with the well-to-do. All are enrolled in the classes operating in this school.

Enrollments for most classes run 25 to 30. Ladies' gymnasium enrolled 35. Men's gymnasium divided into two sections, have 32, public speaking in two sections—36; contract bridge — 30, ballroom dancing—23; economics—25; small business accounting—28; sociology—22, salesmanship—25, typewriting—28; cooking—25; business letter writing—17, art—13, and psychology—64.

A reporter coming into the high school building when classes are in session would see nothing spectacular or unusual in the situation. In the regular class rooms the adult students are busily engaged in class activities. Between classes, for two or three minutes, the 260 people, including students and teachers, are in the halls and then all is quiet again as the next period of class work begins. It has been remarked by people who are not familiar with the history of the school, "That, that new school in Albion is quite an institution," emphasizing the newness.

Historic Background.

An adult school in Albion, however, is not new in any real sense. Four years ago, an inter-denominational church school was organized with 75 members. This school has operated since that time with an enrollment varying from 50 to 75.

During each one of these years psychology was taught. At the close of the school last year, a group of men about town became interested in the subject and 44 of them enrolled in a special psychology class which ran for seven weeks. This was the real beginning of community-wide interest in

Albion hostesses are learning not to schedule their bridge parties on Friday evenin, for, if they do, they'll get a sheaf of regrets as adult Albion is going to school. It's the sort of school everybody's dreamed of for all the courses are elective and inhibited desires to know more of aesthetics or agriculture, business or ballroom dancing—or bridge—can be satisfied.

All these students do other things during the day but on Friday evening they go to school because they want to. The adult education school gives busy folk a chance to get a new slant on an old subject or to brush up on almost anything desired, whether it be cultural educational or industrial.

adult learning in Albion.

Two years ago, O. R. Blatter, a young man who has had considerable experience as an organizer in Y. M. C. A. work in Omaha and Chicago and who has had two or three years of salesmanship experience, came to Albion. That first winter he organized volley ball play and 100 men, who for years had known no game more strenuous than ping pong or horseshoe pitching, began playing this game with enthusiasm.

The following summer they continued their activity in kitten ball and Mr Blatter organized a league in that game. Last summer he sponsored a class in swimming and 100 young people learned to swim or improve their swimming in this class. Then last year he became interested in the psychology class and this year broached the school authorities and local board of education on the possibility of an adult education school.

The superintendent of schools was made director of the school with O. R Blatter, business manager, and R. I. Blatter, a brother, assistant in faculty organization.

Offered All Subjects

The first notice given out in connection with the proposed school announced that any class in any subject would be taught in which 10 adults were registered and for which a teacher could be found. The school is divided into two terms.

Most subjects run throughout the two terms. Business letter writing and contract bridge are offered only during the first term, agriculture, meat cutting, and business papers for the second term. The only course advertised for which a teacher could not be found was beauty culture. Art and a second section in public speaking had to be added after the first meeting because of the insistent demand.

Publicity for the school began two months before the opening date, November 17. Paid advertisements appeared in the local papers; the State Press gave it publicity, mimeographed notices went out with grocery deliveries, announcements were made before public gatherings. It became the talk of the town.

"Have you heard of the adult education school?"

"Are you registering for sociology, economics, or are you going to take psychology again this year?"

"I have always wanted to learn to dance and this is my golden opportunity," said another.

"Cities have opportunities for adults to go to school and I am mighty glad to have this opportunity. I have always wanted to learn to use a typewriter," said still another.

A pre-registration session was held at which 35 additional students registered. It was hoped at least 100 would enroll and when 205 were enrolled at the first session of the school, it was felt the activity was justified.

Upon organizing the school six definite principles were laid down.

1. A faculty must be secured who would serve without compensation.

2. The local school district must furnish the meeting place for the school.

3. Such expenses as light, stationery, paper, mimeographed material, janitor service, etc., must be paid for by the school itself.

4. Any course would be offered that was asked for by 10 students and a teacher could be found.

Charged 50 Cents Fee.

5. In order to secure an earnest registration, 50 cents would be charged for each course selected by each registrant.

6. In order to make it as economical as possible and to aid in securing attendance, five cents would be paid back to each student for class attendance.

So far there has been no difficulty in organizing and maintaining the school in accordance with these principles. The plan for financing the school is proving adequate. The third session was held December 1, the night of the big rain in Nebraska, but in spite of the steady downpour, during the whole evening, 160 people were present.

R. I. Blatter, former teacher in the Albion schools, a member of the local board of education, had general charge of securing the faculty. Five of the local high school faculty members were selected together with the superintendent of schools and high school principal.

Three housewives were engaged, one to teach ladies' gymnasium; one, contract bridge, and the other, ballroom dancing. The county judge teaches Business papers. The county agent has a class in gymnasium.

A part-time agriculture teacher will have the class in meat cutting. A business accountant is teaching small business accounting. One banker is teaching economics and another salesmanship and business men's gymnasium, and so the faculty was made up and approached their respective classes with enthusiasm.

Students Enthusiastic.

Just what is the reaction of these adult students to the school is problematical but as varied, I expect, as personalities vary. For some, interest in attendance may mean only getting their nickels back. The predominating reaction, however, seems to be one of enthusiasm.

Real thought and study is being given to the subjects. Sociology, economics and salesmanship books are in much demand. To members of the psychology class 40 books and pamphlets have been loaned. Typing, ball room dancing, gymnasium, and public speaking practice is general and many new business accountants are in the making.

I have been asked "What about school next year?" The future is unknown.

It may be, next year we will be too busy to go to school and the year after next, too rich, but just now, with plenty of time and not much money, the school is filling a very large place in the lives of the people of Albion.

Candlelight Service Again To Be First Presbyterian Church Event

"O Thou Great Chief, light a candle in my heart that I may see what is therein, and sweep the rubbish from Thy dwelling."

Cleansing the soul and the heart of their weariness, their bitterness and discontent, the dedication of one's self wholly to the giving of happiness to others and the reception of inward peace is truly the spirit of Christmas.

There are so many ways of expressing the Christmas ideals that it was a difficult task for the young people of the old First Presbyterian church to decide how to spread to the outside world the glow that was within their own hearts.

"What will be our Christmas gift to the people of Lincoln?" they asked," and how best can we give to others what we only can feel ourselves."

And then, because the candle has been the symbol of reverence and worship for so many centuries, and because its delicately glowing and flickering tip resembles the brightest of stars in a clear, midnight sky, the first candle-light service in this section of the country had its inception.

That was seventeen years ago when the First Presbyterian church was situated at Thirteenth and M streets.

The first service took place in the lecture room of the old church, and consisted of a row of candles placed in the circular windows.

Renewed Annually.

The people of Lincoln liked their gift so much from the young people of the church, that the service was held again the following year on just a little larger scale, and in a short time it was merged into the evening services of the church. Not long after that it became what it is today, a vesper service.

And so, next Sunday, just as the rays of a setting sun shine through the jewelled windows of the new church, a magnificent Gothic structure, hundreds of candles will be lighted along the center aisle and on the open chancel.

The chancel candles are four feet high and are in holders that measure seven feet in height, and the aisle holders and candles are almost as tall.

The theme of the service is kept a secret, but there is to be music by the little girls' choir, the boys' choir and the chancel choir, all vested.

In keeping with the tradition among the young people of the church, those who are participating in the vesper service, eighty in all, will attend together the morning service, when the day is to be dedicated. They will have luncheon together at the Parish house, and not one leaves until the minutest detail for the afternoon service is in its place.

Members Never Forget.

The far-reaching influence of this service is made known year after year, as various members of the young group scatter to the four corners of the country. Scarcely a one but has taken the idea of the candle-light service with him or her, and as each Christmas season approaches writes back for suggestions and forgotten points.

There are any number of unadorned evergreen trees to be arranged, and evergreen boughs to mark the pews—so many things that are done so willingly and eagerly by all who have a part in making the service a beautiful tribute to the Christmas season.

And among the group there is no such thing as praise or glory. No names ever are mentioned for this or for that, for all are united in a single thought.

Artistic Designs In Early Indian Relics

This artistic bit of pottery was made by American Indians who roamed the Nebraska prairies about a thousand years ago, in the opinion of Dr. Earl H. Bell of the University of Nebraska. He unearthed it last summer in Cedar county.

Nebraska Indians who lived perhaps a thousand years ago, roaming and hunting in the treeless prairie country, and who are famed for their war-like habits also had time for art. While the art of their pipes, pottery and jewelry was crude, it has a natural charm and rhythm to it that has caused Dr Earl H Bell, University of Nebraska anthropology professor to collect specimens of it during his summer vacations which are spent in the study of Indian lore.

Not being certain that his ideas on the Indian art found in his Nebraska excavations were unprejudiced, Dr. Bell has asked Raymond Hendry Williams, instructor in ceramics at the university to determine the aesthetic value of the pieces of these early Americans.

Williams Praises Work

Mr Williams sees in the work a native sense of line and balance, a natural feeling for art elements and rhythm that has become nearly hidden in modern cultured peoples of America. The exhibits of Indian work show a simple art and [illegible] characteristic of [illegible]

One of the [illegible] given Mr Williams for study was a model of [illegible] showing rather primitive lines of sculpture. Mr. Williams pointed out that the rhythmic, modernistic quality, and the accented lines of this piece express a long line of feeling which he believes is symbolic of the calm dignified spirit of the Indian. Small slanted eyes are placed so as not to break up the rhythm yet to make a contrast on the specimen which is conspicuous by its prominent nose and small gaping mouth.

Finds Bracelet.

Another of Dr. Bell's discoveries was a bracelet affair which he believes was once a bow guard for [illegible] Mr. Williams pointed out long line patterns going around the piece. Narrow lengthened figures of the spreaded hand add to the decoration of this jewelry piece while contrasting lines give interesting accents to the piece.

The piece of pottery shown in the accompanying illustration confirms Mr. Williams' belief that these people understood the beginnings of fine art. Crude but lovely pieces such as this make him believe that their feeling of harmony and composition was [illegible] shows [illegible] made [illegible] minor dashes.

Revival Foreign Trade Gratifying To Midwest

BY J. E. LEROSSIGNOL.

Foreign trade, like domestic trade, is founded on the principle of the division of labor, which in turn is based on the fact that no one family or state or nation can produce everything equally well. Therefore, in internal affairs, we have farmers, merchants, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers and the rest producing things and services for one another, which they exchange, to their mutual advantage.

Similarly, in the country at large we have regional specialization and exchange of wheat, corn, cotton, fruits, lumber, coal, manufactured goods, and what not, so that every region does what it can do best, sells its surplus products to the other regions and buys theirs in return. Thus the United States is the greatest free trade area in the world and our prosperity in normal times is largely due to that. Yet if we had in this country forty-eight separate and individual states, there can be little doubt that we should have forty-eight systems of "protection" to hamper production, exchange, and prosperity.

Basic Principle Same.

The case is somewhat different with foreign trade and yet the basic principle is the same. We could, of course, produce tea, coffee, cocoa, silk, rubber, and tropical fruits in the United States, but at what a cost! It is far better for us to buy these things from foreign countries and to sell to them our wheat, corn, meat, oil, dairy products, machinery, and other things which we can produce to greater advantage. It is obvious that we should do this, and yet there are people who say or seem to say, like Samuel Crowther, author of "America Self-Contained," that we should become a hermit nation, living to ourselves, producing only for the home market and doing without the products of other countries, even though we should have to abstain from tea, coffee, chocolate, and other commodities to which we have become accustomed or attached.

In fact, a wave of economic nationalism seems to be spreading throughout the world, for every nation, including England, is setting up tariff barriers for the protection of home industries, forgetting that while they are doing this they are seriously handicapping those industries which can be carried on to the best advantage, that is, at the lowest cost of labor and capital. However, the futility of this process is being recognized, and we have reason to look for a reaction in the direction of lower tariff barriers and expansion of the foreign trade of the world.

Must Export Surpluses.

So far as our country is concerned, we have surplus products which cannot be sold at home and, if we were to abandon our foreign trade, it would take many years and much distress before we could be readjusted to the new conditions. In the year 1929 we exported of our cotton, 54 per cent; tobacco, 40 per cent; lard, 33 per cent; kerosene, 34 per cent, printing machines, 29 per cent; locomotives, 20 per cent; wheat, 18 per cent; and so on. We should not, of course, expect so great a volume of foreign trade as we had in 1929, but we must sell our products somewhere or have them thrown back to glut and ruin the domestic market.

But if we would sell we must buy, for in the long run exports must be paid for with imports. Fortunately, many foreign products may be freely imported. In the year 1932 our total imports of merchandise were valued at \$1,328,000,000, of which \$439,000,000 were dutiable and \$885,000,000 were admitted free of duty. There is a possibility, therefore, of considerable expansion of our non-dutiable imports, and by a downward revision of the tariff, some increase in our dutiable imports might be effected without serious damage to the vested interests which have been fostered under the wing of the tariff.

Apostles of economic nationalism, like Mr. Crowther, often tell us that our foreign trade has been lost beyond recovery, but they are comparing it with the inflated values of the war and post-war period rather than with the more normal conditions which prevailed before the war. In the calendar year 1931 our exports of merchandise were valued at \$2,424,000,000 and our imports at \$2,090,000,000, these figures being higher than those of 1914 when our exports stood at \$2,113,000,000 and our imports at \$1,789,000,000.

Exports Again Gaining.

True, in the year 1932, our exports were reduced to \$1,617,000,000 and our imports to \$1,322,000,000, but this was in the trough of the depression, and the figures for September and October of this year show a marked and gratifying gain over those of last year. In September our exports amounted to \$160,000,000 and in October, \$194,000,000 as compared with \$132,000,000 and \$98,000,000 for the same months of 1932, while our imports were \$146,000,000 in September and \$151,000,000 in October, as compared with \$98,000,000 and \$105,000,000 for those months of 1932.

Altogether the prospects of our foreign trade are brightening and as recovery comes in other countries—and it does seem to be coming—there is every reason to expect a steady growth of our exports and imports and a corresponding rise in domestic and world prices. Certainly, from the point of view of the

(Continued on Page Seven.)

'World Panorama' Is Vivid Modern Story

BY ART WOLF.

In "World Panorama," George Seldes tells the story of the world for the past 15 years in terms of Frederick Lewis Allen's recent best-seller, "Only Yesterday." In this concise book, Seldes relates the human story of the crowded days since the signing of the armistice. He packs into the thrilling narrative the tales of world upsets we missed in our daily papers because of sundry Hall-Mills murderers, Dempsey-Tunney fights, et cetera.

He gives us the rise of Mussolini, Hitler, Kemal Pasha, Stalin, Kandhi, and Zaharoff, among others—men the present day world knows only as "great men." He relates of course, the story of America's "Golden Age," the pre-1930 years and then the tragedy of the deluge. He brings his story through those fifteen stirring years up to Franklin D. Roosevelt and his "new deal."

The Great Opportunity.

His conclusion is of interest this very day. The book ends: "In 1933, as in 1918, the world is in a state of perilous confusion. It is still in a state of armistice. It still needs peace. It desperately needs leadership. Apparently it is ready for neither Utopian radicalism nor medieval reactionaryism. If ever a man had the opportunity to lead a world as well as a nation that man is Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

The book is history, but it is brilliant history as any story of the last two decades must be. It is a story moving along with banners and music. There is not a dry, formal page in the book. Seldes, who wrote "You Can't Print That," tells these stories of the last decade and a half that mean most. He exhibits no documents, no all-screened pictures. So much is packed between the covers of the book that it is easy to grasp the perspective of those years.

Depicts Hitler's Rise.

Seldes tells the comical story of Hitler's 1923 "beer hall" revolution, that made Hitler the laughing stock of Germany. He writes movingly of Mussolini "marching" on Rome in a Pullman sleeper. He calls Gandhi "Britain's public enemy No 1."

The amazing story of the rise of Coolidge, of the Ku Klux Klan, the tale of the Dayton monkey trials, a little known and almost forgotten story of Germany's side of the Versailles peace conference; these are all told in rapid style. British "muddling through" is given space, and a poem written by Senator George W. Norris which hoots at Kellogg's and Coolidge's fear of the reds is printed in full.

He speaks of the Spanish revolution in 1929 as "ten days that shook the world—with laughter." Stories of Clemenceau, of Wilson, of Hindenburg, of Kreuger these are told in full. Russia's rise is given as fair treatment as any short view can give it. The Sacco-Vanzetti case and its ramifications in Europe is given a chapter.

Everybody's Book.

Pacifists will hail the book and so too will those who believe in preparedness. The book is no treatise for one side or the other—it is history simply told.

"World Panorama" does for world history what Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" and Allen's "Only Yesterday" did for American history. The book recalls to our all-too brief memories the things that happened such a short time ago, things that meant so much, but things that we forget so quickly. The book is worth a day of any man's time, no matter how busy he is.

U. S. Alfalfa Crown Returned To State By L. Stuart, Lexington

BY GEORGE ROUND.

Paging Mr. Leonard Stuart of Lexington, Dawson county, King of all alfalfa growers in the United States!

Once again Dawson county has produced another champion. It used to be news when a local grower from there sent his alfalfa sample to the International hay and grain show at Chicago where it won a first place. Now it is getting monotonous. Time and again local growers have won out. It is getting to be as much of a habit as Nebraska's winning the Big Six football crown.

Gillette Is Past King.

But descending from the throne built high in alfalfa land is also M. V. Gillette of Lexington—another Dawson county farmer. He is the past alfalfa king of the United States. Now his friend occupies the throne and will rule over all his domain during the next year.

In Chicago this week, Mr. Stuart's sample of alfalfa went to the head of the class. He automatically won the title "king." But he himself wasn't there. He merely shipped the sample into the show. It was the first time he has ever competed in the "big money." Judges proclaimed the bale the champion of all entered. Many samples of various states were in the competition.

When M. V. Gillette of Lexington was made ineligible for the 1933 show, it was Stuart who filled his shoes. Having won the "king" title and sweepstakes in three other years, 1930-31-32, Gillette was automatically disqualified this year. He must remain out of competition until 1936, say the rules of the exposition. This man is a member of the Nebraska Crop Growers association and is regarded as the first Nebraskan to ever win the King Alfalfa title in Chicago.

Due to Weather.

With Dawson county alfalfa winning high honors in Chicago so many consecutive years, it takes P. H. Stewart, extension agronomist at the University of Nebraska college of agriculture, to tell the reason for its superiority.

"It's the elegant curing weather out there," he says with a grin on his face. "Rains during the late cutting period are few and far between. Alfalfa in that section is becoming noted for its good quality."

Stewart explains that the sample of Leonard Stuart's, no relation, was probably "rabbit hay" or fourth cutting. Usually this is the highest grade alfalfa and of the best quality. In the show, each exhibitor shows a commercial bale which weighs 50 or more pounds.

A good sample of hay has characteristics of its own. It must be high in color content, possess extreme leafiness, have soft pliable stems and no foreign materials. These qualities the alfalfa of Stuart's possessed.

The sample which was the winner over all in the United States was from a fourth cutting. It had a special treatment for curing. Samples of such outstanding alfalfa require care in getting it ready for show purposes. Special care was taken to preserve the color and leaves also. The field from which it was taken was reasonably young in years and free from weeds.

Raises Other Crops.

This Dawson county title holder doesn't produce only alfalfa. He raises, beets, corn and potatoes. Usually he feeds cattle and at one time owned a purebred herd of Herefords. He is a former student at the University of Nebraska.

But in this little dominion which is becoming known throughout the United States for its ability to produce good alfalfa, most of the crop is produced under sub-irrigation. Some is irrigated. Lime soil is usually regarded as the best for such a crop although it grows in most sections of Nebraska. It is one of the old stand-bys on the farm. Some stands have been known to be good for more than 30 years but this is uncommon. In recent years the life of a crop of commercial hay has varied with varieties. Alfalfa wilt, a plant disease, has taken its toll in many localities.

However, a few years ago, extension and experiment station workers from the University of Nebraska college of agriculture discovered a certain field of alfalfa in Dawson county which maintained its stand and productiveness while many other fields killed out rapidly due to the wilt. Station tests later demonstrated that this variety has extra-ordinary value as a wilt resistant alfalfa. It was given the name of Hardistan.

Now there are 34 Nebraska farmers growing approximately 233 acres of Hardistan. It is becoming popular for its wilt resistance characteristics. Even some surplus seed is now available through the certified seed list of the Nebraska Crop Growers association for other farmers who need such a variety.

But Hardistan or no Hardistan, another Dawson county farmer has attained national recognition. He will be King of Alfalfaland at least until December, 1934. In the meantime residents of that famous county might well adopt the good old "Alfalfa Hay, Alfalfa Hay, Alfalfa Hay" song as their national anthem.

Congratulations

On Their Wedding Anniversaries to These Nebraska Couples Who Have Been Married 50 Years or Longer

Mr and Mrs L. L. Hough celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage December 8 at their home, 4927 Leighton avenue. They were married in Washington, Ia., an dresided in Iowa and Kansas until 1907, removing then to Billings, Mont., where they remained for twenty years. At that time, they came to Lincoln to be near their daughter, Mrs H. R. Joy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hough have seven children, eight grandchildren, and one great grandchild. Mrs. Hough is seventy-seven and Mr. Hough eighty-four. The picture was taken at the time of their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs Jacob Deselms celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary at their home in Lamount Sunday, December 3. They were married at Geneva by Judge Hamilton. Thirty were present for the dinner honoring Mr. and Mrs. Deselms.

First And Third Grade Pupils Produce Operetta At Sutton

The cast of "The Royal Playmate," given by Sutton elementary school grades follows. Back row, left to right, Frances Strolz, Elbert Hicks, Iona Wells, Darel Roemmich, Marian Bender, Robert Bender, Ruth Kirchhefer, James Weston, Juanita Spahn, Kenneth Ackermann, DeNeice Rauscher, Robert Mertz, Miriam Griess, Thomas Rauscher, and Anna Nuss; front row, Merle Lohmeier, Rober Levander, James Oschner, Wallace Bender, Dean Buttell, Robert MacDonald, Jean Lepthorne, James Holmes, Shirley Jean Thimgan, Virginia Nuss, and Marjorie Blacketer.

The extra curricular activities of the various grades of the Sutton schools are partly responsible for the high esteem Sutton people have for their school system. The junior and senior classes each year present a class play, usually there is a high school operetta in the spring but such productions have been [illegible] affairs.

Last week parents and friends of the school were treated to something unusual, an operetta. "The Royal Playmate" was presented by twenty-six members of the first and third grades under the direction of the teachers of these grades Miss Marie Glantz and Miss [illegible] Brown.

The attractive costumes and the clever acting of the youngsters [illegible] of the season. The operetta concerns Little Princess Faraway, daughter of King Flores who is lonely and wishes for a playmate of her own. While playing in the royal gardens she entreats passersby to play with her but they are all busy and cannot stay with her. The little Princess asks [illegible] royal garden.

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Sunday Journal and Star

Published every Sunday morning. Entered as second class matter in the postoffice, Lincoln, Nebraska.

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A court decision has lifted the ban on Joyce's "Ulysses" and it can be admitted freely in this country. Now no one will want to read it.

Members of the Columbia university football team that the canny Stanford manager picked as Rose Bowl opponents carry these names: Richavich, Ferrara, Jackel, Palenchae, Ciampa, Migliore, and Dzamba. What's this? Sounds like the "Irish" team from Notre Dame has been raided for the occasion.

"The South Dakota Bad Lands have yielded up the skull and bones of a fossil, monkey-like primate of the Oligocene Age, that lived about 30 million years ago in round numbers," says the Minneapolis Journal. Living 30 million years ago might not have been so bad, but we can't figure out this living in round numbers.

Great Britain announces that her token payment of 7½ millions will be made Dec. 15 in American currency. A token payment is one made to remind the creditor that he is lucky to get even that much. Paying in American currency will make the actual payment 5 millions in gold, because 5 millions of gold will now exchange for 7½ of currency.

It may be hard to believe but Belgium is actually proud to claim the saxophone as a Belgian invention. The Belgian ambassador to Washington defends the saxophone. He says that it was invented a century ago by Adolphe Sax and was used in Belgian military bands long before it was adopted in American jazz. In defense of the instrument, a lame defense it might seem, he said: "Perhaps it is better than it sounds."

Every now and then some business man is touched by generosity, or gives up hope of collecting, and notifies his debtors that their indebtedness is cancelled and the account destroyed. A Wisconsin grocer took this course the other day and cancelled bills totaling $3,500. The donor must be praised for his generosity but he is setting a very bad example. Who is going to pay any bill if there is hope that it may be cancelled some day?

An Omaha minister declares that the nation is becoming one of soft-spined sentimentalists, having particular reference to the success of the prison reformers in making the people believe that a criminal is not vicious and sodden but is merely suffering from an ailment the nature of which the doctors have not yet discovered. He might also have added that the gunmen have a considerable portion of the people scared so near to death that they have lost all the old urge to fight anybody who tries to gouge or harm them.

The Australian senate is making an effort to bar women wearing slacks or other male attire from parliament. There are, it would seem, no weighty problems in Australia. There must be no depression, no deficits, no surpluses. The budget must be balanced. Oh, there are problems? Then perhaps that of women's attire is more weighty than had been supposed. In fact it must be the most important issue before the nation. At least the Australian parliament is giving it consideration before everything else.

Several eminent publicists have set down as their conviction that millions of persons—one of them says tens of millions—thought what Governor Rolph said about the lynching at San Jose. What they mean is that Rolph said what they thought and what some of their friends privately remarked. There could exist no other basis for such statements. The endorsement of lawlessness by a man who had taken an oath to enforce the law was the gravamen of the offense committed by Rolph. Men are not convicted in any forum for what they think.

It develops, now that the perpetrators of the deed are under indictment, that Mae West played the sucker not long ago. Hardboiled, knowing "Diamond Lil" let a man take her out for a ride, attired in some of her expensive finery, and a pair of his accomplices held them up, robbing the actress of her jewelry. Testimony at the hearings indicates that the actress was an easy victim. But maybe she has learned something about holdups from this crew and will be more cautious before she ventures out next time with $20,400 worth of jewelry on her person.

Latest figures compiled show that there are nearly 40 million owners of savings accounts and time certificates of deposits in the banks and trust companies of the nation, representing total deposits of 21½ billions. This is 7 billion less than in 1930 and nearly 3 billions less than a year ago. This does not mean, however, that actual savings have been reduced by that figure. Millions are tied up in failed or restricted banks or have been transferred to the postal savings bank. In 1928 53 millions, or 44.3 percent of the total population had savings accounts. Less than a third of them can now boast of that form of wealth.

The Japanese insist that they are going to confine their naval construction program to the maximum provided under the London treaty. But that is no consolation. The latitude permitted under the treaty was so great that it was more of an armament treaty than one for disarmament. When the Japanese build up to treaty strength and other nations follow suit, and that seems inevitable, a number of the powers having embarked on ambitious building programs, the world will be groaning under a burden of arms which it cannot bear. And the race will have only begun. When treaty strength is achieved the next step will be to exceed it.

PROTECTING THE PUBLIC.

Many years ago the government took upon itself the duty of protecting the consumers of foods and drugs. It was possible, when the consumer and producer were neighbors, to have a pretty good idea of the conditions under which foods were produced and processed. But as the country grew and expanded and processing became concentrated in the hands of a comparative few, it was no longer possible for the consumer to protect himself. He bought and consumed blindly, hoping that he was getting a square deal and an honest article. In the case of drugs the average consumer, knowing little about them, had no protection at all except for that which his druggist could give him.

In 1906 a pure food and drugs act was passed which has accomplished much. It has not been entirely satisfactory. It has countenanced many doubtful practices. It has been abused. But it has given some protection. An effort is now being made to improve upon it.

During the twenty-seven years since the enactment of the first law new food constituents have been discovered and important nutrition developments made. New habit forming drugs have been discovered and developed. The cosmetics industry, which in a sense is a branch of the drug trade, has grown to major proportions during this period with no means for controlling it.

In view of an apparent demand for broadening and strengthening the laws, a senate subcommittee has begun hearings on legislation submitted to accomplish that purpose. The committee must proceed cautiously. There is no discounting the purpose of the work, but the machinery must be gone over carefully. It will be easy to make the administration of these laws so burdensome and expensive that the purpose will be defeated. The added cost to government and the probable degree of protection to the buyer and consumer must be weighed well. We cannot pay too high a price for our whistle.

WAR NOT IMMINENT.

War is less expected in Europe than the unsuspecting American might be led to believe by what he reads and hears, according to Dr. Earle B. Babcock, assistant director of the European center of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, writes in the New York Times. Doctor Babcock came back to the United States to find, to his great surprise, many people convinced that trouble threatened almost immediately in Europe. Such, he contends, is not the case.

"The truth is," he reports, "no European people and no government or responsible statesman in Europe today desires war or feels that a war under present conditions offers any promise of correcting existing injustice, dissatisfaction and misery." Even the firebrand Hitler has pointed out at numerous times that war will not settle anything. Other means must be resorted to. He has made overtures to France recently, which, if accepted in good faith, may result in a settlement of the apparent quarrel between France and Germany.

European people do a great deal of talking. They like to do a bit of blustering. Statesmen talk wildly and excitedly at times. But they don't mean everything they say. It is just their nature to talk that way.

Europe had too good a taste of war too recently to forget what war means. It knows, too, that war never settles anything. The situation is not at all comparable with that in Europe in the summer of 1914. There is no indication that a general conflagration may result from a small spark. Spirits are too damp to ignite easily.

There is no need for excitement in this country. When our statesmen make threats or promises they usually mean them and fighting words usually mean fight. But that is not the case in Europe. They do a lot of "kidding" and bluffing over there.

SEEKING PROTECTION.

Recently a new song hit came out. It appealed to the public ear. It was popular from the start. Under conditions that existed a few years ago the song would have been good for a sale of more than a million copies. It would have had a "run" of more than a year. Under conditions that exist now it may have a sale of a tenth as many copies. It may have a good sale for three months. Then it would have made its producer a small fortune. Now the income will be less than a tenth as much.

What foretells the short life of this song hit? That question has been agitating many diagnosticians. One authority says constant repetition of the song over the radio has done it. It was reported that the song was repeated thirty-nine times in two weeks by three New York radio stations. It was heard from almost every station frequently. Another finds that radio music has reduced the number of musicians who might buy, that the sale of pianos is now less than one-eighth what they were in 1929, and that there has been a drop of 75 percent in sheet music sales. In the years since 1927 the radio audiences have grown from 16 million to 68 million, and where there were once 19,000 musicians employed in the movie houses there are now less than 3,000. Embryo musicians have been discouraged and sheet music sales have fallen off.

Musicians are moving to secure protection of their properties from the damaging assault of the radios. They claim that constant repetition of a song hit shortens its life. The situation has been reversed in the past few years. Not a great while ago a composer regarded putting his music on the air with proper credit as the best advertising he could get. That is not good advertising now. Repeated too often the song is killed. It is old before it can be placed on sale.

Basing his prediction on the fact that the brain of man is now nearly twice as large as was that of prehistoric man, a University of Nebraska professor expresses the belief that an enlarged brain and a greater intellect will mark the man of the future, some eons away, of course. He stopped short of telling what all men would like to know: will that be a greater or a less menace?

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL.

An item in the Twenty Years Ago Today column recently, reminded County Superintendent Correll that he had been given a trip to Washington, D. C., at the age of 16 for winning the first place as the champion corn grower of Nebraska with 88 bushels raised on an acre of ground in Frontier county. He received a free trip to Washington, $220 in cash, a 5-H pin and a certificate of accomplishment showing that he had won sweepstakes. The certificate, which now hangs in his office, was given by the state college of agriculture and the United States department of agriculture and bears the signature of Robert Galloway, acting secretary of agriculture under President Wilson. Mr. Correll did not see the president, tho that pleasure was to be included in the trip, but he visited with Mrs. Wilson, the president's first wife. President Wilson was ill. Not only did Mr. Correll win that prize in 1913 but he took first in 1912 winning $140 with a yield of 109 bushels and 20 pounds of corn. Again in 1914 he won $77.50 with his corn yield but in 1915 failed to win. In 1911 he had excellent prospects but hail destroyed his corn. Mr. Correll was a student at Cambridge high school when he won the 1913 prize. Walter Pflug, Papillion, won second and accompanied Mr. Correll to Washington. Mr. Correll was one of the first 4-H club members in Nebraska.

Commenting on presence of manganese in Ashland water, presence which apparently alarms certain people not listed as medical men, chemists or bacteriologists, Dr. M. F. Arnholt, city superintendent of health, says: "Yes we are told that manganese is found in our water supply from Ashland. Possibly some of the people who complain of it spend their good money to go to the springs to drink it". He admitted, as do other medical men and chemists, that where manganese reaches that point where it discolors, something should be done about it, but not because of any possible injury to health.

This from an educator of long standing in Nebraska: "Some of us are hoping that all professors will not be listed as believing everything that President Roosevelt's professors say is so. We might argue with them—but we wouldn't guarantee that anyone would be convinced."

Kearney people note that Federal Coordinator of Transportation Eastman is gunning for the brakeman who mispronounces or indistinctly announces station. "We want to get that bird," says Editor Kroger, "who says 'Kerney' for Kearney." Maybe Beatrice and one or two other Nebraska towns will want to punish those who mispronounce town names.

He had been in the reforestation service, enlisting in Wyoming, seeing four months service there and a month in the vicinity of Denison, Tex., and was in Lincoln on his way home to Wyoming, where he had secured a job as cowboy on one of the Driscoll ranches. "It was easy to get my discharge from the reforestation camp when I showed them that I had a better job. That made room for one more man in camp, and took one off the government payroll. I got $25 a month in the government service for mighty easy work. I am taking a cowboy job on the range at $35 and found, hard work, and that suits me better. I have been riding broncs all my life and I'm tickled to get back to the range. This thing of building fences and calling it reforestation never appealed to me. Of course, we did a lot of reforestation work in the Black Hills, but when we went to Texas the sight of a tree would have surprised us.

"Of course, this reforestation work was all right in the hills. There we did clear away a lot of underbrush and made a chance for the trees to grow. A lot more work could be done profitably in the hills. The timber will grow there if given a chance."

FOOTNOTES.

The Nebraska Federation of County Taxpayers Leagues is well officered. The officers know where the league wants to go. They can read the highway signs fairly well. They know the difference between a dangerous curve sign and one that beckons them on straight ahead. They have mastered the mechanics of the organization so well that they can back up if necessary. They can tell by the sound of the machine when a cylinder is missing fire. They know when the gas is too rich. That happens occasionally. More frequently they are tortured by the backseat drivers. The backseat drivers are persistent. They belong in the large class that has misinterpreted the decision of Judge Rose. These backseat drivers are greatly outnumbered. They merely supply the fuss and fumbles while the majority goes straight ahead to accomplishment.

At the Grand Island meeting three members of the Lancaster county delegation put on most of the fuss and fumbling acts. They merely supplied the diversion while the business was being transacted. When it came to resolutions the work of the regular committee was accepted in toto. The trailing resolutions, such as endorsements of the present national administration, endorsement of the gold buying plan, remonetization of silver and tariff reduction proposals were tabled, in order, as they came. The league stuck to tax reduction as its policy and refused to interfere or go on record in partisan matters. Some strong administration supporters voted against endorsement of administration or administration policies. They wanted to keep the league for tax reduction purposes. When it came to changing its constitution and bylaws the league decided, on Tuesday at least, to follow the constitution and laws it now has, and to do so it was necessary to turn down three proposed drafts making changes.

The federation does a big business on a small capital. The treasurer's report showed a total income for the year of something like $313. That sum was not unlucky. It paid the bills. The league claims to have done a [illegible] million dollars business in the past year, saving the Nebraska taxpayers that much money thru the enactment of state laws which it favored. The federation won't be drawn into argument. It says it did it and that is that. When Governor Bryan begins to talk about what the taxpayers were saved thru his efforts the federation may be expected to turn a deaf ear. While the governor talks the federation will ask again if a 9 million business volume isn't pretty fair for a $313 capital outlay.

But that merchandising in millions isn't all. The league has secured audits of fifteen counties, showing comparative expenditures for three key years. It has gone farther. It has audited the expense accounts of a number of cities in these counties and a number of school districts. Some of these audits cost big money. The big money was raised locally, the league merely supplying the talent. Chambers of commerce and heavy taxpayers in fifteen counties have supplied the funds. Did any of the money come from the railroads, the power companies, bankers or other big business operators? The officers of the league do not know. How could they know? They didn't collect it nor handle it. Big taxpayers may well be interested in finding out what county and city governments cost.

President Frank G. Arnold of the state federation has a mild manner and a persuasive voice. He drops into a county and talks to the chamber of commerce or some organization interested in tax matters. He holds out inducements. He will trade. The federation will furnish the accountants and will give local people a copy of the survey of every other county that has been audited. By the comparison the local people can tell just what their county is doing. All they have to do is to put up the money. They dig. Then the accountants dig. Result, a survey of another county's expenditures.

The federation has a lot of earnest workers who care less for argument and taxation theories than they do for getting to their destination on the tax reduction road. They have been told that 40 percent of the tax money levied is wasted. They want to save that waste. They want to stop the leaks. They are much interested in changing laws we now have so that taxpayers will be protected. They think there is virtue in uniform county accounting. They want a budget system that will work better than the average cigar lighter. They would prevent tax money that has never been collected from being spent twice. They want to stop interest on warrants and they want bond issues paid when due. They may some day realize their dreams. Mankind was working on the tax problem before the days of the Pharoahs and just look at the mess we are in.

One Nebraska community, maybe more than one, is said to be in debt to the extent of 65 percent of its total property value. Some of the home owners of that town think their homes are unincumbered. They've been kidding themselves. If a property owner has a 10 thousand dollar home the holders of city securities have a lien of 65 hundred dollars on his property. If that home is plastered with a 4 thousand dollar mortgage somebody is out of luck. If the home owner pays out he's the ill luck victim. If he doesn't, find the likeness of the mortgage owner in the southwest corner of the puzzle picture.

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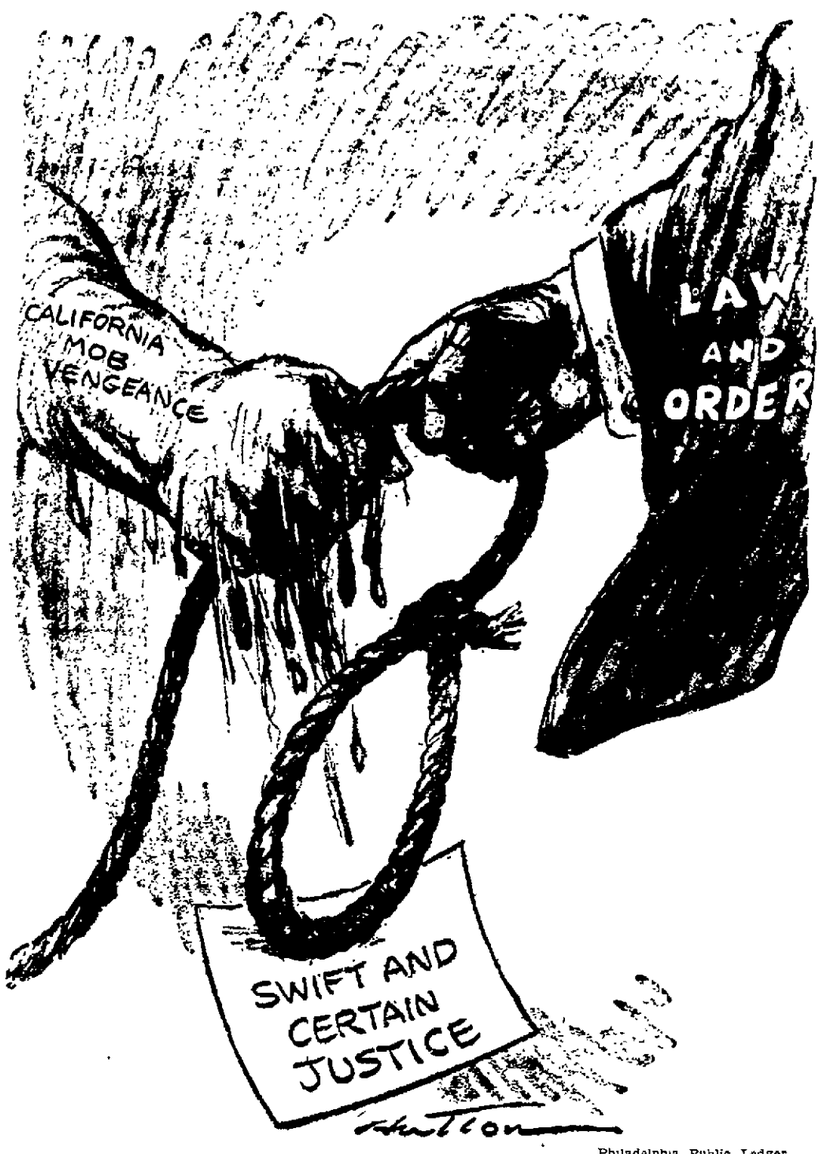

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

JUST FOLKS BY EDGAR A. GUEST

THE BETTER SIDE OF ME.

Sometimes the better side of me
Looks up at me and sighs,
And wonders if I'll ever be
A thoughtful man and wise.

You failed again today, says he,
"You might have played the friend
If you pressed forward selfishly
Your pleasure to attend.

You blurted out an angry word
And left a man behind
(How many times has this occurred?)
Who thinks you are unkind.

You labored at your worst today
So much you failed to do.
Now night has come, and I must say
That I'm ashamed of you."

Men little guess beneath the sham
How much of shame I hide,
Nor how the fellow that I am
Betrays my better side.

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DAILY DRIFT.

SALT LAKE CITY.—It is imprudent for one of my years to be puffed up with pride over anything except the receipt of an unexpected remittance, but it did make me rather chesty to read in the account of the recent show in Chicago that Nebraska took the premium on corn. I have been telling the people out in California how good and how pleasant it is to live in a state where the major crop is cribbed and covered and looked upon with pride, about the time the coast fruit growers are sending to the cities for extra supplies of fuel so that the grove heaters may not be short when the weather report for the following morning is 26 or 27 degrees above zero. It is terrible to contemplate but a demonstrable fact that "smudges" do no good. There must be a lifting of the temperature in the orange grove or no telling what the mischief will amount to. And it isn't the sometimes unexpected loss of fruit, but the nights of worry until frost ceases to be a menace and the winter is over.

Some nights are cold—I will not fib—
Down where the wild Missouri flows,
But when the corn is in the crib
How blissful, then, is our repose.
I look the frost king in the eye
And pass him up or pass him by.

Suppose it freezes in the night
And snowdrifts block the right-of-way,
The sun with its effulgent light
Sheds glory on the breaking day.
There is no cause for briny tears,
Or aching feet or frozen ears.

Oft have I praised the sun-lit sea
Where I have gone for peace and rest,
But Lincoln is the home for me—
My true-love is the central west,
Where I have friends and some to spare—
Mollie in peace is sleeping there.

Her home and mine forevermore,
Beneath the sunshine and the rain:
When this sad dream of life is o'er,
With all its trouble and its pain,
Hope can suggest no gladder fix
Than peace and rest forever. BIX.

Samuel Insull is 73 years of age and seems to have no ambition to return to his native land, but Greece is rather restive in having to furnish asylum for the distinguished financier with Uncle Sam rather ambitious to get hold of him and have him explain some things in court that he had been delicate about giving generous publicity. There seems no legal way to bring him home, and about the best we can do is to watch him wend his way from one resort to another until he finally gives up the race and is brought home in a box: but why worry? We have in this country and particularly in Chicago so many malefactors who worked industriously in the field of high finance that the loss of one here and there, particularly of the aged, seems a matter of very small consequence. BIX.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

Mlle. Trenchery gave a recital in the opera house, assisted by her pupils, Mr. Outcalt, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Mansfield, Miss Damron and Miss Funke.

The Baptists decided to build a new church in the spring, but had not decided on a location.

FORTY YEARS AGO TODAY

Over 300 members were added to the roll of the Y. M. C. A. during the week.

THIRTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

Bartlett Richards and other Nebraskans were indicted by the grand jury for fencing public land.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

There was much excitement in New York over alleged "poison needle" cases.

W. J. Bryan said he believed a man could acquire a million dollars in a lifetime honestly.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

Gray Silver, Washington representative of the American farm bureau federation, said that until settlement of the problem of war reparations the farmers of America [illegible] continue to [illegible] as [illegible] state of the republic.

PERSONAL VIEWS OF THE NEWS

By J. E. Lawrence

One of the very interesting questions of newspaper ethics and practices is raised by the brutal murder of Rheta Wynekoop, with both the young husband and the mother-in-law of the hapless victim held in connection with the crime. Earl Wynekoop, the husband, had a notebook. In it were found the names of a large number of women, presumably acquaintances of the gay young Lothario, who during the Century of Progress exposition held down a job on the sky ride. Wynekoop was rather methodical in keeping his notebook. He classified all of the young women he met under the following designations:

1. Cashier.
2. Blonde.
3. Brunet.
4. Pretty.
5. Fair.
6. Wealthy.
7. Warm.
8. Red.
9. Exhibit.
10. Sentimental.

Now the question of newspaper proprieties arises from the fact that some newspapers are bringing these young women into notoriety, always unpleasant and obnoxious, by printing their names and when possible, their pictures. It will be granted freely that a certain measure of morbid curiosity might seemingly justify such procedure. We believe in the integrity of the news columns. There are many times when it becomes necessary to print material which, if it were possible to follow personal inclinations, would be omitted. But a newspaper is a news paper. It has a certain function to perform. It must be jealous of the performance of that duty, if it is to keep faith with an exacting public and to sustain the confidence that people repose in it for the publication of news without fear or favor.

None of that is involved in the publication of the names and pictures of girls who may have met Wynekoop under the most innocent and casual circumstances. It is not fair to them or to their families and their friends. One of the newspapers which has printed much of this material also happens to be one of the most clamorous about and critical of the present administration at Washington in the fear that freedom of the press is about to be abridged, that rights of proper expression are to be denied it.

* * * *

The crime itself was horrible. There should be left unturned no stone in ferreting out all of the facts connected with it. Naturally, the Chicago police are digging up every shred of information which casts any light on the life of young Wynekoop. They would be derelict in their duty if they failed to do so, and the press itself would be negligent if it did not aid in every way possible.

Under the most tolerant construction, however, there can be no basis for the publication of names and pictures of young women in the guise of helping to solve the Wynekoop murder. Some of these girls have told the authorities that their acquaintanceship with the accused did not extend beyond a casual introduction.

Journalism has had its abuses, particularly in metropolitan centers, and the developments in the Wynekoop case are splendid illustrations of them. There has been the temptation in the larger cities for nearly fifteen years now to a thoughtless form of news development. Henry J. Allen, as publisher of a midwestern newspaper, some years ago attempted to express it when he told a national gathering that the average reader was moronic in his tastes and that the newspaper was built to appeal to him. There is no foundation for the statement today, except in rare and isolated instances, and there was very little basis for it at the time it was made. To attempt to classify reading habits is about as difficult as to standardize human nature. Actually, reading tastes are as varied as people. One individual prefers a certain class of material, while another chooses an entirely different type. There are thousands of people who refuse to read a single line of crime news. There are thousands more who are filled with an insatiable appetite for it. Only along certain well defined lines does the public reveal a common reading taste.

The acid test to be applied to news developments such as are projected by the Wynekoop notebook is whether the publication serves any useful purpose whatsoever. In the effort to suppress news which is legitimate and which deserves to be printed, there are many unreasonable requests which can not be granted.

* * * *

But a newspaper should be fair, decent, and kindly. It should be thoughtful. There is hardly a single case of lawlessness and crime which does not inflict punishment and suffering upon innocent people. There is never a time that a husband and father, who gets himself in trouble, does not bring down upon the wife and the children sorrow greater than he himself is called upon to bear.

And the most unfortunate thing about it all is that nothing can be done about it.

The fear of publicity still remains a very powerful deterrent to crime. When men and women come to the conclusion that they may break the law or the conventions, and do it without the knowledge of their fellow beings, one of the greatest forces in the prevention of crime is lost. There may be weaknesses in the way that crime news is presented. Perhaps there is a tendency to picture crime in altogether too glamorous a role, and as a result, youth is misled.

* * * *

Federal Judge T. C. Munger once suggested that instead of the picture of a brutal, calloused, and unrepentant murderer, he would like to see newspapers print the pictures of the murderer's victims. What the psychological effect of that would be can be left only to guess. But it is being done more and more, not only that, but newspapers are making a conscientious effort to picture crime exactly as it is—snivveling and cowardly, ugly and brutal bestial. Crime is being written with a realism that robs it of the false note of courage and presents it for exactly what it is.

But that has nothing to do with the Wynekoop case. There really is no justification for dragging girls into it.

Thru this unfortunate publicity they [illegible] sometimes to assume a position [illegible] to much public comment.

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Nation Most Earnestly Wants Re-Establishment Of Fixed Dollar--Sullivan

BY MARK SULLIVAN.

TO SAY that the country —I write as I return from a three-weeks' journey to the Pacific coast—to say that the people want sound money, would be an inexact way to put it. Excepting a few who understand the discussion and like to take part in it, the people are not thinking much in terms of sound money and the opposite. What they do want, however, and what they are increasingly conscious of lacking is certainty, and that means the same thing as sound money.

The uncertainty which Mr. Roosevelt has created — I think it is not unfair to put it that way—arises from two causes. First, he has been changing from day to day the price the government pays for gold, which is he same thing as changing the gold value of the dollar from day to day. This process is disturbing to wide sections of the public who are not directly affected by it.

The printing of each day's price of gold in literally every daily newspaper, and the spirit of the dispatches from Washington which surround the quotation of price, have the effect of creating a sense of suspense which is disturbing in far-reaching ways Everybody has a feeling of awaiting some outcome, some climax of a nature not understood and therefore having the quality of mystery. That such an atmosphere renders impossible the confidence which alone can bring business recovery goes without saying

Changes To Continue.

It has been understood generally that Mr. Roosevelt's buying of gold at changing prices would shortly have served the purpose he has in mind and would be ended But when this part of his monetary program is concluded, he is going to adopt, as a permanent thing, the commodity dollar.

He is to make the commodity dollar the country's standard dollar. Of the merit of the commodity dollar as the basis for a currency system, I say nothing here

But I am confident from my recent acquaintance with the country's mood, that adoption of the commodity dollar immediately or in the near future will continue the uneasy sense of instability and suspense that now exists.

The commodity dollar means that the value of the dollar in gold will continue to change from day to day, or at least from week to week. Periodically, there will be, as there is now, announcement that the commodity dollar has changed in terms of gold, one week a little more, the following week a little less

Friends of the commodity dollar argue, with truth, that already and for generations past, the index price of commodities has varied from day to day, and that these variations have caused no disturbance to business Then they say that the commodity dollar will vary only as the price of commodities has long varied, and that therefore the variations of the commodity dollar need cause no uneasiness.

Need Experience.

It is possible that in time, after the people get used to the commodity dollar, they would cease to notice its variations in value. After years of acquaintance with the commodity dollar, no doubt its fluctuations would cease to arrest attention; no doubt they would be printed in only a few newspapers, and in those only obscurely in the market pages, just as the prices of commodities have long been printed and long gone unnoticed except by the few businessmen and bankers directly interested.

Admitting this probability, it is still true that Mr Roosevelt would at this time promote the poise and security of the country by postponing adoption of the commodity dollar until some time in the future, after the country has fully recovered from the "jitters" which are an inevitable aftermath of the depression and an inevitable accompaniment of Mr. Roosevelt's monetary program.

All this is the same as saying that what the country now longs for is a dollar that is fixed and permanent in value. That longing can be satisfied in only one way, by announcement from Mr. Roosevelt that the standard dollar of the future will contain a definite, fixed and permanent amount of gold For the purpose of easing present anxiety, the amount of gold does not, within limits, matter greatly.

Let it be 15 grams or 14 or 12 as against a present 23 22. Comparatively few expect or think possible at this time, after what has gone before, a return to the old gold dollar of 23 22 grams But everybody, including those who have no feintest understanding of the science of money, wants the sense of definiteness and permanence which alone can be attained by knowing that the dollar has a fixed and unchanging weight in gold.

The time to consider adopting the commodity dollar would not be now and not as an additional uncertainty in a sea of uncertainties, but after our other uncertainties have subsided Mr Roosevelt really does not want the commodity dollar for any present purpose.

What he wants it for and what its advocates claim as its merit, is that it will prevent future ups and downs in business It will, so its advocates claim, help to smooth out those hills and valleys which mark the ordinarily course of business through the decades

It will, its partisans hope, make future alterations of boom and depression impossible But what the country yearns for just now is to climb up out of the depression in which we now are

Wants Permanent Recovery.

This illustrates a fundamental characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's program And it is a fundamental handicap which he puts upon himself and the country He wishes to so manage recovery from this depression as to insure—so he hopes—that no depression, and, of course, no boom, will ever occur again.

I doubt whether this purpose is possible to attain, for I think that the mass moods which create alternating boom and depression are as inevitable as the individual moods which express themselves in high spirits and low

But granting that Mr Roosevelt's purpose is attainable, his program defers recovery from the present depression. He is attempting two things at once. One is to recover from the depression of 1929 The other is to avert the depression of 1949 or whatever year the next depression would normally come

The two objectives interfere with each other. In his own picture of himself as a football captain, his present objectives and his future one are two different goals at opposite ends of the field

Sentiment Favors Gold Dollar.

I am writing, as I have said, toward the end of a journey which has provided opportunity for intimate acquaintance with the mood of the country. I am satisfied of the existence of this yearning for an even keel of a sort which at the present time can only be provided by some kind of certainty about the dollar, by relief from its present exciting fluctuations. This longing for a stable dollar goes hand in hand with great good will for President Roosevelt.

There is another noticeable public mood which again is accompanied by great good will for the president. It is to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt seems disposed, so to speak, to make recovery a government monopoly. To the people he seems to wish that the recovery should consist mainly of steps taken in Washington

One would say as a result of traveling, that the country is prepared to do a good deal of recovering upon its own initiative. One gets the impression, indeed, that the country—especially the little business men in small towns and cities—are "rarin' to go"; and that they are deterred by uneasy tremors coming out of Washington

A disinterested and detached advice, speaking from the point of view of the country, would suggest that Mr. Roosevelt permit the recovering to be done by aggregate initiative, energy, ingenuity and self-interest of 120,000,000 people The aggregate of what they can and will do is greater than the sum of what can be done by Washington.

Coolidge's Example.

One would say that at the present stage of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency, he might profitably imitate one aspect of Calvin Coolidge. It was Mr. Coolidge's way, when president, to seek not to do most things himself, but rather to seek how many things would be better done if left to the country's initiative.

I used whimsically to conceive Mr. Coolidge as coming to his office in the morning and looking upon the affairs on his desk as if they were spread out before him on a tiled floor. As to one matter he would conclude that this, if left alone, would take care of itself.

As to another matter, he would conclude that this, if left alone, would be attended to by some one more directly responsible than Mr Coolidge himself It was Mr Coolidge's disposition in short, to arrive at the smallest quantity of affairs that he must personally attend to.

The method worked for the comfort and ease both of Mr. Coolidge and the country. But Mr Roosevelt has a more restless and adventurous temperament than Mr. Coolidge

Consumer Credit Is Road To Prosperity

By RAYMOND MOLEY.

Raymond Moley

Perhaps nothing illustrates so clearly the point that the American problem of today requires an American solution as the system of consumer credit developed in this country since 1910. At a time when so many world panaceas are being urged upon us to meet the exigencies of our economic depression, it is well to stop and inquire into the characteristic American institutions produced by the American genius in our own special national environment

Such an institution is the business of mass finance which has grown to huge proportions in the United States with the coming of age of the modern system of mass production. It was nearly three-quarters of a century ago that America blazed new economic paths when the instalment finance idea was launched with the appearance of the sewing machine.

Due to Mass Production.

Way back in 1850, Mary Jones alarmed her neighbors when she acquired such a machine on the easy payment plan. It seemed the height of extravagance, for her husband was a poor laborer. But Mary was industrious and thrifty, and within a year she was able to pay for the sewing machine out of earnings and at the same time add to the family income

It was not until the rise of mass production, however, and the arrival of the automobile, the refrigerator, the washing machine and the vacuum cleaner, that credit for the masses credit as a tool of large-scale merchandising began to assume the aspects of a great business The financing of the needs of the American family in the era of rural economy was a matter of buying on credit from the village grocer or borrowing from a usurer in an emergency. The financing of the needs of the American family today is a matter of facilitating the mass consumption of the immense industrial output, actual and potential, of the nation

Personal Finance Provided.

In response to this modern need of credit for the consumer there came into being in the United States a novel form of banking, a network of financial corporations which specialize in lending money for personal requirements It is one of the marvels of America that this vital business, dealing directly with the purchasing power of the people, has grown in twenty years into one of the ten leading industries of the country, involving an annual turnover of over nine billion dollars

In the van of the great consumer credit industry are the instalment finance companies which do annually a volume of business approximating $5,000,000,000 These companies alone account for more than half of the self-liquidating short-term loans secured yearly by American buyers of goods and services.

The personal finance companies, which are chattel loan firms, according to the estimates of Franklin W. Ryan lent in 1931 a total volume of $525,000,000 The industrial banks, like the Morris plan, advanced in that year loans totaling $320,000,000. The commercial banks, which in recent years initiated in many centers personal loan departments, had in 1931 a turnover of $1,000,000,000 in consumer credit. The pawnbrokers of the country were responsible for a volume of $555,000,000 and the unlawful money lenders of all kinds, including the loan shark rings, handled a volume of $1,000,000,000 that year.

Among the various other consumer credit agencies operating in this country, the most significant are the credit unions These are voluntary associations of employes who are the shareholders of the organizations from which they may borrow funds Because of their mutual ownership, credit unions afford the lowest interest rates of any consumer credit institutions All the profits naturally accrue to the members who are also the borrowers There are now about 1 800 credit unions in the United States.

Stood Depression Test.

Despite the vast scope of the consumer credit industry, it still remains relatively unknown to the

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Preview Of Congressional Scrap Enacted For Tugwell's Benefit

BY REXFORD TUGWELL.

WASHINGTON— Senator Progressive is back in Washington for the first time since congress adjourned in June, and since he counts me among his friends, he came in to sit by my fireside out in Georgetown for an evening I fixed him comfortably in a large chair with a glass close by and waited to hear what he had to say. Some forecast of it had drifted east by way of the newspapers, so that I knew roughly how high his temperature was and what he thought of the administration

He began in the orthodox way. "It is my belief," he said, "that it was a great mistake for us to have given the administration so few definite directions."

"Do you object," I asked, "to the way the powers you granted have been used?"

"Old Institutions Gone."

"I certainly do," he said. "It seems like ten years since last June. A lot of good American institutions have been overthrown almost casually—certainly all the things that have been done weren't thought out."

"But," I protested, "your speeches for ten years have demanded the scrapping of certain old institutions Let's see which ones you mean. Is it the competitive system in business, the anti-trust laws, and all that kind of thing?"

"You know very well," he interrupted, "that I mean this code business—you people have allowed these fellows to write their own ticket. They certainly have made the world safe for big business all right. You had no mandate from us to do that. We believe that big business is bad We thought we were protecting the little fellow."

"Will you can't do that just by making speeches in the senate and by passing laws. That kind of thing is only made certain by the hard work of administration. How much have you helped in that?"

"That's not my business," he said. "A senator helps to write laws not to run the country."

"Sometimes, Senator, you amaze me Were you making laws when you insisted on the appointment of a dozen lawyers from your district in the emergency administration and when you asked the public works administration for a new post office for your city and a flood control dam on your local river out there? The only time you've been in Washington since June was when you were trying to force somebody's hand in such matters. None of us have had the slightest help in protecting any truly public interest. We've spent most of our time fighting off you fellows' claims to some private advantage."

Why Not?

This enraged him. "Certainly I asked for appointments Certainly I demanded some public works money. Why not? It was the only way to get it.

"You fellows," he went on more calmly, "don't know much about politics If you did you would know that I can't escape any more than the others on the Hill can, from this kind of thing We have to do it to keep solid back home Besides nothing I asked for or got was harmful in any way. It was a real benefit back home"

"I can name at least ten of you," I said, "who stayed around and helped—not by making demands about jobs an dpost offices, but by taking part in discussions, by acting as chairmen of committees, or by just hanging around and really criticising mistakes as they were made How is that those fellows didn't have to make private demands which might cut across public plans?"

"They don't come up for re-election in 1934," was his cynical comment

"Some of them do," I was able to say. "But we really are arguing about something no one knows how to do anything about I can see why you are anxious about these things. I know that your demands for jobs and for money spent in your state come from a deeper source than you like to admit when you are posing as a practical politician. You have unemployment out there, don't you—people with abilities that are not being used, even people who are hungry and cold?"

"Not now," he said, "I've seen to it that we got our share of relief funds, and of public work."

Merely Human.

"What," I asked, "has that got to do with politics, except that these people chose you to represent them and the people of other places chose others? Why don't you confess that your heart was touched by the real suffering of real people when you went back home and that your fine Washington theories of statesmanship merely failed to stand up under the pressure? When you came storming down here last summer demanding attention for your people's needs you were merely being human."

"I suppose so," he said slowly "I take this thing a little hard You know how I worked over the new legislation we cooked up last spring I think I can claim to have made some real contribution to it too. But it certainly was one thing to sit on committees and argue about the country's welfare and quite another to realize that my people—people I know and grew up with—are in distress. Who wouldn't do something drastic, even if it did upset the machinery a little? Just the same"—and here he stopped and lit a cigarette—"that's no reason why you should try to blame our comparatively unimportant interruptions for all that has gone wrong in the program."

"I know," I said. "You aren't really to blame. I was merely giving myself the pleasure of airing a minor irritation. Of course, I'm not prepared to admit what you imply. The country really hasn't been handed over to the big fellows. This is merely that self-government of industry which all of us approved in principle—with a little of real supervision to take the place of the old competition you yourself thought was so wasteful"

"I suppose so" he said, "and I suppose things never turn out to be what you thought they would There are always more intervening processes than are allowed for"

"It seems to me so," I replied "It was inevitable that the whole organization of industry and the middleman trades on a new basis should involve huge efforts of organization Just the learning of the rules of the new game is something. Then all the personnel was lacking. Everybody has had a job to learn. And policies have had to be fought out bit by bit as we went along. I don't see any reasons to be discouraged, really, as I look back over the last six months What was lost in some fights, we gained in others—I speak of course from our common point of view"

The Test.

"Are you willing to test it," he asked, "by saying over again what we fundamentally wanted?"

"Why now," I said, "let's see. There was first higher incomes for farmers and workers; there was a more efficient, less wasteful, organization of industry so that there would be more to go around; there was less speculation and more security of occupation and income."

"Well," he demanded, "have we got any of those?"

"Not yet," I admitted. "But you don't expect results until causes go to work. The thing has been slower than you anticipated, certainly But the thing nevertheless seems to me to be under way. We have reason to believe, in my department, that we have put forces in motion which, if you will give them a few years, will raise farmers' incomes. The reduction of acreage has been got—"

"A few years!" he interrupted. "Good grief, man, we can't wait a few years. We haven't got that long. Do you want a revolution?"

I knew that question was coming. "Have you heard," I asked "of public works, of civil works of the really remarkable organization of relief? People are for the first time on this continent guaranteed a living by their government We can't feed and clothe and shelter people forever that way, but it will certainly last until our real plans can take hold A lot more has been done than you specifically directed too If you had made the rules as rigid as you now seem to think you should have made them we should have had a lot of hungry people all this winter"

"I suppose so" he said "and in that case the permissive powers worked out all right But you could not make a very good case for them in this code business They've allowed all these industries with codes to set prices anywhere they wanted to—and they fixed them high enough—so high that people could not buy And there has been a slump these last few weeks because of it"

Necessary Compromises

"I think we have a better case there" I admitted "But it seems

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Dr. Brady's Health Talks

PAYING THE DOCTOR.

According to press reports there was a clash between Mrs Roosevelt and a physician-publicist over the question of the effect of unemployment on the nutrition and health of children of the workers The first lady, noted and beloved for her many philanthropies, had opined that hard times impair the nutrition and health of these children The medical gentleman, distinguished for his gifts as writer and speaker, if not for outstanding experience as a practitioner among the poor, insisted that there is no such lowering the nutritional and health standards among the children of working peiple He even intimated that children of the wealthier class are more likely to suffer from faulty nutrition than are children of the workers

Precise determination of the nature of the trouble in any case of tuberculosis is avowedly an important step in the prevention of the spread of the disease. Even in the pre-tuberculous or "latent" stage, before any illness is evident and long before any tubercle bacilli are given off, it may be argued that a diagnosis of so-called "preclinical or latent" tuberculosis is essentially a public health matter. This is based on the theory that, unless carefully watched and treated, children with this latent or preclinical tuberculosis are likely to develop the actual disease in youth or early adult life. However, many good physicians doubt that we can draw such conclusions from a positive reaction to tuberculin and a so-called hilum shadow in the X-ray pictures This hilum shadow is a vague sign interpreted by the X-ray expert as evidence of a smouldering nidus of tubercle bacilli in the deep lymph nodes behind the lungs

Monkeying Is Costly.

As it looks to me—and I'm no blooming specialist, just a plain hurry-right-over-doc-the-pains are coming-last variety of practitioner—or I was for 18 years—as it looks to me all this costly monkeying with tuberculin tests and X-ray pictures of the chests of school children is a questionable practice from any point of view The evidence so obtained is of rather less weight than the opinion of a good doctor who knows the child, the family histry.

From a bulletin of information sent to subscribers by an independent organization I quote a bit of advice.

"One possible way to avoid being taken in by the feesplitter in a surgical case is to select one's own surgeon. . . ."

That implies that you believe your family physician indulges in that practice—that he demands a secret "cut" in the fee you pay the surgeon.

I fancy a lot of people today try to follow this advice in any case where they seek the services of a specialist. Especially people who have no regular medical adviser or family doctor People who never trust any doctor.

Too Much Fee-Splitting.

The practice of secret dichotomy (fee-splitting) is extensive in this country. We make no bones about that. It prevails because the people ask for it and the brass specialists of the day thrive on it Were it not for secret fee-splitting the modern specialist racket would peter out over night. Nine out of ten of these short-cut latterday specialists and surgeons, the very gentlemen who emit the loudest public laments over the loathsome evil of fee-splitting, owe what little eminence they manage to gain to the shrewd Yankee custom of going directly to a specialist and passing by the piker family physician. So when one adopts that method of avoiding the trap one plays the brass specialist's game.

Much of the common feeling that doctor bills are too burdensome is due, I think to the silly practice of calling specialists for every little thing, from extraction of a tooth to having a baby. In a small minority of cases special services or advice may be necessary, but that is precisely where the layman's dilemma arises that is, if the layman has no faith in the honesty or capability of the lowly family physician

The moral of my screed is plain Don't be so gullible. Have a family doctor or regular medical adviser and put your faith in him If you can't trust him, you should have no truck with him at all There are plenty of kind, honest, competent general practitioners available Come down to earth and get acquainted with them

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Why Preach About The Bible

BY J. D. M. BUCKNER.

I want to quote a paragraph from Duren J H Ward: "Because most preachers do not. They generally preach from it, not about it. Hence people as a rule do not know its nature, origin, history, changes, truths, errors, values and so forth Preachers assume it divine, infallible. This has been practiced for many centuries. The consequence is that investigation has been forestalled and the errors have become as sacredly preserved as the truths. Preaching from it is called 'textual literalism,' preaching about it 'higher criticism'"

Because hundreds and thousands of new facts have been discovered about the Bible and the things it treats, which the people ought to know and have a right to know: for example: that the books generally ascribed to Moses are the work of several different authors about the middle of the fifth century B. C. long after the death of Moses 1451 B. C. The book of "Isaiah" is from two principal and from several minor sources The "Psalms of David "are hymns composed during several centuries and perhaps very few, if any, were sung by David. The same is true of the "Proverbs of Solomon." The book of Daniel was written in 165 B. C. 400 years after the death of Daniel The gospels in their present form were produced about 70 or 150 years after the death of Jesus

The unity of Biblical theory is an assumed and not a real one, and there are numerous errors and contradictions in historical and doctrinal statements It is important for us to know something about its origin, nature and character; if we are to appreciate the most valuable piece of sacred literature which gives us the unfolding of human thought about God, man, and government. These thoughts and theories are primitive and should be studied in the age of progress and the current ideas which dominated the writers. It is a record of the progress of the race called Jews They have made a great contribution to the world but have not fixed every thing forever

Many people do not realize that in accepting the Bible statements about God, creation, man, sin, right, duty, reconciliation, punishment, future, and so forth they are accepting theories from 1,700 to 3,000 years old and this ignores the experience and investigations of all the later, and of this most enlightened of the ages The writers of our Bible treated many subjects about which they were very poorly informed or utterly uninformed.

Man never experienced a fall but like other things moves on and up. Reconciliation to God is not accomplished by "believing on his Son Jesus Christ." Belief does not elevate life This is done by undertaking, and by living up to the laws of life. There is no reconciliation with law once violated And for this the "punishment" or rather the consequence is not put off to some "future state.' It begins at once and from it there is no escape.

The "final argument" is pronounced in every law that is violated. It is going on all the time All the science and progress has been against the viewpoint of the Bible. We have stressed the authority of the Bible and thus held back progress which man should have made. The Bible has no authority over man. I have been teaching a men's Bible class for 25 years and we have never had an argument about a passage of Scripture.

I quote Dr. George A. Gordon on all miracles: "All miracles are possible and all improbable ' When men quote a passage of Scripture I remark "I presume the writer believed that and was very conscientious about it but much truth has been discovered since"

I have always taught the uniform lessons in the Methodist church The boy has been taught all his life that the Bible is the "word of God" and is infallible enters college and studies geology, biology, and astronomy and history finds out that he has been mistaught

The school gives him the latest knowledge about these studies and the Bible and the parents sometimes feel the school is undermining his religion but if the preacher had taught him about the Bible, its origin nature and character the school would confirm his faith in the Bible God and man The school is to give light and to teach truth Christendom has been divided into hundreds of sects and they fought each other and hated each other because the folks were ignorant of the nature of the Bible

When the common people know the Bible as well as their pastor the churches will have more toleration and accept the teaching of the schools We are all seeking the same thing and that is truth I want to know the facts about the Bible though they may be very different from what I use to think as a boy as the truth that shall make us free

Utilities Have Many Troubles, But Outlook Is Bright--Babson

BY ROGER W. BABSON.

BABSON PARK, Mass, Dec. 8—The past year has been a most difficult one for public utility companies While industrials and rails are showing big increases in net earnings, the income of utilities, as a group, shows an 18 per cent decline Again, many industrial and railroad stocks are holding near their highs of 1933, while some utilities have recently been making new bear market lows

Utilities are suffering today primarily from increased tax levies The federal 3 per cent gross tax on domestic and commercial lighting imposed on September 1 means a severe loss of revenue especially to those companies serving residential communities Many states imposed sales taxes varying from 1 per cent to 6 per cent of gross In addition cities saw their chance to increase their revenues by placing additional real estate and other taxes on electric and gas companies

Rate Agitation Hurts

The second depressing influence has been the widespread agitation for rate reductions The almost universal charge has been that the power companies have maintained fixed rates while raw material and labor costs dropped sharply during the depression Yet the average price per kilowatt hour for residential service has actually been higher in 1933 than in the previous three years, during which time commodity prices moved sideways Since January, 1929, electric rates have dropped 17 per cent. This compares with a 22 per cent decline in commodity prices since 1929. Hence, the recent demands for rate reductions in some sections have been out of reason.

The third unsettling factor is the political aspect. The possibility of severe government competition troubles me Cities are being encouraged to establish their own electric systems and plans for federal government power projects are materializing. The funds for these plants are being secured from the federal government Thus we find taxpayers' money being spent to build plants which are to compete with privately-owned companies from which a substantial portion of these same taxes arise There is absolutely no sense to waste funds in building municipal plants when a perfectly satisfactory system is already in existence

Fear Inflation.

The fourth point which is worrying the investor is the effect of inflation on public service companies Public utility rates are semi-fixed—they cannot be changed without permission of public authorities. This means that a kilowatt hour of electricity or a cubic foot of gas cannot be advanced in price like a bushel of wheat a pound of copper or an automobile In addition under inflation operating costs would increase somewhat

All is not black—let us look at the other side of the picture First, industrial companies are going to do a lot of business utility companies are sure to sell more power Next, our public utilities are more essential today than ever The consumption of electricity and natural gas continues to grow New uses are constantly being developed (Special attention predominates in the management of large public utilities of five years ago Furthermore the business is a cash business with little trouble from competition

I cannot believe that the building of government plants to compete with the already established private systems will go far I feel that eventually the utilities of this country may be publicly owned but in order to make the transfer from private to public ownership, we should follow some sane course.

May Dissolve Holding Companies.

Honestly financed holding companies, because of the diversification feature, should offer better protection to the security holder than operating companies The trend recently, however, has favored the ownership of the securities of operating companies Congress wants to change the utility picture to some extent It is possible that holding companies will be dissolved and their assets distributed to their security owners Consolidations of companies serving adjacent territories would then take place This would result in the swapping and exchanging of securities of the operating companies although investors need not suffer thereby

What do these changes which are taking place in the utility situation mean? The consumer (both industrial and domestic) will secure better service cheaper electricity and an incentive to use more electrical appliances The utility companies will find that lower rates will surely promote the output of electricity and develop a kindlier feeling on the part of customers The investor who has carefully chosen his securities should not be pessimistic All in all the utility industry is sound and progressive I want to emphasize however, that selection of securities in this field is more important today than ever

Business as regulated by the Babsonchart now registers 7 per cent above a year ago and 32 per cent below normal

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Men Refuse To Believe It But Women Like To Work, Says Kathleen Norris

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS.

FOR many generations, for thousands of years, the world was ruled by men. We women, as we awaken to social power, and slowly and feebly begin to use our minds and energies in commercial and political and economic fields, are hardly aware even now, of the depths of helplessness, uselessness and ignorance to which our sex was condemned for ages.

We continually discover and wonder at things that are all wrong, and that a little intelligence and justice on the part of the ruling males would have made all right, years and years ago. Such simple changes, such obvious customs and laws would have saved the world untold miseries. But the men, being men, didn't see the need and the cure, and the women were bound.

Now this is not to say, if the position had been reversed, and only women had ruled, that there would not have been equally serious and expensive mistakes. Men see life from a certain fixed standpoint, and women see life from a quite different and equally fixed standpoint, and it is only when the two join hands that representative law has a chance. But since men did have all the power, and since many things are wrong, it is quite natural for us to feel, today, that men are responsible.

Foolish Delusion.

They are responsible for more than one foolish delusion that persists in the mind of most men and of many women, even now. Men only had to tell women that they wanted this or that, in past ages, and women meekly agreed. It is my profound conviction that no woman in this world ever really liked diamonds and pearls, or servants in livery, or slaves bowing in chains.

Women were merely told that they liked these things, and as they were expensive and scarce, competition crept in, and whenever there is competition nobody ever stops to think whether she really wants the disputed thing or not. Someone else wants it, or thinks she wants it and that is enough.

For centuries men went their complacent way, telling women what to think or not to think, using them as chattels, selling them, selling their children, ignoring their rights, multiplying mistresses and wives. One Sultan blinded a beautiful young wife, because he was jealous of her incomparable eyes; a year or two later, discarded and helpless, she killed herself. But there were scores of other young women awaiting the Rajah's pleasure.

Lives Wasted.

Factories lay idle, and women and children starved while men galloped gallantly off on Crusades; women would never have permitted these stupidities, nor all the many, many wars. Women never have cared much about the paintings, the jewels, the armies, the pomp and glory that led all men astray in the middle ages; life is too precious to the makers of life to throw it away on Inquisitions, prison tortures, battles.

With all credit, therefore, to men, for the railways and bridges, the cities and sciences, the plays and operas, the paintings and statues their brains and hands have made, women may quite honestly feel that the world would have been much better had they had their opportunities earlier.

Those opportunities have arrived now. Or rather the doors are opened. But bad custom and bad law and bad habits of thinking, moss-grown abuses and deep-rooted injustices are taken for granted, now. We not only cannot change them; we often cannot even perceive that they exist. It will take us hundreds of years to see, and perhaps scores more to begin to do the right, the just, the simple thing.

In youth we want beauty, excitement, affairs. But it is astonishing that in the forties and fifties, what one woman envies another is her job.

Pain Lessened.

The influence of women, dimly felt in this last hundred years when nation after nation has struggled toward enfranchisement and recognition for the physically weaker sex, is already felt in the lessening everywhere of human pain. Nursing in war time, clinics, charities, organized relief, sanitary care of children, and the making important of children's welfare—all of these are due to woman.

Courageous and undscouraged attempts to control the liquor traffic are strong where women's influence is strong, and unknown where it is weak. The move to outlaw war is a woman's campaign, and has already had effects so tremendous that only succeeding generations, through tomorrow's history books, can appreciate it. These things have no tangible aspects, like bridges and railways and books and charts. But there are other standards.

Women and Work.

One thing men rarely believe of women is that they like to work. Women like work as much as men do; but, like men, they want to do the work they do best, the work that expresses them and that brings in exactly the results men desire successes, money, fame.

The work men have willingly left to women—cleaning up after they go out, dishes, cooking, dusting, beds, washing, and the nursery drudgery, naturally does not thrill them. Where children are concerned they get their reward; the rest is unpaid monotony and repetition. Children do pay their way, especially today's strong and healthy and intelligent children, but even with the children it is exasperating to a mother to do all the hard work, iron their white frocks, polish their white shoes, strain their prune sauce and keep their little beds cool and sweet, and then have them dance of ecstatically on a holiday trip with Dad, innocently exultant because Mummy isn't coming!

Kisses Only Pay.

Except for children's kisses, their beauty, their growing charms, Mummy isn't paid for the long day's work. When Dad does extra work he gets extra money. But when measles or a broken arm or financial stringencies make Mummy's work twice as hard as usual, she is paid in general grumbling from Dad over the upset household order, in aching back and feet, in discouragement and sleeplessness and worry, and in nothing else.

This is not a fair test. But give any woman, married or single, work that she likes to do, and pay her for it fairly, and she is far happier than that other woman whose husband still clings to the fond delusion that she likes to sit at home idle—reading, playing cards, manicuring, painting on porcelain or trifling with French verbs. To be forced out of service, activity, self-expression is a cruelty to any real woman, even though generations of men have attempted to engender in her the idea htat she likes to loll about in elegant leisure.

The cure for many and many a case of feminine blues, for that vague unhappy feeling that the best of life is gone by, that one has become useless and superfluous, and that the days drag—is work. It rests you, it inspires you, it makes leisure precious and sleep a luxury. If your life has gone a little stale and flat, find work, no matter how humble, and plunge into it. The right work to do, and health with which to do it, are like a love-affair. You think of your work at odd times; you develop it, dream about it.

In youth we want beauty, excitement, travels, parties, affairs. But it is astonishing that in later years, in the forties and fifties, what one woman envies another is apt to be her job, her business, her profession. The happiest women of my own age that I know are the busy women: women who run hotels and tea rooms and hospitals, women who are doctors, nurses, writers, actresses, mothers of small children.

Last week a close friend of mine died suddenly. She was 60, beautiful and strong and busy and happy — it seemed sad to have Louise Closser Hale go, when so many younger women had less reason to live, less joy in life.

Her last letter lies on my desk; she was in Hollywood, where she was most successfully doing character bits on the screen, and had made herself a place in the hearts of hundreds of friends.

"It's too wonderful to feel so well," her letter says, "and to be working so hard! I wake up happy, and I go to sleep happy, and I never want another vacation!"

This at 60, you women who are restless and vague and unhappy at 40. Louise Closser Hale had worked all her life long. It is good to know that at the end she went to sleep happy.

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The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Premature Discard Cramps Warren's Style

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER

"Jove, got to hustle." Warren flung off his coat. "That alumni dinner—eight sharp."

"Not tonight? Oh, you might've told me! I'd have had someone stay with me."

"Well, I forgot. Plenty on my mind these days," striding to the bedroom. "Now show some speed, Kitten."

In a resentful flurry, Helen turned on his bath.

Dreading a dinner and evening alone. And too late now to ask anyone.

"Got to shave again," his chin-rubbing plaint. "Need a haircut, too But didn't have a minute."

"Dear, this isn't the annual dinner?" burrowing into his closet.

"No, a send-off for Guy Nelson. My suit pressed? Going down to Yucatan to dig up Mayan ruins."

"Yucatan!" the thrill of the remote. "You never told me you knew an archeologist — — "

"Don't see much of him now," emptying his pockets. "Live wire at college—never thought he'd go in for dead cities!"

"And it's just a men's dinner?" wistfully.

Helen Dejected.

"Strictly stag! Pitch me my robe. Thought you didn't like big blowouts? Always grouse when I want you to go!"

Banging into the bathroom. Soon above his splashing, an off-key tune. Airy indifference to leaving her alone

Dejectedly she fitted the pearl studs in his dress shirt Not mar the immaculate bosom! His every-day carelessness, but meticulous about evening clothes.

Laying out collar, tie, socks, handkerchief, muffler. What else? Shoes —

Opening the box that had come a few days ago. But as she lifted out the tissue, an incredulous stare!

"My talcum's all used up," he swung back. "Yours smells like fury."

"Oh, they sent the wrong ones!" panicky. "What will you do?"

"What's that?" snatching the box. "No, that's right."

"Why they're tan! Not dress shoes — —"

Trouble Begins.

"Out of my size," writhing into the back-buttoned shirt. "Got the tan while I was there — —needed 'em."

"But your dress shoes!" frantically.

"Didn't have time to shop around. Here, fasten this top button. I'll wear the old ones tonight."

The old ones! Heart-sinking guilt.

"Dear, I—I was positive that box was your new dress shoes!"

"What of it?" adjusting his suspenders. "Why so tragic?"

"But your old ones — — I gave them away!"

"You did what?" explosively, wheeling from the mirror.

"You said they were cracked—you wouldn't wear them again!" a tremulous grip on the bedpost. "And when that shoe-box came, I thought of course — —"

"You thought!" he thundered. "What with? Haven't the brains of a rabbit!"

"But that very morning I'd reminded you! Oh, why didn't you try another shop?"

"How was I to know you'd throw 'em out? Always in such a confounded hurry to ditch my things!"

"Oh, I never, never will again!" abjectly.

Bangs Brush.

"Fat lot of good that does!" banging down his hair brush. "Now what in blazes am I to do?"

"Can't you wear plain black shoes?"

"Haven't any, and you know it! Of all the feebleminded — —"

"Dear don't shout!" shrinkingly. "I'll think of something!"

"Work a miracle, eh. I'll believe it when you produce my shoes!"

With a desperate hope, she flew out to the elevator.

The shoes given to the boy Perhaps not taken home yet — —

When he came up, her embarrassed explanation. And his regrets! Too large—given to his brother, a Pullman porter.

Sick disappointment. But there must be some way!

Borrow a pair? Her aversion to borrowing anything. Yet in a crisis — —

Morleys Amused.

The next moment, dashing up the stairs to the apartment above.

Yes, the Morleys in. At dinner—enviably tranquil!

Their amused sympathy at the shoeless predicament.

"Hope these fit," Mr. Morley bringing out patent-leather ties. "Ten C"

"Oh, Warren's are 11's! The longest feet — — But for one night I'm sure he can wear them."

Racing downstairs. A triumphant entrance with the gleaming black shoes.

"Jove, you got 'em!" his eager grab. "Hello, these aren't mine."

"Try them on! Mr. Morley's — —"

"Wow!" a lugubrious groan. "Can't squeeze into that!"

"Only one size shorter," she prodded. "Dear, I'm sure you can!"

"Huh, I'm no Cinderella. Not forcing on any shoes that cramp my dogs"

Kicks Them Away.

"But just for a few hours! And sitting down. You won't have to walk — —"

"Pinch like the dickens!" kicking them away. "Couldn't stand those ten minutes."

"Why can't I black over your old tan shoes? With liquid polish!"

"Huh, they'd be a mess!" now pacing the floor." No job for an amateur"

"Don't walk around in your stocking feet." Then, inspired, "Dear, I know!"

"But you don't know much," disgustedly, lighting a cigarette.

"These slippers Carrie gave you!" snatching them from the shoe-rack. "Patent leather — and with backs! Perfectly new — —"

"Great Scott, losing what little sense you have! Expect me to appear in bedroom slippers? And that red edge!"

More Fuss.

"That won't show — you can wear spats!" enthusiastically, working out the details. "Black spats — —"

"With a dinner coat? Get that cat away. Might as well wear galoshes!"

"They wear spats with everything in Europe," evicting Pussy Purr-Mew from the borrowed shoe.

"This isn't Europe!" jerking at his bow tie. "Got no black ones anyway."

"Then I'll black a tan pair. They'll look like dress shoes with cloth tops."

"Huh, those went out with side-burns."

"You just keep making objections!" despairingly. "You might let me try — —"

"Well, I'm not promising to wear 'em," a sceptical shrug.

Caustic criticisms as he watched her swab shoe polish on the tan cloth.

Her elation at the even black. Laying the spat on the radiator But still damp when she'd finished the second.

"Now I'm not swaddling my ankles in wet spats!" he growled. "Not risking pneumonia."

"I'll iron them dry! You be all ready," starting kitchenward.

"Make it snappy," shouldering on his vest. "Seven-thirty now."

Ten minutes of intensive ironing, and back with the spats almost dry.

Grumblingly Warren buttoned them over the patent-leather slippers.

"Look like the devil!" scowling at the full-length mirror.

"You're pulling up your trousers! There, now they hide most of the spats."

"Won't when I sit down"

"They will, if you don't hitch them up! And don't sprawl—tuck your feet back

Warren Glares.

"Want me to sit on 'em—way you do? Not a Turkish banquet!"

"But no one'll see your feet under the table The heels are just right," walking around for a back view

"Huh, not parked at the table all night," still glaring at the mirror. "Have to sneak in and out"

"No women there!" handing him the monogrammed muffler. "They might notice, but men won't. That time I wore one gold slipper and one white — —"

"What if I am called on for an afternoon spiel?"

"You'll still be at the table—your feet won't show. Dear, I wouldn't let you go if you didn't look right!"

"Not so sure! Too darned anxious to bundle me off—so I can't bawl you out. Jove, quarter of," stalking to the hall "Be late as the deuce."

"If they've started with cocktails," fluttering after him with a whisk-broom, "they certainly won't notice your spats!"

Off to Party.

"Or think they're seeing things," getting into his overcoat. "Variation on pink elephants!"

"Try not to spot them — anything'll make that blacking run. And you're so careless. That wine glass you upset at the Drakes' ——"

"Now any wine I get goes down my gullet—not wasted on spats! And quit chasing me with that brush! Where's my gloves?"

"Remember, don't stretch out your feet. Aren't they in your pocket? Or cross your legs. And don't hitch up your trousers — — "

"Lay off the coaching!" he fumed. "If I concentrate on my dogs all night—have a heluva time."

"No, no, you're going to have a wonderful evening! Dear, didn't I make it all right?" a wistful appeal. "Don't I always think of something?"

"Huh, wouldn't need to, if you didn't pull some dumb stunts! Ought to keep out—not just squirm out of scrapes. Now make a start by respecting my property," jamming on his hat "Last thing of mine you pass on without a permit!"

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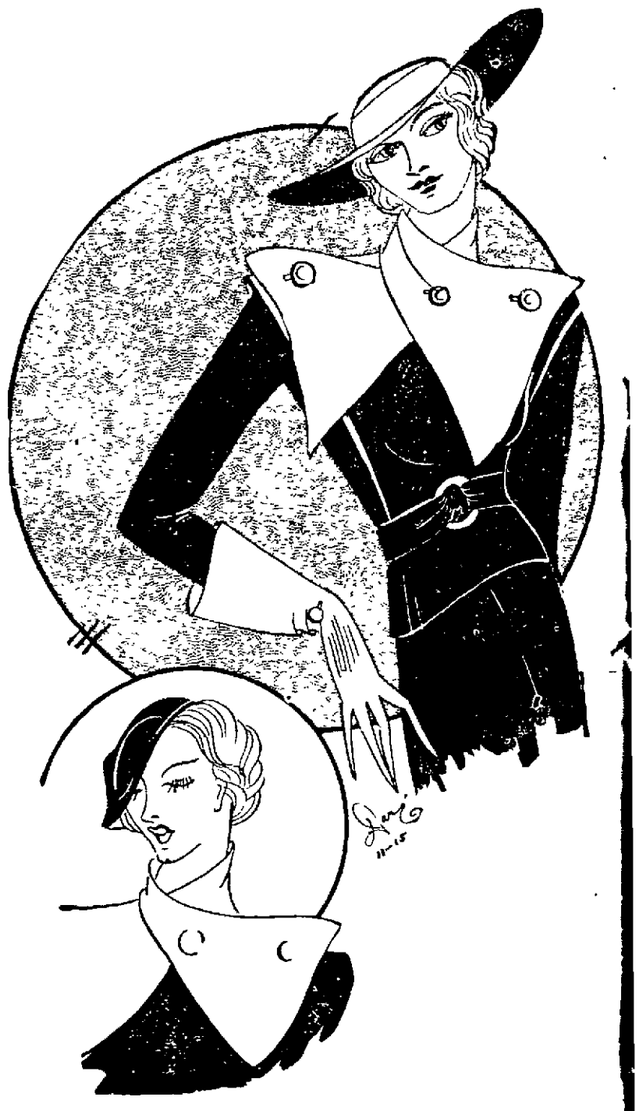
Dare Warns Against Cheap Nail Dressing



Glenda Farrell in one of her current productions wears this interesting two-piece gown of black crinkly crepe, trimmed with an enormous winged scarf of white suede, crossing in front and fastening with large mother of pearl buttons. Interesting accessories include white suede gloves, with one mother of pearl button at the wrist, and choice of a black beret or a picture hat in black and white.

BY DARE.

O-o-o-o-o, my poor fingernails! Quick, quick, don't do it!

I mean, don't do what I did, because it simply murdered my fingernails honestly and truly. Why, when I took that bronzing powder off—and here I thought I was so smart, finding a way to gold my nails with color, colorless nail polish and bronzing powder—well, when I took it off I almost yelled—because my nails were all greyish black. And I couldn't tell whether it was under the nails—or on them or in them!

So don't do it I've come to the conclusion that one can't pay enough for nail polish—and that there must be something to it, after all So I wrote to Paris for my own very special brand—that gorgeous, gleaming goldy-orange that I told you about, remember? Which costs me about five dollars a bottle by the time I get it here, duty and all But it's worth it You can't get it here and you can't even get it very easily there, I must say But when you do you are so pleased you don't mind

Try "Capucine"

There is a shade of polish you can get here, which is by far the smartest and most popular of nail polishes and there's a good reason why—its "Capucine" and that means a sort of orangy-red And this color does what the orangy-red lipstick does—it sort of blends in with your coloring whether this is blonde or brunette, and it also seems to contrast every single color you can wear By which you gather that it isn't really orange—and it isn't

Yes, it's smart to wear the color going right on the points of the tips But sh-sh-sh-sh I'll tell you something about this—it doesn't last as long. It's at the edges that it chips, you see. And if you have half moons, it's chic to leave them white—but not to leave both edge and half moon white It isn't flattering to the hand, either.

Gold and silver, so called, which are awfully whitish and yellowish rather than actually gold or silver, are lovely for the nails But, alas, rather expensive! Still, I myself don't care for that, since the little bottles last so long By the way, when the stuff gets thick, cut it a bit with your nail polish remover.

I'll let you know whether my "murdered" fingernails fall off or not or what—meantime they are well hidden 'neath gleaming capucine—my special brand with the gold in it, which glitters and tantalizes 'neath the lights of night

* * *

The Hollywood fashion I sketched for you today on Glenda Farrell—even though I made no attempt to sketch her features—is nice—the dress, I mean. Black crinkly crepe, two-piece, long skirted. And whoever thought of the white suede for scarf and shoulder piping certainly knew where novelty was. Like it? There is a choice of two hats too—one large and one tiny beret.

* * *

Hat stands which leave a-lot, they are so cute—one simply can't help smiling when one sees them! And footstools for decoration and large sized ones for furniture—those sort of things which are so smart near the fireplace, for instance And some other things which you might like to make for Christmas presents—or for yourself, or for the house Anyhow, it's a nice leaflet—and yours for sending a stamped (3-cents), self-addressed envelope to the Dare Department, 247 W 43rd St New York City, for it Christmas is coming and a lot of spare finger time in the meantime, remember

* * *

Speaking of leaflets, if you would like write—on a separate sheet of paper, to let be sure to get it—just what you think you would like in the way of a leaflet I'll be made for you And I'm obliged!

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YOUR PROBLEMS

By MARY GORDON

Dear Mary Gordon: As one sees Yuletide nearing and hears and reads of the various plans of observing and celebrating, one marvels at the popular conception and the common interpretation of Christmas; the translation that we give to the word "merry."

I wonder at and study this attitude. I marvel at the infinite patience of the Lord. It seems as if He would get so thoroughly disgusted He would strike us down and wipe us off the earth for this travesty. Why is it that we can go on so shamelessly, selfishly? How can we so completely forget the One who died on the Cross for us, the One whose birth we claim to celebrate in a style only Satan himself can delight in? Elaborate gifts are given. Gifts, the cost of which too often is a false and unnecessary sacrifice.

This year there are also wine glasses, beer mugs, etc. Yet there are so many in need of common, ordinary things to wear, and to eat, medicine for the sick. Why should all of this Christmas spirit be so highly commercialized and allowed to get more and more so? In these times we are to push business, urge it, encourage buying. The buying of anything and everything, including wine, beer and whisky. Not to do so is treason to one's country. We have to raise more revenue in order that those "higher-up" may pocket more of it and spend it in riotous living.

If we must buy in order to climb out of this depression, why not buy for those in real need? Buy and give to those who never have had anything good in life They are blind, they are hopelessly crippled, and invalids for life. There are radios to be given to those who need cheer; there are Bibles to be given to those who hunger for that reading; there are shoes, clothing, and food for the needy. There are so many to do for, and so few to do. So many who are anxious to do it haven't the means, but they do what they can and get a real thrill and lasting joy out of it.

How is it that we can encase ourselves in a hard shell of selfishness, plan on raising "whoopee" at Christmas parties, drinking to our health with the very thing that ruins our health, our sanity and better selves? Oh, yes! The movies and the popular magazines teach us that it is quite popular and the "thing to do" I've heard that before—and I've heard, "To h—— with the other fellow. I'm looking out for No. One!" Or, again, "I've had a tough time. I never have anything nor get anywhere. I'm going to have a good time now" In a hundred ways you alibi yourself out of it "I've got to get something out of life" Are you? Keep on and you'll find it grow stale, superficial. You will be restless and wonder what it's all about.

Finally, you seek something more permanent and stable. That is, you do—if it isn't too late. Just now you do not see you'll not let yourself see the sad face of the One on the Cross. You do not hear, you don't want to hear

To you, "merry" signifies boisterous, riotous living. Suppose for a change you do something—just common, ordinary something—for others. Buy them something you know will be needed and fully appreciated—not only for your loved ones, but strangers. Do it in a sane and practical way. Seek out some one to do it for—there are so many. Don't be satisfied with only a gift to the Salvation Army and Red Cross. Give to them—but also find someone to whom you can be a real Santa Claus. Suppose, instead of buying that bottle of whisky, or perhaps that set of beer mugs or wine glasses, we give that poor crippled youngster something to cheer him up for the rest of the year, or that little blind girl who needs the radio fixed. Then there is the man who has no job, whose wife is ill and children hungry and cold. Maybe he does seem shiftless, but is that any reason why you should deny the children? Maybe we'd become shiftless and discouraged, too, through adversity and misfortune.

To you who alibi yourselves so easily out of doing for others because you feel you haven't the time nor money; because you need a pair of new hose; you must go to this show; you must get this and that and do that because you have to be a good sport and live up to it—let me tell you this: I know of an invalid, flat on her back, helpless; the father out of work. She needed fruit for her diet, but now and then she'd say, "Mother, don't buy me the oranges this time. Save the 15 cents for someone who needs it more than I." She did it with pleasure and it gave her a thrill, such that the rest of you forever seek and cannot find, and wonder why. You scoff? Try it—just once. Let us make up our minds to be more temperate in our drinking, our eating and celebrating. Let us find a clearer, saner meaning of "Merry" and of "Christmas." I sign myself, A STUDENT OF HUMANITY.

A. Your Christmas suggestions remind me of a true story. A young teacher talked a great deal about a little boy in her room, Billy, whose mother was deserted by the husband and father. Billy and his brothers and sisters had to wear second hand clothing and often they were not warmly dressed. Once at a rummage sale his mother bought him some galoshes. He said to his teacher, "See, Miss ——, they buckle." They actually had buckles.

The teacher and her friend decided to buy Billy a sweater for Christmas and send it anonymously to his home, since the teacher could not afford to buy sweaters for all her pupils.

The friend, who was to do the mailing, couldn't find a suitable box. Finally she had to use a fancy one covered with silver paper, thinking as she did so, "What a waste of a good box"

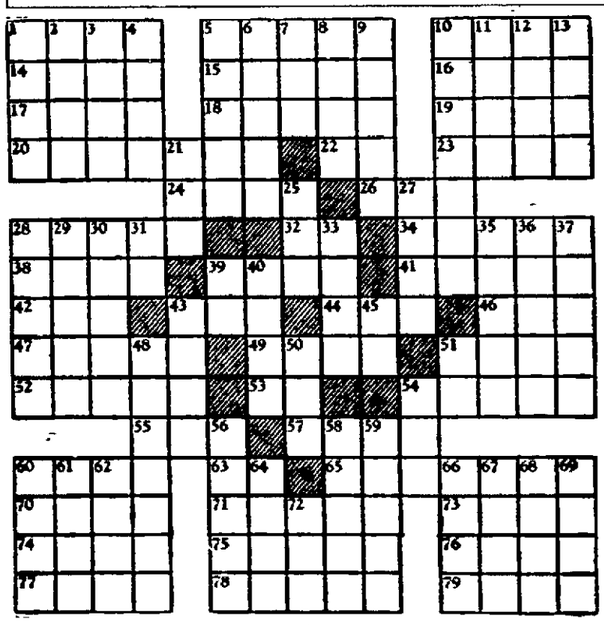
When the teacher saw her again after vacation, she said "What in the world did you send the sweater in? Billy came to school this morning and showed me his new sweater. 'And, Miss ——' he said, 'it came in a GOLD box. A gold box! He could talk about nothing except the 'gold' box. He thought more of it than the sweater"

Nut Crackle.

[illegible]

Mix sugar syrup brown sugar, butter, salt and water Boil gently and without stirring until hard "click" ball forms when portion is poured into cold water Add rest of ingredients, mix well and pour at once on a buttered pan. Do not scrape pan. Work back of knife, press candy down until very thin Cool, break into pieces

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL.

1—Undergarment
5—Disgrace
10—Allowance for waste
14—Speed
15—To temperate
16—Cautious
17—Love god
18—Enthusiasm
19—Famous Russian emperor
20—Teachers
22—Prepositions
23—Home
24—To row
26—Scheduled
28—Tooth
32—Fruit
34—Russian measure
38—In shelter
39—Arabian seaport
41—To strike
42—Essential oils
43—Pen
44—Sun god
46—French article
47—Jewel, worth [illegible]
49—Finishes
51—Information
53—Sheath of feather
54—Time measure
55—Peppers
56—Goddess of harvest
57—To chortle
60—Shaded walk
63—Pronoun
65—Royal palace
70—Ill [illegible]
71—Ill-prepared
72—Beach
73—Ill-[illegible]
74—To [illegible] reward
75—To [illegible]
76—To [illegible]
77—[illegible]
78—[illegible]
79—[illegible]

VERTICAL.

1—To dam
2—Erudition
3—Metal
4—Annoyance
5—To dandle
6—Supporting framework
7—Confusion
8—To debate
9—Mistake
10—Fell sudden pain
11—To rent
12—Epoch
13—Movable shelter
21—To be due
25—Chattering bird
27—To taste
28—Chores
29—Relating to frank bone
30—The earth
31—Person
33—Cook
35—Concerns
36—Anemia
37—Tuck
39—Be
40—Unit of force
43—Suede
45—Whole
48—Flea
50—Hatchet
51—Part of "to be"
54—To sleep
56—More certain
58—Open
59—Small pies
60—Fall on [illegible]
61—Having wings
62—Heather
64—Sea of France
66—Popular beer
67—Lubricant
68—Kind
69—[illegible]

ANSWERS ON PAGE 7

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SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

MIDLAND NOTES

More than 60 per cent of Midland college's student body tried out for the school's a cappella choir this year, according to Director Oscar Lyders who has just announced a tentative personnel of 68 persons. It includes 20 sopranos, 21 altos, 11 tenors and 16 basses Twenty-four of the members are freshmen and 44 are upperclassmen.

Plans for the 1934 tour are incomplete, but invitations have already been received from Oklahmoa City, Okla; Carthage and St. Joseph, Mo; Abilene, Hutchinson, Coffeyville and Lawrence, Kas., and Lincoln and North Platte, Neb.

The personnel includes

First sopranos—Elizabeth Sayell and Elton [illegible] Omaha; Charlotte Evans and Elizabeth Turner, Yutan; Margaret Reuter, Seward; Mae Ingle, Bohacek Walker, Greta Polcake Hastings; Helen Kalweit Platte Center; Pearl Jordahl, Fergus Falls; Minn.; Jean Simmerman, Grace Rose, Marian Ashton, Catherine Stone Fremont.

Second sopranos—Elizabeth Lentz, Waterloo; Kay Trulle Elder, North Platte; Rachel McCollan Ashburn; La Rue Steffen, Elgin; Jean Kathryn Johnson, Fairbury and Mae Hoyt, Fremont.

First altos—Ellen Gerald Fairfax; Carol Hanne Emerson; Marie Schulz, Hastings; Clara Flora, Grace [illegible], Sylvia Wassum, Tecumseh; Barbara Farrel Davenport; Elizabeth Strohe, Patricia Bieper, Florence Lance and Margaret Hayne, Fremont.

Second altos—Mae Margaret Fife, Omaha; Bessie Davis, Wahoo; Ann Harden, Oshkosh; Dee Lawson, Oakland; Barbara Ann Mapes, Marion Potts, Grace Foote, Dorothy Hayne, Freeman; Wanda Margaret Moe and Frances Lees, Fremont.

Tenors—Gene Fream, Carmen; William Bassettmacher, Cedar Bluffs; Elmer Lee Jones, Arapahoe; Carl Joseph Kern, Seward; Fairfax Lamberton, Omaha; Robert Bell Neale, Beatrice; Dale Draper, Omaha; Kenneth Hawkins, Sioux City; Meredith and Thomas Studley, Fremont.

Basses—Harold Elmer Gunderson, Kas; Karl Gaskins, Omaha; Kirk [illegible], Omaha; Robert Lewis, Omaha; Paul Hall, Stewart White, Robert Bell Lentz Gage and Milford Guilen, Fremont.

Doane Notes

Students and faculty are looking forward to the annual all-college Christmas banquet in Frees hall dining room Wednesday, December 13. Toasts will be given by Aileen Marshall, Douglas; Donald Bourne, Ravenna; Helen Hokuf, Crete; and John Vance, Milford. Professor J. E. Taylor will be the toastmaster.

A comedy, "The Best People," will be presented by the Doane Players December 14 The play is being directed by Miss Mary-Ellen Inglis and the staging is in charge of the class in play production

Miss Stella Spurlock regional secretary of the Y W C A, was on the Doane campus Monday and Tuesday, December 4-5, counselling with students and officers of the local Y W C A.

On Wednesday December 6 a group of fifteen girls of the Rokobi Congregational church went to Crete for a game of volley ball with a team from the Doane women's athletic association The Rokobi girls were entertained at supper by Professor and Mrs. A. G Hayhoe

Miss Enid Miller of Nebraska Wesleyan university, spoke at the chapel service Friday morning, December 8 Professor Miller is secretary-treasurer of the Old Line State Oratorical association and was at Doane on the occasion of the annual meeting of the association that day Eleven Nebraska colleges were represented in the oratorical contests

Glenn L Morris of Madison Wis appeared in the Doane college chapel Saturday evening December 9 in a demonstration lecture on new developments in scientific clines

Not Many Troubles In Fox Farming, It's One Big Trouble, Montague Found

BY J. J. MONTAGUE.

IT WAS Johnson, my next door neighbor who was to blame. Johnson was a man who believed in himself. The trouble with most people, he said, was that they didn't. Instead of going ahead with the ideas that were born to them as baby germs are born to mother germs—by the thousand — they were timid and wanting in self confidence. Result — other people came along, thought of the same ideas and put them to work, gaining vast fortunes. Who was Vanderbilt but a man who foresaw the need of railroads to take people to places they didn't really need to go, but would pay to go just to tell the neighbors they had been there? What was Edison but a discoverer of the human curiosity which would give all the money its owner possessed merely to astonish the world by a voice coming from a box?

"All that is necessary to make a fortune," said Johnson to me, "is to supply people with something they don't need at a prohibitive price Give them that and the path to their doors will have that path to Old Man Emerson's door looking like a canebrake

Winner Found.

"I've been looking over a number of the million opportunities to make a fortune" said Johnson to me one day, "and I have come to the conclusion that the surest winner is a fox farm"

"But there are fox farms practically all over the place," I objected. "Travel in any direction from the spot where you live and you will find fox farm signs posted on all the roads By this time there must be more foxes in the country than there are mosquitoes. Don't talk to me any more about them As far as I'm concerned they are out"

"Remember," said Johnson who had not heard me at all" that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to a fortune By facts and figures I can show you what a fox farm will produce if the little creatures are given the right kind of food, and supplied with the maternal care that they ought to have Go into any fur store and find out what they cost when made into coats Then figure out what a thousand foxes, getting their own living in a wire-fenced enclosure will yield when they are tanned and made into feminine wardrobes and trimmings for hats. It will astonish you"

Well, he supplied statistics and drew pictures of a future that appeared to be as auriferous as the old Comstock Lode, and I fell I had five hundred dollars in the bank, which I was afraid to draw out lest some burglar would break into my house and steal it, and afraid to invest unless congress should learn that I had it and appropriate it for medals for the boys who had earned Blue Eagles So I took my money out of the bank and gave it to Johnson, who put a like sum with it and went into Vermont and bought a tract of land "Look," he said to me, as together we gazed at our purchase "In a few years that place will swarm with foxes as a canebrake swarms with canes, or whatever a canebrake swarms with, and without a penny in cost to us. The foxes will raise their families, and the families will get their own food by eating pheasants, or birds or berries They will produce from now on, renewing their species constantly, and providing us with an income which cannot possibly fail. People in cities get cold in lean years or fat, and when they get cold they have to have furs When the furs are worn out there will be other foxes on hand to supply more furs, and so ad infinitum"

A Busy Man.

For the next six weeks he was busy buying foxes from all the farmer boys who could trap them, and from a number of natives who had tried fox farming and for some reason or other had failed to make it a success I can see now that it would have been the part of wisdom to inquire into the cause of such failures as these, but when a man is in a hurry to get rich without trouble or worry, his judgment is none of the best

Inside of three or four months we had a high wire fence built around our place, and quite a number of healthy looking foxes inside it. The creatures remained healthy and contented through the first winter, and in the Spring we were delighted to discover that their numbers were rapidly increasing So as not to be behind hand in our marketing we had pictures of the farm and its inhabitants taken and sent them to all the big furriers in New York. We were delighted to get many letters in return, all of them stating that if we had good pelts they would be glad to buy them. It looked like a cinch.

Then one day we were called to the farm by the man in charge who had discovered that there was a hole in the fence, and that about thirty or forty of our little pets had found their way through it and were now scattered far and wide in the surrounding terrain. We stopped the leak, only to learn that one old and over intelligent fox had found that he could climb up the wire mesh fence, and apparently communicated this intelligence to his fellow prisoners Happily only about half of them seemed to understand these tidings, but the loss was prettyheavy

Poor Little Foxes.

The next thing that happened was a movement on the part of some city people we had shown over the farm to suppress our enterprise because it deprived the foxes of their liberty, and was therefore cruelty to animals We had to argue that out for a week before a judge before whom charges against us were brought But the judge had troubles of his own, having been haled before another judge for allowing deer to run over stock property so at last we won out

Everything seemed rosy then In spite of our losses there were plenty of foxes Cold weather had thickened their fur and moreover made a market for it Most of the humanitarians were scattered back in civilization and could not get together to make any more resolutions. All signs pointed to a big season and then 12 days Fortune seemed to be within reach so it ought to be after all the toil and trouble and anxiet, we had had

I went to bed one winter evening feeling that though I was nearly spent by effort and anxiety my reward was at hand and I was about to realize a substantial fortune I was awakened by the telephone over which came the voice of my partner

"Jim" he said "didn't want to wake you up but I thought you ought to know that a blizzard came along the night before last and blew down about five hundred feet of the enclosure around our farm

"Did the foxes get away?" I inquired still half asleep

"Did the foxes get away?" he mimicked me Do you suppose they just stuck around because they liked the place? All of them lit out for parts unknown as soon as the fence fell"

"Well" I said, "we're out of the fox business anyway"

"You think so do you? Well I can't leave my house because there is a deputy sheriff down stairs with warrants for our arrest for letting those foxes loose They killed, as far as I can learn about five thousand chickens and a hundred other small farmyard animals, and bit three hired men"

"Do you think they'll come up here?" I asked

Up there of course they won't, but—"

"All right," I said "I never liked the fox farming business anyway," and I climbed back into my bed to enjoy the first peaceful sleep I had had since I got into the business.

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The man in charge had discovered that there was a hole in the fence and that about thirty or forty of our little pets had found their way through it.

CWA Fund For State To Finance Land Surveys

An allotment by the civil works administration has been made to the state of Nebraska for 215 engineers who will undertake a system of secondary control surveys, according to Willard J Turnbull, state supervisor of the United States coast and geodetic survey.

"The primary objective of the work is to furnish employment to those engineers who are in need of work" Mr Turnbull said, "but of almost equal importance is the fact that these surveys are to be of such accuracy that they will become a part of the federal control system and have permanent value"

Employing for the most part technically trained men, the CWA through Mr Turnbull will organize an adequate office force in Lincoln for checking and computing field work. Probably twenty parties will be placed in the field, where they will determine correct altitude of various points, erect markers to show accurate altitude and longitude and latitude and make other surveys which will be of value to engineering projects in the future.

"Peg O' My Heart" Is Dramatic Play Of Lincoln High Seniors

—Hale Photo

This is part of the cast of "Peg O' My Heart," the senior class play being presented Friday, Dec 15 on the stage of the Lincoln high school auditorium. Appearing from left to right are Walter Stroud, as Jerry, Flora Albin, Peg, holding her dog Michael; William Grant as Alarich Chichester; and Clarrissa Bennett and Dorothy Bradt who play Mrs. and Ethel Chichester.

Peg O' My Heart is a three-act comedy written by J Hartley Manners and was introduced on Broadway a number of years ago, when Laurette Taylor made the role of Peg one of the lasting characters of the American stage

Scene of Arrival.

The other members of the cast are. Barbara Jeary, as Bennett the maid. Robert Martz, Montgomery Hawkes, Aaron Finkelstein who is Christian Grant and Lawrence Lansing as Jarvis, the butler. Then, of course, there is another canine Thespian, Pet the poodle

The scene portrayed occurs when Peg arrives to make her home with the Chichesters, who, feeling a flattening out of their pocketbooks, have agreed to take care of the orphan, Peg, in accordance with the terms of an uncle's will and the sizable fortune left by him for that purpose

Peg's "countrified' looks and manners use the equanimity of the aristocratically English Chichester home and her outspokenness causes no little distress. However, through her willingness to learn and her sweet nature, Peg wins even the latent affection of Mrs Chichester and the consent to marry Jerry

Comedy Over Dogs.

In a play that is of a humorous vein, the most appealing comedy scenes are created by Peg, who, being the mistress of a mongrel dog, is at a loss to understand the distinction between it and the "blue-blooded" pet poodle of the Chichesters

The play is being directed by Miss Frances McChesney. The business staff is made up of Allan Swanson, business manager, George Vlasnick, advertising manager and John Upson, property manager. Miss Emma Beckman and Miss Elsie Rokahr are the class sponsors.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Colored World Fair Pictures Will Be Shown

"Century of Progress in Colors," a series of photographs in natural colors showing scenes from the Chicago world's fair by day and by night, will be presented Sunday afternoon by F. Dwight Kirsch, acting chairman of the department of fine arts The program, which is third in the series of those sponsored by the department of fine arts for the general public, will be given in the auditorium of Morrill hall at 3 30 o'clock

The program on the Century of Progress has been presented by Mr. Kirsch in a number of towns in Nebraska, but this is the only public showing of them that will be given in Lincoln. Mr. Kirsch is president of the Lincoln Camera club, whose photographic exhibition is on display in Gallery B.

University Notes

Today's visitors at the regular University of Nebraska Sunday program in Morrill hall will be shown the Century of Progress exposition in color, as taken by Dwight Kirsch, chairman of the department of fine arts On this program sponsored by his department, Mr Kirsch will describe the fair and illustrate his talk with a series of natural color slides which he has taken

Prof. Lawrence Vold of the college of law is the editor of the subject section of the association of American law schools directory of law teachers for 1933, which has just been published

Second semester night class students at the University of Nebraska now have a chance to vote on the courses which they wish offered, according to a bulletin recently issued by the extension division. Interested persons are asked to fill out a blank indicating which of the more than 70 classes now being taught they would like to have repeated, and what subjects they would like to have added to the curriculum

Prof H J. Kesner of the department of civil engineering has received a letter from Orval Auhl, of the class of 1927, Mr. Auhl, formerly of Grand Island, is now living in Berkeley, Cal., where he is a field engineer for the seven companies who have contracted to build the substructures for the east bay crossing on the new Oakland-San Francisco bridge, over San Francisco Bay.

Paul O. McGrew, a graduate of the university in 1933, visited the campus last week en route to Berkeley, Cal, where he will act as assistant in the museum of the University of California. For several years he has worked as assistant here in the Morrill hall museum and as field assistant on the Morrill paleontological expeditions.

Wesleyan Notes

On Thursday, December 7, the Nebraska Wesleyan university debate teams left for Winfield, Kas to participate in the southwestern college invitation tournament which was held on Friday and Saturday, December 8 and 9. Wesleyan was represented by these students, Paul Rieber, Hastings, Myron Bickel, Lincoln, Ruth Butcher, Bayard, Beatrice Clark, Scotia; Helen Heiszenbuttel, Norfolk; Doris Nelson, Beatrice, John Porter, Seward; Dean Lane, Alma; Vyrl Swan, Upland; Delbert Sampson, Lincoln

On Saturday and Sunday, December 9 and 10, Professor F. M Gregg, head of the psychology department, conducted an institute of religious education at the Methodist church of Raymond.

Tuesday evening, December 5, Prof Gregg directed a Sunday school Parent-Teacher's meeting. The meeting was divided into four sections, led by Mrs Marie Churchill, Dr. Deal, Dean McProud, and Rev. John White of Lincoln.

On Friday, December 15, the organizations, Purple Arqus and Blue Key, are sponsoring the annual football banquet which marks the close of the football season. The banquet will be held in the basement of the First Methodist church, with Marianna Butler in charge of the decorations, and the Pep club in charge of selling tickets.

Wesleyan's dramatic club will offer their second production of the year with two plays, December 16, in the auditorium of the White building. The first play is "Bernice" by Susan Glaspell, and the second play is "Fiat Lux" by Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas.

Nebraskans Invited Enter Play Writing Contest for Midwest

Nebraska residents are eligible to enter a play writing contest sponsored by the Cedar Rapids Community Players of Cedar Rapids, Ia., according to a communication received by Dr L C Wimberly, professor of English at the University of Nebraska and editor of Prairie Schooner One-act plays written by persons living in nine midwestern states will be judged by Walter Prichard Eaton Yale university department of drama and the winners will be awarded $50 in prizes, according to Dr Wimberly

The sponsors hope to obtain the three most outstanding one act plays dealing with some phase or characteristic of midwestern life The treatment may be comic, tragic, farcical or melodramatic Actual performance time must be not less than fifteen minutes nor more than forty The play must be entirely original with all rights owned by the author

Closing date of the competition is December 31 Interested Nebraskans may obtain further information from Dr Wimberly

Fewer Cases Of Illness Noted At Nebraska U.

Only twenty hospital days were spent in the University of Nebraska infirmary by students during November, reports from the student health office show. Such a low record for cases of serious illness is due to mild weather which caused a minimum of colds and "flu," health workers believe.

Statistics prepared by the office for the last month indicate that students have been in good health, with 1,477 calling at the health department during that period Included in this number were treatments given to 608 men, and to 457 women Swimming examinations were given to 123 students and intra-mural sports examinations to 108

Peru Normal Notes

Prof. R. T. Benford has composed a piano solo, "Valse Brilliant," which will be published in a volume of piano selections from composers in the mid-western section of the country

H J. Young, consulting engineer for the Portland Cement company gave a series of lectures and demonstrations on the manufacture and uses of cement during the past week before the various classes in manual arts.

Revival Foreign Trade Gratifying to Midwest

(Continued From Page Three)

middle west, with its vast surpluses of agricultural products, "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished" While there may be and doubtless are some good results from the protection of certain industries, there can be no question but that extreme economic nationalism stands condemned on the ground that the prosperity of every country is bound up with the prosperity of the world.

Consumer Credit Is Road To Prosperity

(Continued from Page Five)

public mind What we do know, however, is that the much-criticized easy payment plan stood the test of the depression Huge losses were suffered by our people through uncontrolled speculative loans made at home and abroad by our commercial banks, loans which will never be collected. But the consumer the average American, has paid his personal obligations, and come out with the highest credit rating of all

The performance of the American consumer is all the more remarkable when it is considered that he is often compelled to pay exorbitant rates for a small loan In the case of the wide-spread loan shark racket, it is estimated by Franklin W Ryan, that the annual average interest charge is about 300 per cent One can easily discern what a crushing burden that represents upon the low and depleted purchasing power of the wage and salary earners of the country.

But consumer credit deserves serious public attention for additional reasons. If there is one thing which we have in America today in overabundance, it is credit Our banks are overflowing with capital which seeks employment in vain We have an excess of productive capacity, and the banks are none too eager to invest in further expansion of plants Yet, with the surplus of credit we have a deficit of consumption Millions of American families lack the things which the nation's industries are equipped to turn out and supply upon short notice

Students of consumer credit are convinced that it affords the avenue for a lasting recovery. It is claimed that the most effective way to raise mass purchasing power is to finance it How the great reservoir of credit in our possession can be diverted, through the existing institutions at low rates of interest, to the great bulk of our consumers direct is a question of national moment.

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Preview Of Congress Scrap Is Staged For Benefit Of Tugwell

(Continued from Page Five)

to me that the government's powers have probably been used about as far as they would stretch It was necessary, if any kind of quick action was to be had to proceed voluntarily. If business had had to give up too much, it would have refused to come into the new arrangement voluntarily Codes would have had to be imposed—perhaps they would all have had to be licensed as the milk distributors have been Anyway, I don't see how more specific directions from the congress would have helped there. You could never have passed a law which did not contemplate a good deal of voluntarism"

"I guess," he said, "that what I am complaining about is that we allowed the executive branch to make the mistakes instead of making them ourselves Maybe I am palpitating with the wrong emotion We do, sometimes, you know."

"Well" I said, "there's that possibility No one argues that perfection has been reached. On the other hand, when you make your speeches this winter, I hope it won't be too much out of your mind ever, that a new deal is really on the way, that you won't be too critical because it didn't happen so quickly as you thought it might There is, you know, a lot yet to be done if you just stick to new ground, rather than giving yourselves altogether to threshing over old straw"

"You won't get out of anything that way," he said "We'll criticise plenty. We'll be sorry for a lot we let you do And we'll blame you for doing what we said you could A lot of us don't like these new things, you know. We were all in a panic last year and we took some long chances Maybe it's a sign that things are better that we are reconsidering now. I don't suppose we'll succeed in unscrambling all the eggs, but some of us will try"

He got up and stretched himself I motioned toward his glass. But he shook his head "Are you sorry about that too?" I asked There was a twinkle in his eye But he refused to answer Personally, I may he thinks that that was another mistake But he is not unmindful that his state went wet by two to one "No" he said "I guess that'll stick But about the rest, I don't know Where's my hat?"

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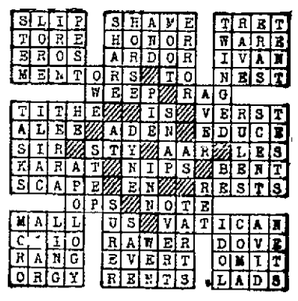
Crossword Answer



Senators Not Bad If You Know 'Em--Will

BY WILL ROGERS.

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers or who I talk to, or rather who I listen to. I am terrible gabby but when I get around somebody that I want to really get some information out of, why I do by a great effort shut up.

Here a few weeks ago, had all the senators that were out here on all these highway robberies, these pyramiding of stock sales to the public, when the stock wasent worth as much as buggy whip All over the country senate committees were finding out the same thing. They could stop in any town and unearth a financial scandal And thats one of the things that is causing all the uneasiness in this country Its that the old middle class fellow knows there is something wrong when every financial big wig investigated has been found to have sold stock with no value behind it But that is not what I started in to say, it was that these senators were out to my igloo, and I met em as old friends and we had I think a pleasant time.

Likeable Fellows.

You know there is really nothing more likable than a senator when you really know him. We like to kid about him about like a mother-in-law but I tell you had there been no mother-in-law, we would have no wife, and no senator, no government Well then a few days later out to spend the day with me come Senator Bob LaFolette of Wisconsin, of the Wisconsin LaFolettes

Did you ever meet young Bob LaFolette? Well you have missed something He is bright, he is fair, he is just He dont exactly agree with all that is going on on either side but he is not the condemning kind He can disagree and still give the other fellow credit That's a rare trait in politics

During an hour of conversation I never heard him utter a word in condemnation of a single man (and I asked him about every prominent one I could think of) I like to get one mans slant on another one Bob might offer some slight criticism of a mans policies but he said they were actuated by honesty and that personally he liked em

It's hard to follow in a noted fathers footsteps especially when the father was 20 years ahead of his time but this boy has done it You watch this kids smoke Its blowing in the right direction

Hitler's Successor?

Well then again after the senators I had a mighty interesting visitor It was the crown prince of Germanys son, a grandson of the kaiser. He is the one that has been over here for a couple of years working in Henry Fords factory. His name is Ferdinand, I suppose they call him Prince Ferdinand, but you better not do it to his face He is a mighty likable young fellow, about 26 years old, the second son, but the oldest one married outside the thoroughbred pasture and now he is in the dog house as far as any succession is concerned, so this may be the boy that will succeed Hitler. But whats going to happen to Hitler?

But this young fellow, you would like him. He is very plain and unassuming He tells some interesting things about his early life in Germany He was about eleven when it finished, goes every birthday to see his grandfathers (as they all do) the kaiser, says the old fellow is very chipper, loves jokes, is not soured on the world, and take things very philosophically He speaks perfect English, (as far as I could judge) said his family spoke more English at home than German He speaks French, Italian, Russian, and Spanish also Says his older brother that married out of the pink is kinder high hat, but that the others are great.

Likes It Here.

Says his dad loved horses, riding and polo, and he wished he could bring him out to my place Can you imagine a fellow thats been used to those beer strong German horses looking over a bunch of these little Pestle tails of mine? He would say, nice colts where is their mothers? This boy had just been home and talked to Hitler He sure likes it over here is on his way to Way to Cuba I told him he would sure like it down there. Thats the greatest place in the world He thinks Henry Ford is a mighty fine man We agreed on that too I asked him what he thought of us recognizing Russia, he said Germany recognized em first

Fate is a funny thing and it looked for a time then wind up working for Henry Ford But he is certainly not crying the blues He is the most cheerful care free young fellow you ever met They here we all are believing because we have lost some money and dont get as much salary

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Axis Club Portrays Its Ideals In Symbolical Tableau Program

Standing: Left to right, Grace Burt, Frances Morgan, and Lucille Williams, kneeling, Gladys Woodward and Eunice Preston.

The Axis Business and Professional Women's club of Lincoln, with a membership of over 100 active business and professional women of the city, held its annual emblem program Tuesday evening at the Y W C A

An emblem tableau, depicting the symbols of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs was presented by the following members of the club The Torch, Frances Morgan, The Wand, Eunice Preston, The Shield, Lucille Williams, The Scroll, Gladys Woodward; Nike, Grace Burt Grace Trott and Ruth Curtiss took the part of the two heralds

Sextette Leads March.

A processional was led by the Axis Sextette followed by the Symbols and Heralds The Misses Marjorie Forman, Geneva Wheeler, Marjorie Wilson Helen Stacy, Tuna Barr and Mrs Pearl Brown members of the sextette were accompanied by Miss Nevada Wheeler

Miss Lillie Peterson gave the tableau a skit of an adventurer, who recorded in his ships logs only the things he was determined to do misstating [illegible] the purpose

Symbols Show Club Ideals

[illegible] health Shield of Co[illegible] national [illegible] mbership and [illegible] programs Nike the Winged [illegible] of Samothrace [illegible] the beauty of [illegible]

The program was in charge of the emblem committee with Miss Peterson as emblem chairman.

McIntyre Again Lives Unforgotten Hours

BY O. O. McINTYE.

Unforgotten moments

Walking through the deserted streets of Rouen in the moonlight.

Changing guard at Whitemall

The Lindbergh home-coming from a stand in Madison Square

Being in an artist's studio when Lillian Russell came to call the first week in New York

The then King of Siam patting my Boston at Plymouth, Eng

The online carters and cobbed draft horses in Antwerp.

Walk in the twilight

Charlie Chaplin's burlesque of a Spanish matador.

The lure of California from [illegible] Nectars

Floating gardens near Mexico City.

A revolutionary flare-up while [illegible] in front of the [illegible] Bristol along Unter den Linden

[illegible] from letter from an actress —[illegible]

A fog [illegible] the Golden Gate

[illegible] in a [illegible] wall flower at a [illegible] in St Louis—and her [illegible]

An [illegible] the Old Ab[illegible] New Orleans when [illegible]

[illegible] of Sally [illegible] Kern [illegible]

[illegible] of New York from the [illegible]

Bob Wagner reads John L Sullivan [illegible] Madison Square Garden [illegible] of Kol[illegible] Gate [illegible] Boston cops and [illegible] I'll go down to Cuba and arrest the whoe dam Spanish Army. Yours truly, John L. Sullivan.

Sudden popular idols are easily shattered I thought the Giants' young manager Bill Terry, about the slickest thing in heroes this generation turned out He was a college man, a gentleman of the Southern school and a lightning-fast ball player The I heard him make a speech for a news reel picture following his world-series triumph Naturally I expected him to be gracious and humble in victory instead he seemed cocky He is still a hero of sorts but there's a scrape of clay to his feet.

I've always longed—and failed—to write humor such as this It is a casual paragraph from a chapter in a mystery story by A. A. Milne

"General Sir Oliver Windill, K C B and so forth, was too good a Victorian to wish to survive his Queen. He had died therefore, in March 1901 (to the relief of the war office which had him on their hands all through the Boer War) and gave its to the relief of his children. Their attitude must have appealed strongly to the general who execrated dammed sentimental nonsense"

Short Sayings

The [illegible] celebrity crowd in a pre-prohibit[illegible] was at the opening of Charlie Journal's M[illegible] Dr Walter P Fit[illegible] books, [illegible] a New York [illegible] paper [illegible] New Jersey has two tandem [illegible] the bike revival (Gene Fowler does his best [illegible] Carl Carpenter [illegible] Olympic [illegible] for 24 hours [illegible] Mamaroneck [illegible] born Mary Lynn Rehm [illegible] Theater O. [illegible] Her nickname is [illegible] Two [illegible] books worth while Fares to the Life Paul Morand, [illegible] Northern Lights Oxford [illegible] Also if you like the [illegible] of Arabia read "The [illegible] Quartet" Henry Holt & Co' [illegible] by the McNaught Syndicate Inc)

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

A Novel of Passion and Peril

ONE LOVES BUT ONCE

By Frank Brady

SYNOPSIS

David Carlyle, young scientist planning a dangerous rescue expedition to the jungles of South America to seek his former chief, missing a year, meets Madi Wisner, beautiful Hungarian actress. To save her from deportation because she has overstayed her leave in America, he offers to marry her and so make her an American citizen. Though their marriage is merely a matter of form, they continue to see each other and one evening, when Madi impulsively kisses Carlyle, he finds himself deeply stirred.

CHAPTER VIII.

BESIDES, Madi was the only girl he knew in New York. He liked being with her. For the short while between the present and his sailing, why deprive himself of such pleasure as their friendship might afford?

So it was that, during the days that followed, he saw her as often as freedom from the work of preparation for his expedition permitted. Madi's manner upon these several occasions confirmed him in his wisdom in keeping up their companionship. She was friendly, but quite impersonal.

HE BECAME a little afraid, as time passed, that he might be imposing upon her. He asked to see her often, and never did she refuse him. But he noticed now and again that she would lapse into silences, from which she would emerge with a little start and a smile not quite spontaneous. He found her, too, upon more than one occasion, regarding him covertly. He spoke of what was in his mind.

"You know I like to see you," he said. "But you mustn't let that interfere with what you might want to do yourself."

She looked at him intently. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Carlyle. "It just happened to occur to me."

"I see you," said Madi, "because I like to be with you."

But he was not convinced. He began to feel strained in her presence. Yet when he was not with her, he missed her.

Then, one evening, in her apartment, his disquiet became unusually pronounced. They had sat for a long while without speaking. Madi was gazing thoughtfully at a flower in the pattern of the covering of the chair in which she sat. There could be no doubt she was distracted by some thought. But Carlyle did not feel it his part to inquire into the trouble. His discomfort increased.

"YOU are tired," he said, rising. Madi, too, rose. She stood for a moment facing him, as if irresolute. Then, slowly, as if to be sure to control her voice, she spoke. For no reason he could define, he found his heart pounding in excitement.

"I should like to say something to you," she began. Looking away for a moment, she turned her eyes to his again. "I must say something," she added.

The intensity of her voice startled Carlyle.

"I have told you before," she continued, "that you do not realize what you have done for me. And that is true. You have given me a chance that I know, if I did not get it now, I should not have again. For that I am grateful."

She was clasping her hands tightly together, as if to hold fast her composure. Carlyle did not speak.

"But you have done more than that for me," she said. "You have taught me that there is in the world someone like you. I have never known anyone like you before. I have known many people. But never were any of them like you.

"You will go away soon, and perhaps you will never come back. I do not know that you will not. But there is always that chance. There is danger, I know, although you have said little about that. But even if there were not, who knows what else may happen? When people part, who knows when they will meet again? Who knows if they will meet again at all? There are so many things that may happen."

SHE paused. Her eyes looked straight into his. Then, slowly, she continued.

"We are here together now. We have not parted. You are here with me. But while you are here, must we go on—like this?"

"Like this?" Carlyle repeated.

"Like this," said the girl. "We see each other many evenings. You take me to dinner. Sometimes, like this evening, you dine with me. And then, after a little while, you go."

She stood very still, looking up at him.

"I am your wife, you know," she said. "Must it always be like this? Must we always part—after dinner?"

Carlyle's arms suddenly were about her, bending her to him. In that instant, he realized the truth of all that had happened between himself and her. He knew that he had not done what he had done from altruism or kindness or compassion. He knew that he had asked Madi to marry him because, from the moment he first saw her, he had loved her.

Once, long ago, he had heard a saying of the South Seas, 'One loves at once, or not at all.' Madi he had loved at once. Madi he would never cease to love.

CHAPTER IX

THE days that followed were the happiest that David Carlyle had ever known. Upon the morning after that evening when Madi had disclosed that she loved him and when, in a burst of understanding, he had discovered that he loved her, it had been his suggestion that they take quarters at his hotel. But she would have none of it. The firmness she had shown before, in the matter of the ring, again came to the fore.

"You have told me," she said, "that you never have known a woman. Never one of your own. Let me, for the little while you are to be here, give you that."

His hesitancy in accepting she mistook for doubt of her domestic skill.

"You do not think I know how," she charged. She was indignant. "You will see. In my country, a girl must know always how to take care of a man. Always the man comes before everyone else. I will make you so comfortable you will become very lazy," she prophesied. "But," she added, "you must promise that, if I do, you will not grow fat."

"I shall promise nothing of the sort," Carlyle answered her teasingly. "I shall make it my business to get fat right away."

AND so, the matter was settled. One thing he insisted upon, however, was that he engage a maid to do the work about the apartment.

"But then I shall get fat," protested Madi. But she yielded the point.

Whenever she was at leisure, she devoted herself to him. It came to Carlyle, suddenly, one day that he had quite forgotten she was an actress. She seemed so entirely to have become a wife. Of her career and of the crisis in it which a few weeks hence was scheduled to occur, she said nothing. He wondered if she was thinking about it—if, when he was absent, she was preparing herself. Exactly what she might do in preparation, he did not know. Rehearse, perhaps. Practice lines from plays of the sort she might be called upon to take part in.

He brought up the subject of her own interests.

"There is time enough for that," she told him. "When you are gone, I shall work on that. It will be good for me then, for I shall have to find something which will not let me think too much about you. About what may happen to you. But now—you are like a soldier going to the front. I must try so very hard to see that you have, before you go, as much happiness as I can make for you."

SHE spoke in the tone of one who would have no more said upon the subject.

In their diversions, too, she put his interests before her own. Together they had seen several plays and still more moving pictures. These, Carlyle noticed, she watched intently, and her interest prompted him to suggest seeing others. But she called a halt.

"Let us do something else," she suggested. "Let me go with you to see something you have worked at—that you know much about. I want to see you among things you understand very well."

The following Sunday, therefore, they went to the zoological gardens in Bronx Park. Carlyle could not bring himself to be learned about the birds and the beasts they stared at, but he acted dutifully as a guide. He was pleased that Madi found the animals so diverting, for obviously she did.

One of the exhibits which seemed to fascinate her was that of the pelicans, with their long beaks and pendulous pouches. Madi stared at them a long while, a look of melancholy upon her face.

"THEY must be very sad, the ladies of those birds," she said. "Very sad. With all of us, there comes, of course, a time when we grow old and begin to worry about having many chins. But the lady pelicans—they are born with them."

He would have had her avoid the more sinister specimens. But she made a point of seeing them—the big cats, the reptiles, torpid and evil; the crocodiles that waddled so much more swiftly than one would have thought they could.

Madi was thoughtful as they started home. They were leaving the grounds when she said:

"I wish something would happen so you would not have to go. I shall not sleep, thinking of you and those—those things. Even here, where they are prisoners, they are frightening. And down there—" She shuddered a little. "They come at you from nowhere. So quickly!"

"Yes," said Carlyle, "but remember, there are not so many all in one place as here. A man has only to be a little careful."

She turned to him, grasping his hand.

"Please," she pleaded, "be very careful."

THE expedition, apparently, was very much on her mind. For the first time, it seemed, she realized something of its nature. Despite Carlyle's attempts to avoid the subject, she later reverted to it again.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, as they arrived home. "There is something I do not understand. What made you decide to start for South America at this particular time?"

Carlyle looked at her sharply.

"Because," he replied, measuring his words, "it was the soonest we could get ready. You see, every day that Steffens is in the jungle is important. We might arrive, you know, just one day too late."

"Yes," said the girl. "I understand that. But did you not once tell me that, two months ago, you did not dream you would be here?"

"I did," admitted Carlyle.

"Then in that time, something must have happened." She grasped his arm in a quick gesture of appeal. "Forgive me. I do not mean to ask questions that are not my business. You have never asked questions of me. I am sorry." She paused. "Only—"

"Only what?" asked Carlyle.

"Only," said Madi, "I have the funny feeling that, about this business there is something you will not tell me."

CHAPTER X

CARLYLE gazed at Madi a moment, then placed his hands upon her shoulders and held her at arm's length.

"Look at me," he said, smiling. "Now let me tell you something. There is nothing that I know of that I would keep from you unless, perhaps, it should be something that would hurt you. So never, so long as we are together, think that anything like the little curious is you may have about my job amounts to prying into dark secrets of my past."

The girl answered him, "There's one thing I really am ashamed of," he continued. "My past. It's so blameless it makes me wince when I think of it. A great point! Think of it. I'll even go so far as to say, on the pleasure of having you reform me."

He ceased talking. Madi was looking at him and he gained the impression that she thought he was trying to evade answering the question she had raised.

"But look," he said. "As long as you've brought up the matter of why I happen to be going on this expedition at this particular time, I'll confess that there is something I omitted telling you. It was a very simple thing: a meeting of the board of trustees of the museum where I worked.

"THE trustees, you know, are men who have the say as to how much money a museum can spend every year on certain things. And, if the director of the museum dies or resigns or is ousted for any reason, the trustees choose a successor."

This was the meeting, Carlyle explained, that had led to the expedition he was heading. Half a year before, when Steffens had not been reported from the city nearest the region he had set out to explore, Carlyle had sent out inquiries. First he had written, and, when that brought no satisfactory reply, he had cabled.

Still there was no word, and he had sounded out one or two of the members of the board of trustees regarding the organization of an expedition of rescue. The attitude of all to whom he talked had been sympathetic, but had lacked decision. No one would do anything about it. And bit by bit, the realization had come to him that no one ever would do anything. When he understood that, he had determined that he, at least, would make an effort.

"Then the annual meeting of the trustees came about. And with it a very peculiar development. I asked them, pretty bluntly, what they were going to do about Steffens. And I gathered that they had come to the conclusion among themselves that Steffens could not possibly be alive. Therefore, they argued, why do anything? It would be expensive and in vain.

"I TOLD them that, if they did nothing, I somehow would. And then they announced, as if it would solve everything, that they had me in mind as Steffens' successor. It was like nailing a man in a coffin before you're sure he's dead—and then asking his best friend to bury him. Well—" Carlyle concluded, "I resigned. It was the only thing I could do. Then I came on here to make preparations for a rescue expedition."

Madi was watching his face intently.

"But who," she asked, "had the money for this? Are you yourself rich?"

Carlyle shook his head. "No," he said, "it isn't my money. I got it from the newspapers."

"The newspapers?"

He nodded. "One newspaper," he said, "to be exact. One of the newspapers out there."

She looked puzzled.

"It was this way," he explained. "You see, Steffens in his particular line is a pretty famous man. Though the museum he headed is in a city that is not among the first in population, his work is so well known that his name brought a good deal of fame to the city. It got its publicity. In that town, he was something of a show piece. They point out his home to visitors. He represents, in a way, in our city, what the Mayo brothers, the celebrated surgeons, do in Rochester, Minn.

"SO, with that in mind, I went to the editor of one of the three newspapers of the city and urged him to start a campaign to raise money to bring Steffens back—if he could be brought back. The editor agreed and—well, to make a long story short, they got the money, and here I am."

There was silence after he had finished. He rose, crossed to a window, and stood looking out into the dusk of early evening. He was aware, even as he stood with his back to her, that Madi had not moved. To see what might be the matter, he turned. She was staring thoughtfully at the floor. Presently, she looked up.

"Thank you for telling me," she said. She hesitated, as though about to say something more.

"Well—" suggested Carlyle.

"But I wonder," she continued, "if there is not something else that is a part of all that has taken place—something that has something to do with me?"

She did not state her speculation insistently. She spoke, rather, as though she were pondering the question, and had uttered a thought aloud. She gazed away, her eyes narrowing a trifle in concentration.

"Somehow," she said at last, "I feel that there is something. And—I cannot say why—it frightens me a little."

CHAPTER XI

CARLYLE had had a telephone installed in the apartment, and on the morning after his talk with Madi about the expedition, he received a call from Dr. Vagsich.

"I wonder," said Vagsich, "if you could come down to my house to see me. I have a request to make."

Carlyle consented at once. He could not imagine what Vagsich might wish to ask of him. It was odd. The favors hitherto had invariably been of Carlyle's seeking.

He found the doctor in the high-ceilinged, book-lined study of his home on Ninth Street. He had not seen him since his marriage to Madi. And it was of this that Vagsich first spoke.

"You are a very lucky young man," he said, with sincerity and pleasure. "I saw her only for a moment that evening. But it took only half of that time to know that she was most charming." He smiled. "To think," he remarked, "that I should have had a hand in this match. Never did I think I should do such a thing as that. Once, when I was a little boy, I thought that, when I grew up, I should be a carpenter. And later, I changed my ambition. I would be a locomotive driver. But never did I think I should become a marriage broker.

"WELL," he concluded, "it is good, at least, to know that, in my short career in that business I have done so well. If I had had in the work that pays me my living, a success always as great, I know that by now I should many times have been given the Nobel Prize." His eyes beamed behind their thick-lensed glasses.

Carlyle, not knowing just what to say, said nothing. He awaited, with curiosity, to learn what Vagsich had had in mind in summoning him. The scientist, lighting a cigarette and waiting until it was smoking furiously, proceeded to enlighten him.

But not to the purpose I had in asking you to be good enough to come down and see me."

Smoking with an energy which Carlyle feared might at any time ignite his short, pointed beard, Vagsich continued:

"I have been thinking for some time about you and the expedition. As you remember, I asked you, the last time we met, to reconsider the matter of going at all. I pointed out that other men, men who are much more experienced than you, have tried what you are about to try, and failed. In such ways as are possible, here in New York, I have tried to be of help to you. But I wonder how much that is worth. Of what good will it be when you are face to face with the things which now are only names to you?

"IT IS one thing to know a thing as in a book, another to see it in the world as it is. For example, a man may write of another man and show you he is a scoundrel. But meet that scoundrel in life, and you may think him a very charming fellow. Nevertheless, he will put something over on you.

"So it is with things down there. I tell you, say, that certain tribes of Indians are treacherous. But when you come to deal with them, you may think them honest. Because they are savages, do not think they are dull. No, no" He shook a forefinger. "They are very cunning.

"Now," he continued, "I have been down there. Not where you are going. But in the region. I know, first-hand, many things which maybe I even forget to tell you now. So, I think to myself, maybe it will help you some if I go part of the way with you. That is why I called you up, to ask if I may do so."

Carlyle was tremendously surprised and elated at the request. It would mean starting under the most advantageous auspices possible. He said so.

"BUT, doctor," he demurred, "much as I want you to come with me, I feel I ought not to let you do it. You've done so much already. And it's my risk, all the way through. No one else's."

Vagsich held up a hand in protest.

"Oh, do not worry, my young friend. I shall take little risk. I go only as far as the first falls of the river with you. I shall sit in a big canoe and smoke. At the falls I must part with you. Farther I could not go. I am not an old man. But I am not young. I should be of no good when the hard going begins. I should only be in the way.

"So," he concluded, holding out his hand, "it is settled? Good! I can arrange without trouble about my lectures." He smiled. "How glad I shall be to get away from the classroom for a little while! And," he added, "how glad my pupils will be to get rid of me!"

Carlyle's first impulse was to telephone Madi as soon as he left Dr. Vagsich's house. But he decided, on second thought, to wait to tell her the good news in person. He knew that she would be relieved to learn that he would have so experienced an aide as a member of the group going with him.

REACHING home, he mounted the stairs to the apartment rapidly. As he flung open the door, Madi was standing by the window, her back to the room. She turned, and he at once noticed something strange in her manner.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously, postponing the surprise he had in store for her.

"Nothing," she replied, and added, "That is such a funny question."

He studied her for a moment. Instinctively he looked about the room, as if there he might find evidence of some calamity. He saw nothing that had not been there when he left, except a few letters forwarded to him from his hotel. Could the key to her depression be among these?

He walked over and looked through them. Then he understood. For among the letters was one bearing a woman's handwriting—a bold and decisive script upon stationery that beyond all doubt was expensive. And the letter had been registered. He took it in his hand and held it up for Madi to see.

"Is that what the trouble is?" he asked.

"That!" she replied. "That letter you mean?" She spoke with such an exaggerated carelessness that he came close to laughing. "Why, of course not!"

But he knew better.

CHAPTER XII

WITH the letter still in his hand, Carlyle went over to Madi. He put an arm about her shoulders. "Do you know," he said, "that there are times when you act as though you were not a day over two years old?"

She pushed a little away from him.

"Then you think I am so much older?" she asked. "I do not think you are nice at all. You talk as if I were two hundred."

"In some ways," said Carlyle, "you seem to be."

This time, she did free herself from his arm. She stood back and drew herself up in great dignity.

"Yes, you do," he continued. "You are in so many ways so wise, so understanding. And then again, the next moment, you are like this. Just silly."

He looked down at the letter again tapping one hand with it.

"I suppose," he said, "I've been a little silly myself. Yesterday when I was telling you about the expedition, and the row at the museum over it, you said you had a feeling that I was leaving something out—"

"DID I say that?" she interrupted him. Never was there more innocence than that implied in her tone.

"You know very well you did," Carlyle declared. "And you were right. I suppose, now, it would have been better if I hadn't left it out. It really doesn't mean much. I might just as well have mentioned this—" and he glanced down to indicate the letter— "as not."

Still she refused to inquire into the matter. She was indifference itself.

"Come over here," said Carlyle. He sat down and drew her down on the arm of his chair. "Let's get this all straight." He took one of her hands. "You see, we have not too long to be together. So let's not have any part of the time taken out by—well, anything that doesn't matter."

He tossed the letter on a table that stood near by.

"That letter," he said, "is from a girl who—until a little while ago—was my fiancee."

"Oh!" said Madi. "You were in love with her?"

He shook his head. "No," he said, and his tone was one of conviction. "I wasn't. I know that now. Maybe, for a while, I thought what I felt toward Isabel was love. But I know now that it wasn't. Two people showed me that. One was you."

"Me?" exclaimed Madi.

HE NODDED. "Yes, you. You see, I've never felt the same toward any other girl as I feel toward you. You're the only person I've known who—well, never fails to thrill me, and at the same time to inspire my confidence and trust." He looked at her. "That's what I mean by love. You showed me what it is. I know now what it is. And toward Isabel, I never felt quite that way. So she showed me, too, what it is. The whole thing—how I came to be engaged to her—was kind of strange. It's clear now. But while it was going on—"

So he began the story of himself and Isabel Case. He had to go back a bit to the time before he first met her. He had been a poor boy, an orphan, had had to work his way through college. And until he had attained his position with the museum, he had had little money to spend. He had learned from long and pinching experience what it is never to be able to do what people with even a fair amount of money can do.

"With me," he explained, "it was always armchair lunchrooms instead of restaurants, street cars instead of taxis. That may sound kind of silly. Those things aren't supposed to count with people that amount to anything. But they do. Nobody likes to be shut out, year after year, from even a nibble of luxury now and then. I know I didn't."

For a while he was lost in recollection. Then he went on.

"WELL—after I landed my museum job. I had a little money. Not much. You don't get rich in my kind of job. But I had some. And I had something that was a little beyond my income—a social position. For a scientist, that sounds kind of fancy, but that's how people looked at it—I was one of those people, like a doctor or a minister, who doesn't have to be rich to be classed as a 'gentleman.' So, along with Steffens, I was sometimes asked to teas and receptions and dinners given by people with a lot of money. And it was new to me and I liked it.

"I didn't have much to say at the beginning. I was entirely too impressed. And so one day, when a girl came up to me at one of those affairs and made me feel as if I was very important, and made it easy for me to talk, I was grateful. That was Isabel, Isabel Case.

"Her father is a big real estate operator out there. He's a tough, hard-headed customer. But Isabel was of finer stuff I know it, because she made a point of it. The material thing didn't matter to her. It was the things of the mind. That," Carlyle explained, "I discovered, was me.

"At any rate, Isabel took me in tow and proceeded to work on me. Taught me what fork to use what book to read and when I'd read it, what to say about it. I don't say she didn't help me. She did. But I can honestly say that I never expected, never intended, to marry her."

It was here that Madi asked a question.

"Then how," she inquired, "did you come to be engaged to her?"

Carlyle shook his head in perplexity. "That," he said, "I have yet to find out."

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER telling Madi that he still did not know just how his engagement to Isabel Case had come about, Carlyle continued his story. The engagement, he said, had somehow just happened. It had slowly dawned on him, after he and Isabel had been going together for some time, that he was tacitly regarded as her fiance. Isabel herself, or perhaps her mother, enterprising and portly matron that she was, may have dropped a hint here and there among their friends.

When he had discovered that such was the part he had been chosen to play, he had not known exactly what to do. Isabel had done much for him. Moreover, from the point of view of social standing, she was highly eligible. He was grateful to her for all she had done for him and flattered that he, an unknown, had been accepted by her world. Moreover, he was disinclined to embarrass Isabel by a denial, and so he had let the engagement be accepted.

At this point, as Carlyle related the story to Madi, she interpolated a comment.

"I have no doubt," she said, "that she is also very pretty." It was not a question of course. But it elicited information.

"No," said Carlyle. "I shouldn't say that. But she is attractive looking. She is dark, and she wears her hair parted in the middle. It sort of makes her look like a librarian. And she is always very calm. I used to wish now and then that she would get mad—show some spirit. But she never did. She said that she regarded scenes as vulgar. She would have no part in them. And she never did."

"When you broke off the engagement," asked Madi, "was there no scene?"

"No scene?" said Carlyle. "Well, maybe there was. On my part, at least. I was pretty wrought up. As I told you, I had been trying like the devil to get action on this expedition, and I had made quite a row over the fact that no one would get anything definite started. All this came to Isabel's ears. No great mystery how it came, because her father was one of the trustees of the museum. He was, in fact, the most influential of them. Anyway, Isabel asked me one day, in that deliberate way of hers, if I didn't think I'd been making something of a show of myself. I said that, if I had, I didn't care, as long as I got results.

"She didn't say much to that. But a little later she informed me that she had heard that no one believed Steffens was still alive, and that the trustees had decided to name one of the exhibition rooms after him, or put up a plaque in his memory—and let it go at that. Naturally, I thought that was pretty cold-blooded, and I said so.

"THEN she said—I remember it exactly— 'Of course, no one is more distressed than I am over the terrible thing that has happened to Steffens. But after all, the work here must go on. And someone must do it.' She paused a minute, and then she said, 'I have always thought that you, David, would be the ideal person to be head of the museum.' And let it lie.

"That was what wound me up with Isabel. She wanted me to forget about Steffens, assume that he was dead, and step in and take his job. She knew that she could get the job for me through her father.

"It kind of showed me the whole picture of her. I saw then that, in the first place, she had gone after me because she wasn't really attractive enough to get anybody from her own crowd—except, maybe, some fellow who'd marry her for her money. She knew that wasn't likely with me. So she had set out to acquire me. Then she had gone to work making me presentable. And when the chance came, she thought it would be nicer for her to have a husband who was director of the museum than someone who was merely his assistant.

"I think a lot of it had been my fault. She had intimated that her father, when we were married, would give us a house. After that—for I had insisted I would not live on her money—what I made would easily be enough to take care of running expenses. She had made things pretty easy. And to be honest, I guess I had to shut my eyes to a lot of things that weren't really hard to see. I was well on my way to becoming a pet poodle.

"BUT that hint she gave about my stepping into Steffens' shoes opened my eyes." He paused. "I snapped out of my fog, and told her exactly what I thought. I haven't seen her since."

"But didn't she tell you good-bye?" asked Madi.

Carlyle shook his head. "No. This"—he pointed to the letter—"is the first I've heard from her."

Madi gazed at the envelope. "I wonder," she said, "what she says."

"Do you?" said Carlyle. He took the letter and tore it into small pieces and dropped them into the wastebasket. "Then let's both wonder."

He was silent for a moment, then said, "Well, that's the whole of it. I told you I didn't have much of a past. Unless you call that one. But, at any rate, now you know the story."

"Yes," said Madi.

"And you know also," said Carlyle, "that that story is finished."

Madi looked into his eyes a long while, thoughtfully. She gazed away then with a suggestion of a shrug that betokened a reservation in her mind.

"Maybe," she said. 'Maybe it is finished. But," she added, as if to herself, "I can see that she is not a woman easily defeated."

CHAPTER XIV

AS THE day of his departure drew near, Carlyle became steadily more concerned about what might befall Madi after he had gone. She herself seemed to face the future with serenity. At least, if she had any misgivings concerning her ability to take care of herself—to manage to live—she gave no evidence of it. From time to time she had betrayed apprehension about the dangers which he might meet. But never about any calamities that might befall herself.

Professionally, of course, Carlyle knew next to nothing about the stage or screen. But from what he had read and from what he had heard, he was aware that the livelihood that either afforded was extremely precarious.

It must be difficult enough for Americans girls, with friends or acquaintances who might be of assistance in placing them or in helping them in the event of need. How much less chance must Madi have! Strange in the land, with no family to assist her, with no influence except that of McHugh. And this was of dubious value.

THE prospect made Carlyle uneasy. He spoke of it to Madi.

"Suppose," he said, "that this test of yours doesn't turn out as you hope. How will you be able to get along?"

She appeared to be surprised by the question. She looked at him curiously. Then, in something of a tone of scolding, she said:

"Now who is it that is being silly? You told me once that I was, at times, silly. That I did things that would make one think I was only two years old. And now you come along and ask a question like that!"

Her voice softened then. She put her hand on his.

"It is nice that you worry about me," she said. "But you must not worry that I cannot take care of myself. Since I was a little girl, I have had to do it. And if I could do it then, I can do it now so much better. The way you talk, people would think I was the one who was going up that terrible river, and not you. That I was the one the tigers were waiting to eat."

Ever since her visit to the zoo, Madi had seemed to be obsessed with the thought of tigers. Carlyle had pointed out to her that, in South America, there are no tigers. But the idea remained with her. Associating him with the great assortment of wild beasts they had seen at the zoo, she apparently came to believe that he would be exposed to the attacks of every variety of them. Carlyle laughed now at the reappearance of the tigers in a land that never had known them.

"YOU know perfectly well," he said, "that there are no tigers down there."

"That is what you say," answered Madi, "but I cannot be sure. You are not to be trusted. You tell me once that there is much heat but not very much sickness down there. And later I see in a newspaper that the place is full of fevers. Very bad ones. What am I to think? It is true," she added sadly, "that a wife is all the time deceived."

It came suddenly to Carlyle that the subject of the conversation had shifted far from the point of its beginning. From a discussion of her own problems, Madi had led the talk into channels entirely removed. She had, indeed, altered the entire tone of the discussion from one of somber concern to one of outright nonsense. He must put a stop to this evasion.

"All of which," he said, "isn't an answer to the question I asked you. You say you can take care of yourself. But exactly what can you do, if things don't break as they should?"

She seemed to realize that she must reply.

"OH," she said, "there are many things. If this man does not like what I do in the picture, I shall go back to the stage."

"But that wouldn't be so good, either, would it? The theater business here, you have told me, is in very bad shape. There are so many people out of work."

Madi looked at him. "There are always many actors out of work," she said. "It is a sad thing. It is always a part of the theater. But I am able, somehow, always to find work. Not at first was it so. But in the last few years, it has not been so hard."

She paused, as though seeking for words to express something else in her mind.

"Let me say something," she continued slowly. "Let me say that maybe there is much about me you do not understand. Perhaps it is because you are too close to me to see the whole of me. There is that that you do not see and understand. For if you did"—her voice became very quiet—"you would not worry so much about what is going to happen to me. I think you would not worry at all."

CHAPTER XV

WHAT Madi had meant by her words she did not explain. Carlyle was puzzled. But he did not question her. If she wished to say more, well and good. If not, he would not press her.

If she noticed his mood of speculation, she gave no indication of it.

"Besides," she continued, "suppose I have no luck in getting work as an actress. That is not the end of things. I have another vocation. And at that, I am very good."

He looked at her inquiringly.

"You would never guess," she said. "So I will tell you—I can sew."

"Sew?"

She nodded. "Yes—sew. I do not mean sew in the way that every woman can sew. I mean very special sewing. Did I ever tell you? It was because I learned to sew that I went on the stage. Would you like to know about it?"

"Of course," said Carlyle.

"WELL," said Madi, "it was like this: We were—my father and mother and I—quite poor. My father was a pianist. I think it is from him that Michael, my little brother, gets his musical genius. Part of it, at least. Not, of course, all of it. Michael will, in time play the violin as my father could not hope to play the piano. My father had talent—some. But there are many musicians in Hungary with talent. He was not so much better than the rest that he could always find engagements. And he was not too strong. So we had no great amount of money.

"In a family like that there is always sewing and mending to be done. My mother it seems to me, was always at work—with my father's clothes, with her own, and with mine. It was she who taught me to sew. And later, when Michael was born, and she did not live to see him I had to earn some money. What my father could make was something. But not enough because sometimes for months he would be unable to find work. He did not like what I did but he knew it had to be. I went to work in a dressmaker's shop. For a modiste.

Madi smiled at the term. "That is what she called herself. But there wasn't a great deal of modiste. It is very funny when I think of the styles. But if they were not very chic I know they were very hard to make. And the woman for whom I worked was very hard to please. When I got through there I can tell you I knew how to sew. It was that or go without eating. And that is not so good."

FOR three years, Carlyle learned, as Madi continued, she had been employed by the dressmaker. In the course of that time, her father died and she was left as the sole support of the young brother. The amount of money, so hard-earned, was small. And she would have sought some other, more lucrative, position, except that she had not time either to look for anything else or to fit herself for other lines of work. Managing to live took all her strength and all her time.

Accident gave her an opportunity to get from under the burden of manual toil. There came one day to the town where she lived a company of actors. They were to present a repertory of classic plays. And on the day of the opening performance one of the women in the cast became ill and could not go on. Another of the company had to step into the part. But she had a very different figure, and the costume to be worn had to be altered to fit her. Someone was requested from the dressmaker's shop to make the change, and Madi was sent to the theater.

When she had done her work and was holding up the gown for a last inspection, she suddenly felt an impulse to try it on herself. It seemed so romantic and grand. And indeed it was, for it was of the stately style befitting a lady-in-waiting to a queen of the Middle Ages. Madi slipped into it and surveyed herself in the dressing-room mirror.

"THE dress," she recounted, "was a little long for me, so I had to stand very straight, to make myself tall, so I can walk in it. And as I look in the glass I think I am the queen herself. I had never worn anything that looked so beautiful. It made me so proud. I look at myself this way and then that way.

"And then very haughty indeed, I frown. I am displeased by something that has happened in my court. It must not occur again. But then, I pretend, whoever has done what I did not like has asked my pardon, and I forgive him. I do not unbend too much. But I let him know that perhaps I will not have his head cut off.

"And then I nearly jump out of my skin. For behind me, in the doorway there was a man standing. I knew who he was. The director of the company. I was very frightened. For I knew that if he told my employer, the dressmaker, that I had put the dress on and had wasted time like that, I might lose my job.

"I did not know what to do. I did not know what to say. The man, too, was strange in his manner. He did not move. He did not smile at me or shout at me. He just stood there looking. It was a very terrible moment."

CHAPTER XVI

MADI shuddered a little at remembrance of that instant in the dressing-room—she, surprised in the actress' costume and momentarily expecting denunciation from the man who stood in the doorway, regarding her silently.

He was tall, she told Carlyle, with features somewhat hawk-like, and with graying hair. Suddenly his gaze relaxed a trifle. She was more than relieved to notice that his expression was one of amusement. No doubt she presented a comic figure. But as to that she did not care. Laugh at her he might so long as he did not tell the dressmaker, so long as she did not lose her job.

The director had come forward. "You are not very tall," he had said, a little curiously. Then, measuring her stature with his eye, "No—you are not."

She had listened in some perplexity.

"For one of your height," he had observed, "for really a rather little girl, you are very majestic. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

THUS had Madi met Karl Kropaczsy. He had asked her if she would like to become an actress. She had never thought about the idea before, except as any young girl may fancy herself on the stage. And she knew not what to say at first. But, she had reasoned, it was a chance of escape from the drudgery of the modiste's shop. Whether she had any aptitude for the theater, she did not know. But she was willing to gamble on it, and she did.

"If it had been someone else who had asked me," Madi told Carlyle, "I might not have done it. But Kropaczsy was the kind of man there is no doubt about. I felt that he knew a great deal. And if he was willing to take the trouble to train me, I had the feeling that he would do it well."

It was no life of ease, Madi had discovered. Kropaczsy was a kind-hearted man in his personal dealings. But in matters of the theater he was relentless. Things must be done in the right way. Hours of rehearsal, fatigue, despair—these meant nothing to him. Do the scene again, and again, and again. It must be right. It must be true. No part was too trivial for his attention. A line of no more than a single word must be said just so.

SEVEN years of this Madi had had. The company which she had first joined had been disbanded after a few months. But Kropaczsy had placed her in another which he took charge of. Little by little, as he advanced, so did she. Small parts in provincial companies at first, then larger parts. Then Budapest, and again the progression from small to more important parts. After that, the American venture.

"It is a great pity Kropaczsy died," said Madi. "He was truly an artist. Too much so, I am afraid, for his own good. There is no doubt that he worked himself to death." For a little while she said nothing. Then she added, "He was a very good man."

Of a sudden, she seemed to realize that Carlyle had said nothing for a long time. She became conscious that she had been doing all the talking and that he had made no comment.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I have talked so much. You must please forgive me. And it is not fair I should talk of so many troubles."

He smiled. "That," he said, "is reason enough for me not to bother me a great deal. That is, other people's troubles. My own, of course, are a different matter."

"You are right," said Madi. "Perfectly." He seemed more than a perfunctory quality in her tone. He asked, "What have you more?"

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

"I see you," said Madi, "because I like to be with you."

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Magazine Section

Sunday Journal and Star

Magazine Section

FOUNDED IN 1867 — LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1933 — SECTION E

Nation of FISHERMEN *Honors* IZAAK WALTON

Ten Million Americans Pause to Pay Tribute to the Founder of the Legion of Anglers on the 250th Anniversary of His Death

(c) Cy Latour

The fair sex is well represented among the followers of Izaak Walton. This young lady is ready to call it a day with her catch of weakfish

An Angler's Philosophy

O the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this,
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

—Izaak Walton.

If Izaak Walton were alive today he would be greatly interested in the great herd of fur seals which make their summer home on the Pribilof Islands, Bering Sea, Alaska. The argument pictured above was settled without serious consequences

By H. S. Hollander

"DOUBT not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself."

At least 10,000,000 Americans, headed by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, First Fisherman of the Land, and several million inhabitants of other countries this week not only will attest to the truth of that remark but also will take time to doff a collective hat to the memory of the man who made it. The occasion is the 250th anniversary of his death. The man, of course, is Izaak Walton, who has come to immortality through "The Compleat Angler."

And old Izaak Walton, sitting contemplatively on the banks of some Elysian stream, angling and dreaming away the sunny hours, must be mightily pleased as he gazes in the direction of the world and sees to what tremendous proportions his cult has grown, and how his name and his advice are venerated wherever line hits water.

For so great store does the United States set by its fish and its fishermen, amateur as well as professional, that it has established a branch of the Federal Government, the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce, to assure a plentiful supply of finny prizes and to do all in its power to improve "fisherman's luck." Also, Canada has done a tremendous amount of conservation work along similar lines.

Practical Monument

INDEED, one might even say that the United States Bureau of Fisheries is a monument, a very useful and practical monument, to that lovable Izaak Walton whose influence, although he died two centuries and a half ago this week, is still felt with rare beneficence among the whole realm of fishermen.

Izaak Walton would have been very much at home in the United States, for this is a nation of fishermen. The Bureau of Fisheries itself is authority for the statement that approximately 10,000,000 Americans find healthful sport and recreation in fishing, and that the industry affords a livelihood for perhaps a half million fishermen, makers of fishery products, boat builders, manufacturers of cordage, fishing gear, anglers' supplies and so forth.

And if Izaak Walton thought England a fisherman's paradise, he did not see anything, as the saying is. If England could inspire him to such a masterpiece as "The Compleat Angler," one can only regret that Walton did not know America also. For nowhere else in the world has Nature been so lavish in her bounties to the fisherman.

Had Izaak Walton journeyed to American shores 250 years ago, it is probable he would have composed a new rhapsody upon the pleasures of fishing. For in America fishing facilities never have been excelled and rarely, if ever, equaled.

The Bureau of Fisheries works indefatigably to continue the United States in its position of leadership both as a paradise for amateur fishermen and as a lucrative field for the operations of those who earn their living by tilling "the fields of the sea."

The bureau has twin loves, so to speak. Its heart is both with the fisherman and with the fish. It seeks to conserve the finny tribe. But it does so in order that fishermen, amateur and professional, may never fear the disappointment of an empty creel. So the cry of the bureau always is for "more fish," and that cry is lustily taken up by all devotees of the rod and reel.

It can be said truthfully that this is the Federal bureau that has the full support of at least 10,000,000 people!

The Nation's fishery resources annually yield about 2,000,000,000 pounds of protein food, as well as nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds of products of importance in the arts and industries.

Sturdy halibut boats moored in Fisherman's Cove, Seattle, Wash., awaiting the coming of spring to start their annual trip to the Washington and Alaskan fishing banks

The latter is an especially noteworthy development and doubtless would be of interest to Izaak Walton, who could be depended upon for a quiet but pungent comment. For example, the woman of today may wear shoes of shark leather, a coat of sealskin, a string of natural pearls and a duplicate set of imitation pearls. Coral earrings, a tortoise-shell comb, an alligator bag and buttons of pearl or abalone may add to the sum total of her feminine happiness. Likewise, the imitation pearl finish of her boudoir dressing-table articles may have been contributed by unwilling but helpful members of the finny tribes.

Millions of gallons of oil used in soap-making and for other purposes are supplied by the fisheries. Tons of fish scraps are used for fertilizer. Oyster shells are ground for grit and lime. Scores of other vital commodities are "sideline" productions of the sea whose use has been either discovered, protected or promoted by the Bureau of Fisheries

But before relating more of the vital role that fish play in life, a further bow in the direction of old Izaak Walton himself would not be inappropriate. For, after all, this really is his party.

Izaak Walton is one of those persons who reached immortality through a single work. In his case, of course, it is "The Compleat Angler," a book unique in literary annals. It is a perfect mirror of the man; a perfect mirror of the perfect fisherman, quiet, calm, contemplative, full of deft humor, sound in theology and abounding in the joy of life and living. With his detailed directions as to methods and means of fishing Walton has woven a whole philosophy of living.

This epicure of the rod and reel was born in Stafford, England, in August, 1593, and died December 15, 1683. The greater part of his long years Walton spent in the company of a few kindred souls, mostly prominent clergymen, and in the pursuit of knowledge of his avocation. "The Compleat Angler" was the work of many years, and numerous editions were published, each succeeding one containing a few more chapters. Walton never ceased to be surprised at the public interest in his work. Despite its popularity during his lifetime, he could not foresee the enduring fame which his book would bring to him.

Walton wrote a number of worthy biographies, including those of Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. John Donne, George Herbert and Richard Hooker, but today they are interesting chiefly to scholars. It is upon "The Compleat Angler" that Walton's fame rests, and it is a solid enough basis for any one.

The book has been the good friend of many men, has been the object of unstinted praise by all humanists, and, therefore, by at least nine-tenths of all fishermen, from Walton's day to this. Lamb said: "It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity and simplicity of heart," and Andrew Lang declared that to write of Walton was like holding "a candle to the sun."

"The Compleat Angler" is full of quotable lines; it is hard to determine which to choose to indicate the character of the man and his work. The writer always liked: "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and—so if I might be judge—God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

"Angling," wrote Walton, "is somewhat like poetry; men are born so. As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler."

As we have said, Izaak Walton undoubtedly would derive much satisfaction from the constructive steps which have been taken by the United States Government, and State Governments as well, to conserve fish life to the end that there may be more of the finny tribesmen to catch.

Scientific investigation is necessary to provide the information upon which conservation steps may be based. The Bureau of Fisheries' biological studies are diverse. In a large measure they are devoted to inquiries with respect to important food fishes such as salmon, cod, whitefish, mullet, and of oysters, crabs, clams, sponges, terrapins and fresh-water mussels. Of course, game fishes are not neglected, and many streams each year are stocked with the kind of fishes to which amateur fishermen give battle, such as trout, bass, perch, pike and others.

Extending Activities

FOR its extensive biological work the bureau employs a corps of scientists, made up of experts in their specialized fields. The investigations are conducted not only at the laboratories in Washington, D. C., but also at Woods Hole, Mass.; Beaufort, N. C.; Key West, Fla., and Fairport, Ia. An especially equipped steamboat is operated for coastal work, and the bureau uses a number of smaller craft for inshore and river duty.

Of timely interest is the fact that the Bureau of Fisheries has been allotted $300,000 under the Public Works Fund for construction work on new hatcheries at Lamar, Pa.; Rochester, Ind., and San Angelo, Tex.

One of the practical services rendered is the propagation and distribution of the more important food and game fishes for the purpose of maintaining the supply in fishing waters. The heaviest mortality occurs among fishes, as in other animals, during early life. Artificial propagation, designed to eliminate the hazards of early life, is extensively carried on. A large percentage of the eggs collected for this purpose are from the catch of commercial fishermen. For this work more than seventy fish-cultural stations are maintained throughout the United States. The bureau operates five specially constructed railway cars. These cars travel 75,000 miles and distribute 5,000,000,000 eggs, fry and fingerlings each year.

Milady's Fur Coat

ONE of the most interesting phases of the bureau's work is that in connection with the fur seals, which make their home during the summers on the Pribilof Islands, Bering Sea, Alaska. Although a few other small herds of fur seals exist both in the North Pacific and in the Antarctic, it is probable that the Pribilof Islands herd comprises nearly 85 per cent of all the fur seals in the world.

This herd came under the control of the United States at the time Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867. From 1870 to 1910 the right to take seals on these islands was leased by the Government to private corporations. In 1910, however, the Government assumed entire control of operations, and since that time the administration has been in the hands of the Bureau of Fisheries.

A further important function of the bureau, and one in which so ardent a fisherman as Izaak Walton most assuredly would have been interested, is the technology of fish products. The purpose of work in this field is to improve methods, prevent waste, reduce the cost of fish to the consumer and increase the use of by-products, as well as to bring about the utilization of marine products now wasted.

Just a few figures to indicate the size of the industry. The value of a year's catch to the fishermen is more than $125,000,000; the value of fishing tackle manufactured is approximately $25,000,000; one year's profits of the fish canning industry amounted to more than $80,000,000; the packaged fresh fish are valued at more than $12,000,000. Secondary fish products to the value of $20,000,000 are marketed annually.

And so from many points of view it is clear that in the United States this 250th anniversary of Izaak Walton's death has a very practical meaning.

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E EDITION

S IN GREATER LINCOLN— FIVE CENTS ELSEWHERE

MER

ctions

ATERS
IGH ON
COAST

akes Region and
s — Scores Made
Washington State
ines Crash.

The Associated Press.)
inter's first widespread
of the season covered
y sections of the nation
y.

the Pacific northwest,
paging flood waters
ght death and suffering
the week-end.

coverlet of snow extended
the Great Lakes region over
northern plains states and the
mountain region; in the east
the New England states south
westward along the Ohio river
.

York City was visited with a
storm that reached a depth of
nches.

udy weather with more snow
drop in temperature was fore-
for the New York area.

stern Washington, with flood
s from the Puyallup and Nis-
rivers, was hardest hit,
s of persons were made home-
Only two deaths had been in-
ly attributed to the floods, but
aths were attributed las week
Pacific northwest storm which
ded he floods.

avy property damage was re-
d in the lower section of Ta-
by flood waters from the Puy-
yesterday, while motorists
marooned when the Nissually
on a rampage near Olympia.
railroad lines between Seattle
Tacoma were reported washed

Further Drop Predicted.

e midwest was in the grip of a
wave, with a prediction for a
er drop in temperatures over
of this section today. There
a blanket of snow in the Great
region and over the northern
s states and the Rocky moun-
region

o mail planes, weighted down
e, fell to the earth in the snow-
Alleghany mountains early this
ing, but the pilots bailed out
y.

new low temperature record
December. 24 degrees below zero
set at Owls Head, N. Y., north-
Adirondack village today. Sar-

(Continued on Page Four.)

ENVER ROBBER
USPECTS TAKEN

Men and Three Women are Arrested By Omaha Police.

MAHA, Dec. 11—(AP)—Dell
lon, known a decade ago as
pery Dell" and who flashed
ss the crime horizon brilliantly
to apparently end his career
life termer in the Colorado
n and later to gain his freedom
gift for his part in quelling a
n riot, is in jail again.

e is held here with his wife,
h, in connection with a $12,000
up of a downtown cafe in Den-
Saturday. Held with him and
wife are Earl Smith, St. Paul;
me Haning, also known as Pete
ing, former Colorado convict;
ritt Oxley, Oakland, Cal.;
rge Anderson, Omaha; Ned
ger, Omaha; Mrs. Mary Martin,
aha, and Mrs. Katherine Doxey,
aha.

anion was paroled from the
rado prison last spring on rec-
endation of the prison board
reward for his conduct in the
at the prison in 1929 when he
d as go between for the con-
s and officials seeking to end
mutiny. He was serving a life
n.

hortly afterwards he was wed-
to the girl being held here with
. She was formerly Miss Ruth
aus of Seattle, Wash. Hanion

(Continued on Page Four.)

s Rogers Sees It

SANTA MONICA, Cal.,
ec. 11—Many a thing in
ur Sunday papers that
howed a great picking up
f things. And it was not
allyhoo, and not all gov-
rnment paid works either.

This thing of "we can't
o ahead till we know ex-
ctly what our dollar is
orth" is hooey.

Your bankers and your
inanciers marry with no
old clause. The preacher
ust guarantees you she is
wife. How long you can
eep her, what she is worth
o you, is all up to you.

Roosevelt, like the
reacher, says "here is a
ollar, it can always be
sed for a dollar."

Yours, WILL.

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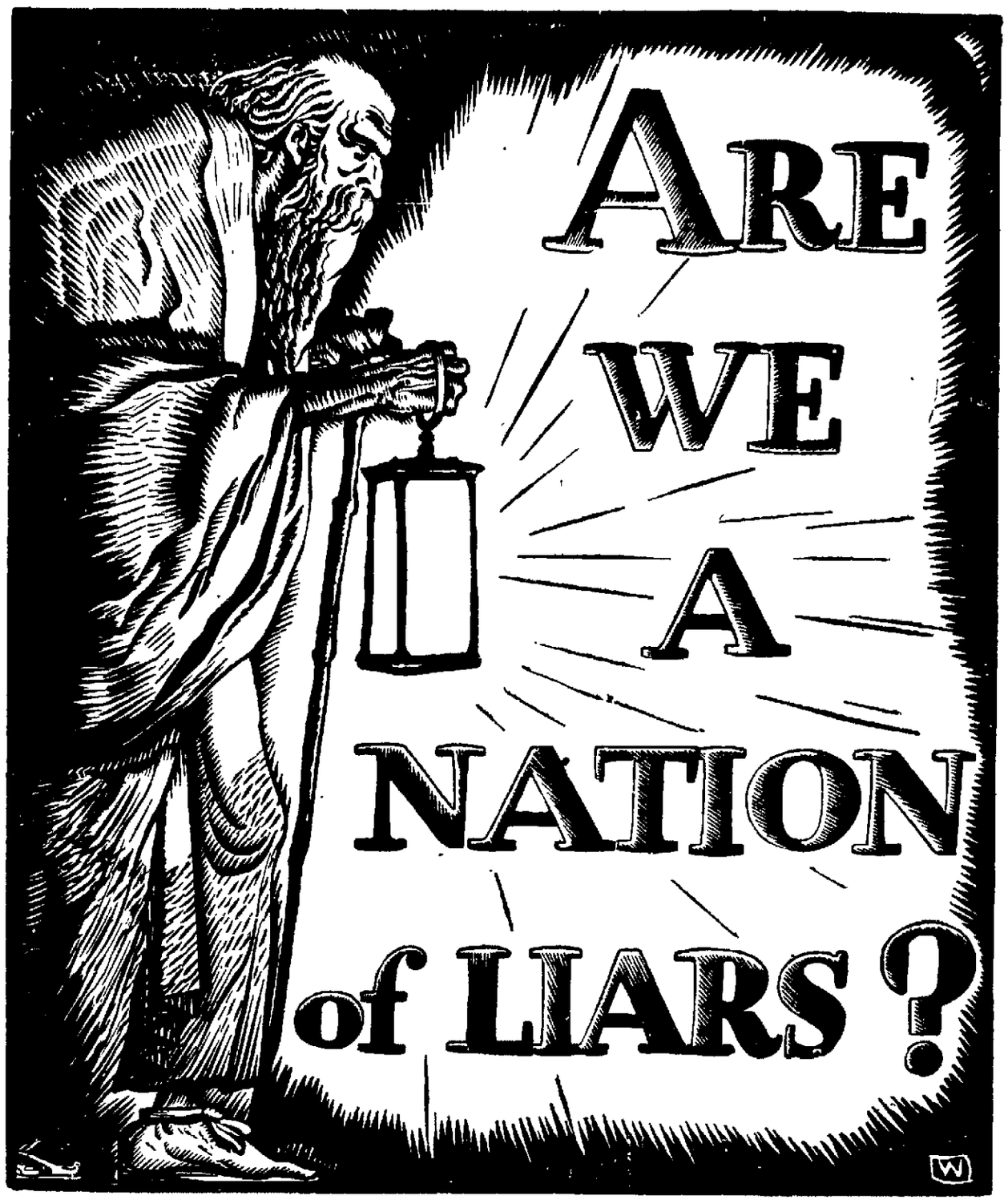

The Trait of Exaggeration Appears Early in Childhood in America and Grows as the Years Advance—Most of Us Adopt as Certainties Thoughts That We Once Imagined

Many college football fans have never attended a university, but are fond of telling their friends that "we've got to get a new coach"

By Donald H. Laird, Ph.D.

Director of Colgate University Psychological Laboratory

AMERICANS think English humor is dull and pointless. Englishmen think that much alleged American humor is not humor at all but just "droll exaggeration." So this possible national trait of exaggeration shows itself even in American humor. But we have a good precedent—Christopher Columbus was virtually a pathological liar.

Mark Twain learned the formula for his humor early in life. He was a sickly weakling as a boy and was not only shunned but also pestered and plagued by his Missouri playmates. If any one ever had reasons for developing an inferiority complex, Mark Twain did.

But as a young boy he suddenly learned that instead of being plagued he was admired and instead of being shunned he was sought after if he exaggerated enormously and deliberately in telling about commonplace things; simple events he would relate with a great deal of dressing-up as though they had been bizarre and exotic, referring to the casual visit of a neighboring farmer as the arrival of the king with his suite.

Why We Exaggerate

THIS was not exactly lying, in a way, since the exaggeration was so marked and so impossible that any one could see through it, and it was done deliberately for effect. It is precisely the same thing he followed through in his humorous books, which were popular, apparently, not only because America is a nation that likes exaggeration, but also because it is a nation par excellence of exaggerators.

Perhaps America is a nation of exaggerators because, being a relatively new country, it worships the large and the big somewhat as it worships the old. Large fortunes, the tallest building, the largest ship, the hottest day, the biggest cake in the world and similar things appeal to Americans so that they make news, although there is admittedly little national importance to the fact that the Washington apple growers send the White House an apple pie that is six feet in diameter and a foot and a half deep.

Another and more important reason why we exaggerate so is that in the United States, as probably nowhere else in the world, the spark of ambition has been kindled so that every one thinks it is a personal disgrace if he has not followed the path from log cabin to the White House or from section hand to railroad president. It is probable that this spark of ambition has been kindled into too large a flame for most of us—but that is another story.

For the present, it is enough that this spark unfortunately leads most of us to want to be more important, more educated, more wealthy, more athletic than we really are. So that most of us when we are away from home and friends exaggerate our attributes, and some of us even exaggerate these when we are right among our friends, who know at once that we are not only merely exaggerating but are also blooming liars.

It is very common for people to exaggerate their education—because the notion has gone abroad in America that everybody should have a college education. And since most of us can't have it, some of us try to give the impression that we have. The impression may be given mildly and to some extent indirectly by using college pennants for decorating homes and windshields; yet this is really deceit and lying.

As a rule, more than half of those who attend a college football game have never attended college. They go to the game, also, not so much for sheer enjoyment of the game as to be able to tell their friends for the next month "how well the team played" or "we've got to get a new coach."

Direct and undeniable lying about education is also common. Of course, we think at once of the illiterate person who pretends that he can read and write. But more significant than this is the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of persons in the United States pretending, at least when away from home, that they are high-school graduates or college graduates when they really left school in the seventh or eighth grade.

There are thousands pretending—some even when they are at home—that they are college graduates. A taxi driver in New York told me recently that he was a Colgate graduate, although it turned out that he thought Colgate University was located at Jersey City. A matronly floor clerk in a Boston hotel recently told me that she had attended Colgate, although Colgate has only men students.

But even accomplished and capable men also pretend they are college graduates when they are not. Some time ago I was talking with a successful advertising man who held an important position, a man considerably older than myself, who had me convinced that he was a graduate of another Eastern college. Some time later I accidentally learned through his wife that he never had attended college, but that he had read everything he could find about the Eastern college which he pretended he had graduated from. I think his wife did not know half about his pretense.

Some wartime laborers were guilty of lying in their clothes by purchasing silk shirts and then discarding their overcoats so that the expensive garments could be seen more readily

Our Financial Ratings

AN IMPORTANT chain-store executive also had given me the impression for years and still gives the impression that he was graduated from a certain college, though I have since learned that he merely attended high school in the town in which the college is located.

Exaggeration about one's finances is, of course, also common. A few years ago persons bought pianos not because they were interested in music but because it gave them a certain financial class. A few years ago persons bought more expensive automobiles than they could afford because that gave them the impression of a certain financial class in front of a larger number of persons than a piano would. And during the war boom bricklayers bought silk shirts and went without coats in chilly weather in order that people could see the expensive shirts. They were not so much vain as simply lying in their clothes.

Athletic abilities and personal strength are also exaggerated on every hand. Old men tell about feats of strength which they used to do in their youth but which they probably have done only in their aging imaginations.

Many boys now at college pretend in letters to their parents and to girls that they are on an athletic team, and when at home wear sweaters with athletic insignia which they are not justified in wearing.

Would-Be Athletes

THE tremendous interest in athletics, both amateur and professional, comes to a large extent from the fact that in this great New World not only do we have financial and educational opportunities but also that America is peculiarly adapted in developing strong bodies. A large percentage of regular hangers-on at Olympics and such are self-conscious weaklings who are exaggerating their own athletic strength by their consuming interest in athletic performances.

Persons of real achievement are likely to think nothing of education, of money, of recognition. They do not have this motive for exaggeration. Thomas A. Edison turned down offers of honorary degrees from many universities, both in the United States and in England, and just as the ordinary person is likely to want to frame and exhibit a cooking school diploma, while some even go to the extreme exaggeration of buying a fake diploma, we find that Edison paid little attention to important credentials and citations, many of which actually were mislaid and lost by him.

People are also inclined to exaggerate their importance by mentioning well-known personages as though they were on good terms with them. In its more mild form this shows itself by trying to get a close-up of a returned aviator, of the President in church, or some financial genius at a public meeting, and from then on talking of the appearance and mannerism of the famous person as though there were a more or less intimate relationship with the famous.

In its extreme form we have the exaggerating nuisances who pretend that they have committed crimes and who, through their exaggerated confession of something they didn't do, believe they will show themselves to be bold and brave.

In contrast, however, is the report on 8446 persons who took the United States civil service examinations in New York City and vicinity one year. All of these persons swore they had no criminal records, yet fingerprint experts found that 181 did have criminal records, and undoubtedly more had records with missing fingerprints.

The American bent for lying shows itself early in childhood, but this is due largely to the fertile play of imagination rather than to anything else. Not only may children imagine that they see elephants and play with these imaginary elephants in their back yard, but they also may tell their parents about them. In such cases it is unwise to punish the child as if he were lying, but simply point out that it is nice to be able to imagine things so well.

Children sometimes have imaginary playmates, as the daughter of Dr. John E. Anderson, of Yale, who had an entire family of imaginary playmates, including an imaginary father and an imaginary mother as well as several imaginary children in an imaginary "Brown" family.

Mark Twain's acquired exaggeration, it will be recalled, led him as a newspaper correspondent at a mining camp to send out unfounded stories about nuggets as large as mules, but it is still common to find that fortunes newspapers report left by great men often shrink enormously when the coin is actually counted.

In January, 1923, for instance, headlines told of a man who left $100,000,000 and a fifty-word will. In July of the same year the same newspaper reported that he left only $17,000,000. Albert Atwood has found instances "where a rich man's estate has been overestimated 1000 per cent."

Lies Easily Detected

WE SOMETIMES lie unconsciously just to be interesting. Prof. William McDougall says: "There is a form of insincerity which is also a form of egotism and consists in exaggerated expression of our feelings and overstatement of our opinions. This fault springs from the desire to make ourselves more interesting to others. We should let our expressions correspond exactly with our sentiments, not only in kind but also in degree; to diminish or exaggerate by a voluntary effort the natural intensity of our expressions is to dissimulate.

"Even when our sentiments are entirely kindly and our intentions honorable, exaggeration of expression is still a mistake and a fault. Nothing is more easily detected than the note of insincerity, and a little exaggeration may make our expressions altogether suspect."

Dr. Katherine M. Murdock, using tests of lying and exaggeration, has found that 99 per cent of Oriental children surpass the average Anglo-Saxon in honesty or freedom from exagge tion in their statements. As Dr. Ga ner Murphy comments on this: "T point is, of course, that Occidental ch dren learned very early what ambit means, and that in some situations is fair."

Prof. H. Woodrow and Prof. V. Be mals studied overstatement in child not yet of school age by asking so children if they could write their nam turn a somersault, stand on their hea count up to ten and so forth. They fou only one child that understated w he actually could do. Five-year- children said they could do 75 per c of the things, but actually could only 50 per cent. Four-year-old ch

Athletic abilities and personal strength are often exaggerated by old men who like to tell of imaginary feats performed in their youth

dren said they could do 51 per cent the things, but actually could do c 30 per cent. This should not be c fused with such things as imagin playmates, but shows the early be ning of the American tendency exaggerate, a tendency which is n marked in Americans than in Orien

Dr. Mark May and Dr. Hugh Ha horne, who made an elaborate s of exaggeration and other forms deceit for several years, find th person will exaggerate or deceive in thing, but not in others.

Just as the adult will cheat a road but not a poor person, so individual may exaggerate about education but not about his ind What he does exaggerate about, th fore, is especially significant in s ing the inside cracks to his chara If he exaggerates about one thin does not mean that we should ex him to exaggerate about other th except in the case of a few par whose ambitions have been so comple twisted that they are properly ca "psychopathic liars."

Dr. May and Dr. Hartshorne found less tendency to lying and ex geration in people with more bra but don't forget that even the bra will still exaggerate if their ambiti have been thwarted.

I wonder how well a "No L Week" would work?

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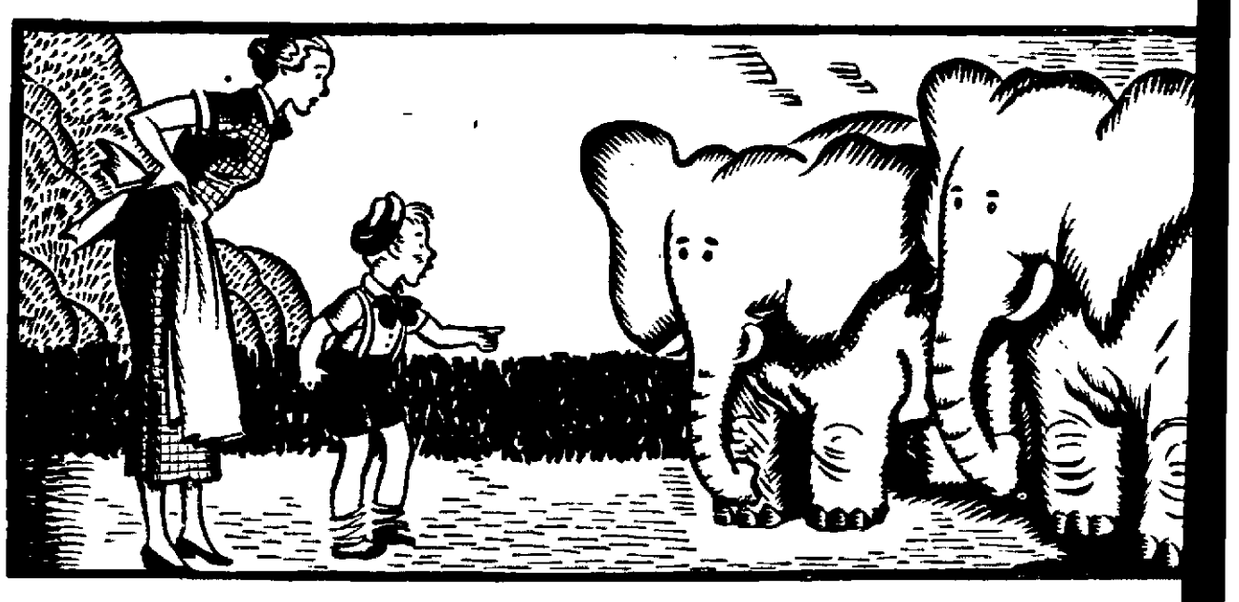
Thousands of persons pretend that they are high school or college graduates when they have never gone beyond the eighth grade



When a child tells of seeing and playing with elephants he should be complimented on his good imagination rather than given a reprimand for lying

Russian Names a Problem.

New York Times: One problem which presumably remains to be worked out between our state department and the soviet government is the correct way of putting Russian names into English. The history of the subject is one of great confusion, as a result of which Mr. Roosevelt wrote notes to Mr. Litvinov with a v, and received courteous replies from Litvinoff with a double f. In the Russian it is a written v softened in pronunciation to the f sound. That is why we have had in the past Kiev, Kief, Kieff, and startling forms like Dostoieffsky.

A generation ago it was the custom to say that the Pathetic symphony was composed by Tschaikowsky. This form we got via the Germans, whose w has our v sound and who must use no less than four letter, tsch, to get the hotchacha effect. In the Russian it is a single letter. Our present simpler form comes thru the French—Tchaikovsky.

There is no reason why we should not go all the way and say Chaikovsky, but it is doubtful if we shall, the name and good will being too well established.

Is the Ice Safe for Skating?

As the season for ice skating nears, parents once more face the task of keeping their youngsters off the ice until it is perfectly safe. Here is a little safety formula furnished by the national safety council which they might well learn:

Ice one inch thick is not safe. Ice two inches thick will hold one person. Ice three inches thick will hold small groups. Ice four inches thick is safe for large groups.

This rule should be observed carefully in regions where ice skating on streams and lakes is popular. Most of the drownings reported occur during the first few weeks of winter when the ice looks safe but is not sufficiently thick in all places to sustain the skaters' weight.

PERFECTLY OFFICIA

Nurse: "I lost sight of the ma'am."

Ma'am: "Good gracious! Why d you speak to a policeman?"

"I was speaking to one at the ma'am

Chintz curtains hung on kit windows will brighten a dark gloomy kitchen.

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AT DEATH GRIPS WITH CRIME

United States Congress Will Be Asked to Strengthen Criminal Laws So That Federal Jurisdiction Will Be Greatly Enlarged—No Quarter to Be Shown Gangsters

By James W. Booth

SPURRED on by its success in rounding up and sending to prison some of the most notorious gangland leaders in America, the United States Department of Justice will go before Congress when that body meets in January and ask for new laws that will extend the scope of Federal activities in the greatest war against crime that America has ever witnessed.

The Department of Justice has been moving swiftly against the underworld during the last few weeks. Serving notice on gangdom that no quarter is to be shown, Uncle Sam is at death grips with crime and will go the limit to wipe it out.

"Machine Gun" Kelly, upon his conviction in the Urschel kidnapping case and sentence to a life term in prison, brazenly announced that he would soon escape.

The Department of Justice countered with an announcement that precipitous Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, used as an army prison, immediately would be converted into a bastile for vicious and intractable criminals. Alcatraz is to be America's Devils Island. Despite its nearness to Oakland and San Francisco, it is almost inaccessible, for ocean currents swirl into mad whirlpools all about it and escape is virtually impossible.

Escaped prisoners, statistics show commit a large percentage of the serious crimes. Intimidation, bribery and violence are their methods. With large penitentiaries located so that members of their gangs can congregate nearby and assist them, many have been able to escape in the last four years. When hardened criminals are put on Alcatraz, it is expected that they will stay there.

The second major attack was made by Uncle Sam when he shut off the domestic supply of gangdom's most vicious weapon—the sub-machine gun. Under an agreement recently entered into between American manufacturers, the National Recovery Administration and the Department of Justice, the sale of such weapons is now limited to law-enforcement agencies, banks and institutions having their own police forces.

Will Restrict Gun Sales

WITH a machine gun in his hands the modern gangster is brave and merciless. Without it, in police parlance, he is a yellow coward. Now, if a gangster wants a tommy gun, he will have to smuggle it from abroad, and that isn't going to be a simple matter, for the Federal Government is wise to a great many tricks of the smuggling racket.

When Congress convenes in January, legal sanction for further jurisdiction in its activities against racketeers, kidnappers, mobsters and gunmen will be sought by the Department of Justice.

Enactment of laws restricting the sale of revolvers and rifles as well as machine guns, legislation seeking to give the Federal Government greater jurisdiction over crimes of interstate nature, and measures aimed to effect a greater co-ordination between Federal and State law-enforcement agencies will be acted upon.

Meanwhile, in Washington, plans are being pushed for the establishment of a national institute of criminology, equal or superior to the famed police laboratories of Paris, London and Berlin, where picked State, county and municipal law-enforcement officers will be instructed in advance methods of scientific crime detection.

Scientific Crime Study

OUTSTANDING experts in the fields of fingerprinting, ballistics, measurements, microscopy, handwriting and typewriting identification, chemical and violet-ray analysis and other means of crime detection will act as instructors. Additional laboratory specialists will seek new processes and devices to aid in the war on crime.

The institute of criminology, as it is tentatively described, will seek to enable State and local law-enforcement officers to fight crime with modern crime-fighting methods. For it is recognized that crime cannot be successfully fought with archaic methods any more. Joseph B. Keenan, assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, expressed it this way: "You cannot successfully fire a 1933 model locomotive with a toy shovel."

Keenan, grim-lipped, square-jawed and brown-eyed, has had his fingers on the pulse of crime for several years. His past success in battling organized crime caused Attorney General Cummings to summon him to Washington last summer to become generalissimo of the Government's legal forces in the war against the underworld.

Gangdom fears Keenan. It threatens his life. He merely shrugs and relentlessly keeps up his battle with organized crime. Walter McGee, one of the kidnappers of Mary McElroy, daughter of the City Manager of Kansas City, was one of the first to learn of Keenan's bulldog tenacity. McGee was sentenced to be hanged. "Machine Gun" Kelly and his mob, who kidnapped Charles F. Urschel, wealthy Oklahoma City oil man, went to jail for life. Other criminals will feel the full force of Keenan's blows.

Long before he came to Washington the underworld had a taste of Keenan's methods. It did not find that taste to its liking. Fresh from the battlefields of France, where he had been cited by General Pershing and the French Government for meritorious service, he was appointed by Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio, to rid Cleveland of crime. Keenan plunged into the job in two-fisted army manner, sent a flock of underworld bad men to jail, a lot more scurrying out of town and won for himself the commendation of Ohio officialdom.

"Once upon a time the so-called desperadoes committed crimes in the various States when the only methods of transportation were by horse or on foot," Keenan said. "Today kidnappers, racketeers and gangsters are employing telephones, radios, automobiles and airplanes. It would be folly to attempt to meet this type of warfare with prairie-schooner-day methods.

"Take the Urschel case, for example. Mr. Urschel was kidnapped at his home in Oklahoma City and transported to an obscure farm in the northern part of Texas. The two gunmen who kidnapped him were not alone in the enterprise. The abduction had been carefully planned and the place of imprisonment prepared. In Missouri other coconspirators were awaiting the receipt of word of the kidnapping with the view of demanding and collecting the ransom money. In Minnesota still other members of the gang stood ready to receive these funds, which were carried to them by airplane. There they were to exchange the ransom money for currency that could not be traced.

"In accordance with carefully laid plans, four distinct co-ordinated groups of conspirators collaborated in the execution of this crime. The operation of these criminals covered four States, Oklahoma, Missouri, Minnesota and Texas. The combined area of the States over which these criminals were operating is greater than that of England, Scotland, Germany, Italy, Austria and the Netherlands.

"Obviously, it would have been virtually impossible to capture this gang speedily, scattered as it was over such a great expanse of territory and with so many State lines to cross, without some centralized authority and jurisdiction. Fortunately there was such centralized authority and jurisdiction, the Harrison act, which had been passed after the kidnapping and murder of the infant son of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. The Harrison law makes kidnapping a Federal offense."

Centralized Control

"I TAKE it," I said to him, "that you are convinced that some centralized crime-combating agency is essential."

"I most assuredly am," he replied. "But you must remember that in the United States we have problems peculiar to our country and not comparable to those existing among other nations. Ours is a Government of forty-eight sovereign States united for the better protection of each. Thus, basically the problem of law enforcement rests with each community.

"There is, however, quite apparently a need for co-ordination as well as co-operation in law enforcement among the States of the Union. While there are various organizations consisting of associations of police chiefs and other similar groups, and while many public-spirited citizens have formed nation-wide organizations for the study of crime conditions and remedies thereof, we have no central agency through which the States can unite fully in their war upon crime.

"In many instances State authorities, without close co-ordination and co-operation among themselves, and without the help of the Federal Government, are wholly unable to cope with such crimes, especially where large cities are located near the borders and gangsters have built nests across State lines.

"So you will see it is apparent that there is need for some authoritative central body to lend its assistance to the local authorities to meet these conditions."

"What would be the basis of this central agency, the Division of Investigation?" I asked. Mr. Keenan evaded a direct answer.

Bills Up to Congress

"THE problem of devising a plan whereby the Federal Government can best perform this function is a serious one and naturally requires a substantial amount of study," he replied. "A special Senate committee, of which Senator Copeland, of New York, is chairman, has been holding hearings in New York, Detroit, Chicago and other large cities, and undoubtedly will make certain specific recommendations when Congress convenes in January. The International Association of Police Chiefs is likewise investigating the problem. Various suggestions have been made by other agencies.

"Just what form a Federalized crime prosecution agency will take, if it is established, is something which must be carefully worked out. Personally, I believe it should be an agency which would have at its command full data, both past and present, about all known criminals, facilities for a complete check upon their current activities, and be unhampered by State lines in tracking criminals down when they are wanted.

"This might possibly be effected by various States entering into treaties with one another—they possess that power, you know—and then having groups of States band together and form one single crime-combating agency which would have jurisdiction over all States so grouped together.

"The formation of constabularies in every State also would be of real assistance in battling criminals and making the possibility of their escape from prisons less likely. Co-operation between these bodies and the municipal authorities, with the already existing investigative unit of the Department of Justice, would form an interlocked, co-ordinated system."

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Major Moves in Crime War

Jos. B. Keenan

ALCATRAZ converted into America's Devils Island, where vicious gangsters will be incarcerated. Escape is virtually impossible.

Sale of sub-machine guns barred to all but police and accredited bank guards. Curtailment of the sale of revolvers and rifles is also contemplated.

Establishment in Washington of the greatest school in the world for the scientific study of crime prevention and crime eradication. It will be available to State officials.

Joseph B. Keenan named Assistant United States Attorney General and assigned to the special task of wiping out organized crime. For a number of years he has been especially successful in such undertakings.

STUDENT REVOLUTIONARIES

Hubert Herring in Current History: Who are these students who aspire to rule Cuba and who have succeeded in doing so up to the time this article goes to press? Their story may be read backward or forward from the killing of Julio Antonio Mella by the agents of Machado in Mexico in 1929. Mella is a symbol to the boys who are today ruling Cuba. Ten years ago, when Zayas was president, the students led by Mella took charge of the University of Havana and drove the faculty from the campus. They said that the faculty was a group of time-servers, sycophants; that the university should be the training ground for Cuban servility. They won some concessions, but they were tricked in the final settlement. The university continued subservient to Zayas, then to Machado's re-election in 1928, against his repressive measures. In 1930 Machado closed the university and it has remained closed ever since. Machado had his way with the students, and he turned five thousand of them loose to plot his downfall.

These students are boys and girls ranging in age from 16 to 30. They are those who were in the university when it closed in 1930, those who would have attended in the intervening years had it reopened. They furnished the sinews and life blood of the opposition to Machado. They threw bombs with gayety—and accuracy. They printed their newspaper and distributed it. They stored arms and prepared. These students are of no one social class. Many of the leaders are drawn from the wealthiest homes in Havana.

The students are not to be dismissed as thugs and communists. They are of the stuff of which great patriots are made. Their faith is almost fanatical in its intensity. They tell you that the old men have failed, but that they will not fail. Many of the best known houses in Havana are divided by this issue. The fathers are practical men, count all lost save patriotism. The fathers argue that the boys are young, that they do not realize what they do, for they have no stake in the country. The boys reply that nothing matters save that Cuba shall be free, free from outside interference, free to develop her own institutions in her own way.

It is questionable whether communism, in any proper sense of the word, has won a strong hold on the student group.

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E EDITION

S IN GREATER LINCOLN—FIVE CENTS ELSEWHERE

MER

ctions

ATERS
IGH ON
COAST

akes Region and
s — Scores Made
Washington State
mes Crash.

The Associated Press.)
inter's first widespread
of the season covered
y sections of the nation
y.

the Pacific northwest,
paging flood waters
ght death and suffering
the week-end.

coverlet of snow extended
the Great Lakes region over
northern plains states and the
y mountain region; in the east
the New England states south
westward along the Ohio river
y.

w York City was visited with a
storm that reached a depth of
nches.

udy weather with more snow
drop in temperature was fore-
for the New York area.

stern Washington, with flood
rs from the Puyallup and Nis-
y rivers, was hardest hit,
s of persons were made home-
Only two deaths had been in-
tly attributed to the floods, but
eaths were attributed las week
Pacific northwest storm which
ded he floods.

avy property damage was re-
d in the lower section of Ta-
by flood waters from the Puy-
yesterday, while motorists
marooned when the Nissually
on a rampage near Olympia.
railroad lines between Seattle
Tacoma were reported washed

Further Drop Predicted.

e midwest was in the grip of a
wave, with a prediction for a
her drop in temperatures over
of this section today. There
a blanket of snow in the Great
s region and over the northern
ns states and the Rocky moun-
region.

wo mail planes, weighted down
ce, fell to the earth in the snow-
Alleghany mountains early this
ning, but the pilots bailed out
ly.

new low temperature record
December, 24 degrees below zero
set at Owls Head, N. Y., north-
Adirondack village today. Sar-

(Continued on Page Four.)

ENVER ROBBER
USPECTS TAKEN

k Men and Three Wo-
men are Arrested
By Omaha Police.

MAHA, Dec. 11—(AP)—Dell
nlon, known a decade ago as
ppery Dell" and who flashed
ss the crime horizon brilliantly
y to apparently end his career
a life termer in the Colorado
on and later to gain his freedom
a gift for his part in quelling a
on riot, is in jail again.

le is held here with his wife,
th, in connection with a $12,000
dup of a downtown cafe in Den-
Saturday. Held with him and
wife are Earl Smith, St. Paul;
yne Haning, also known as Pete
ning, former Colorado convict;
ritt Oxley, Oakland, Cal.;
rge Anderson, Omaha; Ned
iger, Omaha; Mrs. Mary Martin,
aha, and Mrs. Katherine Doxey,
aha.

Hanlon was paroled from the
lorado prison last spring on rec-
mendation of the prison board
a reward for his conduct in the
at the prison in 1929 when he
ted as go between for the con-
ts and officials seeking to end
e mutiny. He was serving a life
m.

Shortly afterwards he was wed-
d to the girl being held here with
m. She was formerly Miss Ruth
raus of Seattle, Wash. Hanlon

(Continued on Page Four.)

s Rogers Sees It

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Dec. 11—Many a thing in our Sunday papers that showed a great picking up of things. And it was not ballyhoo, and not all government paid works either.

This thing of "we can't go ahead till we know exactly what our dollar is worth" is hooey.

Your bankers and your financiers marry with no gold clause. The preacher just guarantees you she is a wife. How long you can keep her, what she is worth to you, is all up to you.

Roosevelt, like the preacher, says "here is a dollar, it can always be used for a dollar."

Yours, WILL.

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LOVE Does not always make MARRIAGE SUCCESSFUL

Matrimony Is Simply Two Lives Lived Side by Side, and the Cultivation of True Friendship Between Husband and Wife Is Most Important

Declares MARY BORDEN

How to Stay Married

BOTH husband and wife should always remember that marriage is a social engagement, a steady companionship in the arduous adventure of life and guarantee against loneliness.

Neither husband nor wife, after marriage, should assume the attitude of absolute possession of the other, nor neglect the nice things they did for each other in courtship days.

Married couples should practice the same standards for themselves that they use to make and hold friends.

Tolerance of each other's views and self-restraint on the part of both is essential to continued wedded life.

Before marriage a girl should learn to be a good cook, and then continue practicing it, for good home cooking has prevented many marriages from going on the rocks.

—Mary Borden.

In an Interview With Betty Ross

London.

"MARRIAGE requires a definite technique! That is more essential than any of the emotions supposed to guarantee its happiness. One must know certain correct ways of handling marriage, the same as in playing the piano, painting a picture, or building a house. You cannot do any of these without using special thinking. An architect does not build a house simply by having a lovely dream, then sitting down and wishing a structure would rise out of the ground. Yet people about to be married think they will be happy and everything perfectly lovely simply because they wish it!" vigorously exclaimed Mary Borden, the American-born novelist.

Her reply was an answer to a query regarding what, in her opinion, is needed to make marriage successful. In the literary world Mary Borden is known as a successful writer, while in private life she is the wife of Brigadier General E. L. Spears, member of Parliament.

"Practical experience—I have been married twenty-five years and am the mother of three grown-up children—has convinced me that a sound technique could steer most couples into happy marriageland," she continued.

What Marriage Is

"HOW would you impart this technique to others?" I asked.

"By dividing it into six stages," replied the chestnut-haired author. "For illustrative purposes let us consider the technique of marriage as a drama in five acts and a prologue.

"Act I would bring out that marriage is a social engagement—not a sex adventure. Matrimony is simply two lives lived side by side, a steady companionship in the arduous adventure of life and guarantee against loneliness. It isn't half so boring as the life of those women who have a string of men friends. True, each one loves her while it lasts, but it is an endless repetition. Friendship with one man is far more interesting than friendship with those who come and go and drop out of your life altogether.

"Those who complain of the monotony of marriage really want to do the same things all over again—not to change at all."

"Is it recapture they really want?" I queried.

She studied a dainty sandwich for a moment. We were chatting in the delightful living room of her fine old house in Mayfair. Then came her reply.

"The change-demanding type really have no staying powers and are shallow, unimaginative creatures," said the novelist. "Take the restless young woman who must go to a night club every night. It is always the same club, where she meets the same people, eats the same sandwiches, dances to the same band music, yet she thinks she's leading an interesting life!"

"What would you have Act II demonstrate?" I asked.

"Here I would have the young couple realize that to marry for love is dangerous. Dangerous," she stressed, "but a risk worth taking! I am always on the side of the romantic girl who marries for love, not the cautious one after money.

"I believe in marrying for love, but how many know what love is? Americans, especially, are often smitten by some one who has dimples or a pair of broad shoulders, trusting entirely to these notions when they are young and callow."

"What's to be done about that?"

"Parents should come in at this point. It is their responsibility to see that some sort of common sense is shown, for young people are not expected to be sensible.

"The danger in romance is greater than in monotony," she affirmed. "It is no good for a woman to say: 'Now that I'm married, I'm safe!' You aren't! It is so easy to lose your husband, and no great penalty is attached to divorce. Although you are bound, the tie is very loose nowadays. At no time can you sit back and say: 'Now that I've married him, I can do as I like. He's mine!'

"He isn't! People are still under the illusion that marriage is a stuffy, monotonous thing that will last forever."

"Will Act III tell how to make it last?"

She nodded. "By making the standards of married life equal those that exist among friends, marriage should last longer. The standards among friends are much higher than those required of married people. We allow husbands and wives to be rude to each other, and say, 'It's only his wife.' But we don't stand by and let a man abuse a friend.

"The woman who says, 'It's no use having my hair done, the man coming home to dinner is only my husband,' takes the trouble to look pleasant for her friends. She considers what they like to eat and what pleases them, or else they would not remain friends.

"We don't tyrannize them and say, 'You must eat this milk pudding because it's good for me!' and tell them which of their own companions to drop. If a girl is sharing a flat with some one whose companions she does not like, she arranges to go out when they call and so does not meet them. Instead of doing this with her husband's friends, she rows and makes scenes. Thus women presume on the man they marry and think it doesn't matter."

Act IV shows that exclusive possession is a mistake. "How can one combat that?" I inquired.

"Curb your own selfish instincts and see the other person's point of view. It is very difficult to stifle anything strong in yourself, but by trying to see yourself as others see you, you get a new perspective. Most of us are blind to ourselves. Therefore it is a very good exercise to do the opposite of what you want."

"What does that lead to?"

"A measure of self-restraint," came the reply.

Pleasing the Wife

"BY WAY of illustration, suppose you are a man and want a new car," Miss Borden pointed out, "but you know your wife wants a new furcoat. Obviously it would be better to get the car and accommodate the entire family. But, for once, why not do something the wife wants done and get the coat? That would give her a lovely surprise and make her happy. And the next bit of money coming in could be used for the new car, and then the whole family would have much happier times in it."

A discussion of a wife's duties in the home is contained in Act V.

"Much unrest and discontent among young married couples are due to the fact that women cannot cook. They hate housework and don't make their husbands comfortable," Mary Borden continued. "Contributing money to the family budget isn't enough. Husbands would rather have household comfort.

"The world tends to be divided between homeworkers and those who live in labor-saving flats and eat in restaurants, really communal kitchens. Many women have gone so far ahead in careers they would simply hate to go back as wives. But the come-back-to-the-kitchen spirit must win out, for without family life, marriages will not survive. If ever the time should come when the state brings up the children, the institution of marriage will lapse and men and women drift apart."

"Is the world depression 'the villain of the drama'?"

She shook her head negatively. "On the contrary, this depression is a strong moral force. It is leading people back to the home from which night clubs took them. Going back to the home means children and family life. Compelled now to do their own cooking and sewing, women will regain some of these lost arts. From this point of view, the loss of money and possessions has given people a much better sense of values, while women especially have learned the futility of marrying for material possessions."

Separation Urged

WHEN we discussed the question of too close association and intimacy between husbands and wives.

"I think young married couples should learn early that occasional separation is one of the best things for them. By that I mean they will be happier if they occasionally spend a week or two at a time away from each other. The joys of reunions after such separations always make for happiness, and these separations have a tendency to make each long for the other. If you can perpetuate that constant longing for a mate, there is little danger of the marriage going on the rocks."

"This marriage technique is all very well," I said, "but it discusses the problem of woman only after she has married. Couldn't a prologue bridge the vast gulf between single women and the altar?"

"It might, in about five steps," the novelist declared after a moment's reflection.

"Step one should be taken the day she is born—especially girls in England and America! In this respect, French girls are brought up much better. The average English and American girl is brought up to think housework and everything connected with it a deadly bore. But the French girl knows cooking is an art, and is really interested in cleaning cupboards, china closets and scouring pans.

"Step two should wipe out the idea, especially among American girls that they are born to be waited on. As soon as a man is around, they become helpless, and think it is beneath them to do anything when a male is in the room.

"The third step is, don't marry too young! You cannot tell what you want then. We all change as we develop."

"Then what should we do?"

"Consult your parents, as young people did in olden days. It wouldn't be a bad idea," she adds seriously. "So many homes are wrecked because young people have taken the bit between their teeth. If they hadn't rushed into marriage so young, they would not have made so many errors. Undoubtedly, when one falls in love, for a little while he becomes a lunatic."

"Some moderns believe young people should trust their instinct in choosing a mate," I pointed out.

"I don't agree with this theory," she returned. "The overstimulus of modern life, plus cocktails and jazz, makes them imagine they are in love. Actually they are just overstimulated, and it really isn't their instinct working. They might be guided by them if the modern world were a quiet, sane, healthy place like a farm.

"Young people should wait six months before marrying! And then they shouldn't be allowed to have children unless they had been married two years and proved they meant to stick together.

Question of Finance

"THE fourth step—both parties should be entirely self-supporting. It is very bad for a woman to be entirely dependent on her husband, and equally so for him to be dependent on his wife. Yet it is very wrong and most humiliating for a woman to have to make up to her husband to get pin money. If she has no income or marriage settlement, she should be able to earn a moderate amount. No matter how poor the couple, every marriage should settle a certain allowance with which the woman can do anything she wants.

"But it's embarrassing to begin discussing finances," I protested.

"It's better to discuss it while you're in love and happy.

"Or let the parents arrange that one-tenth of the man's income should go to the wife, not for housekeeping but for her personal needs. Some men may be very generous about this matter. But why trust to luck and have to wheedle your husband into giving you spending money?"

Step five warns: "Don't fall into the class who marry only to better themselves, to procure a country home, motorcars, luxuries. Such marriages are never happy.

"Such women must be terrible egotists, for they never think of giving anything," said Miss Borden. "If such marriage did last, it would be an absolute nightmare to the man. Girls like this are on exactly the same par with the lady in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.' The pity of it is they are rather clever about it and fool the men. But they get their deserts in the epilogue."

"An epilogue?" I questioned, then listened expectantly as Miss Borden concluded her discussion of the technique of marriage.

"Marriage is two against the world—a great test of good breeding and worldly wisdom. Only common sense can save it from disaster. Most people marry because they are lonely and don't want to be alone in any crowd. A friend who will stick to you is the only guard against loneliness, so don't stress romance but strive for friendship. Above all, be sensible, keep your sense of humor and a sense of proportion."

"Is that the conclusion to the technique, prologue or epilogue?" I asked.

"To all three. And in any event," she counseled, "remember friendship is not humdrum, but the best that life offers."

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Five Steps to Successful Marriage

1. Training of a girl should begin the day she is born. She should be taught responsibilities.
2. Girls need to be taught that they were not born to be waited on. They should not be helpless.
3. Girls should not marry too young. They cannot tell what they want at an early age.
4. Both parties should be self-supporting. No woman should be entirely dependent upon her husband.
5. Don't fall into the class of girls who marry only to better themselves, to have fine things without love.

Surplus Commas a Grievance

Lord Dunsany in the Atlantic: Go thru the little store of commas and semicolons, and here and there a colon, with which a writer of prose has to fashion his sentence, and you will find that several of his commas have been borrowed by the printer. They have been borrowed to decorate the shrines of certain sacred words, which no printer ever permits to be jostled by the propinquity of any common words, but rails them off upon either side with commas.

The most sacred words to printers are "perhaps," "of course," "too," indeed," and "moreover." None of these words ever appears without its little shrine of commas, unless a full stop or colon chance to take the place of one of them. Most adverbs are also sacred as the five great words I have mentioned.

No sentence can have more than a certain number of commas. Three or four commas in a line become an eyesore, which means that the supply of them for each sentence is limited; so that when the printer takes a couple here and a couple there to decorate his sacred words, or protect them from vulgar contacts, he is borrowing from the author's little store.

Here is a sentence of English prose punctuated as I would punctuate it: "Moreover Jones, who, as indeed you probably know, is of course Welsh, is perhaps coming too, but unfortunately alone." And that is about as many commas as, I think, the sentence will stand.

But by the rules of the printers it would be printed thus: "Moreover, Jones, who, as, indeed, you, probably, know, is, of course, Welsh, is, perhaps, coming, too, but, unfortunately, alone."

WHERE WHOPPERS BREED

"Can any of you," the teacher asked, "tell me what 'amphibious' means, and give a sentence to illustrate?"

A bright little Negro held up his hand. "I know, sah! It's fibbing. Mos' fish stories am fibious!"

Another Theory.

Boston Transcript: Sunday school teacher: Why did Joshua command the sun to stand still?

Small Emma (with fresh memories of the beach): I suppose he wanted to get a bigger tan than other people.

Don't try to kill two birds with one stone. Use a shotgun.

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Sunday Journal and Star

22 COMICS 12 PAGES *in colors*

LINCOLN, NEBR., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1933

NEBR. STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY LINCOLN NEB.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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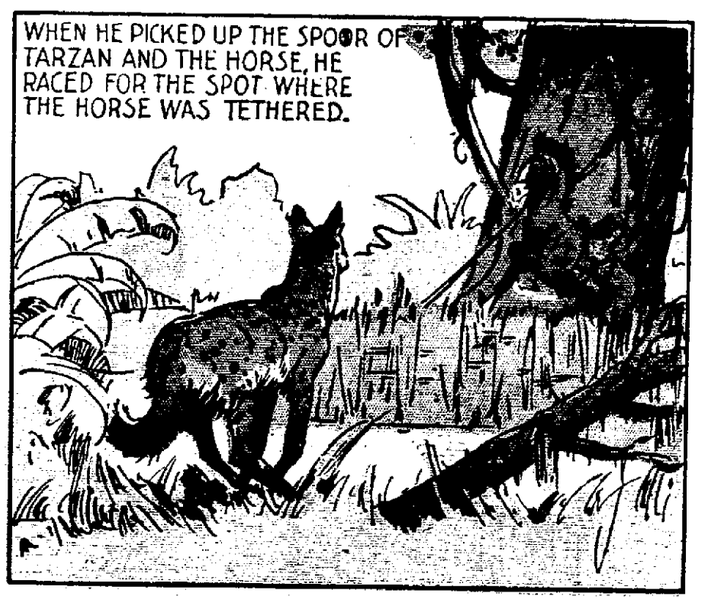
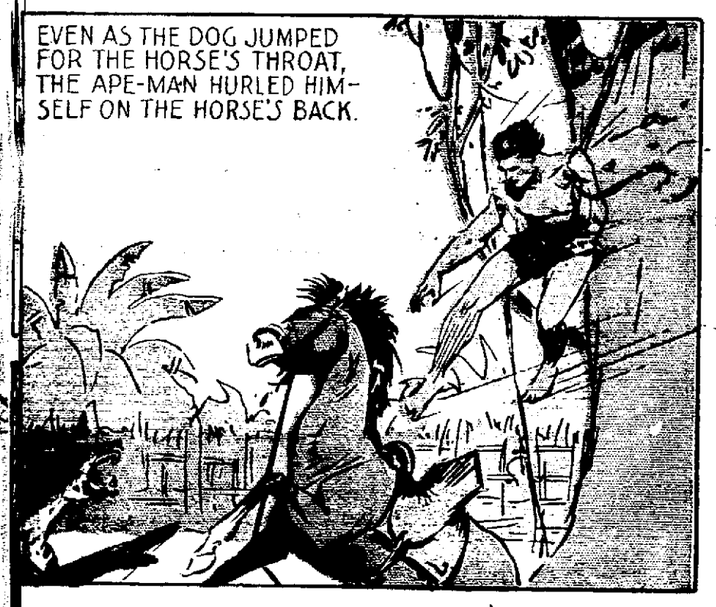
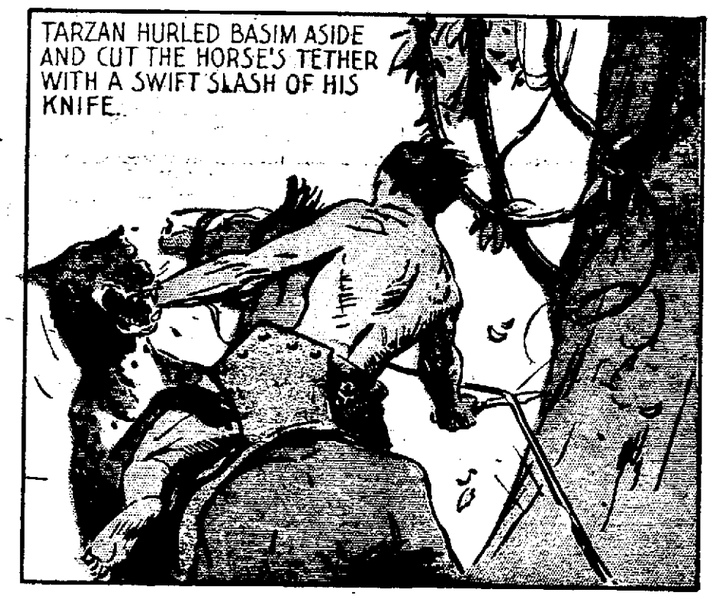
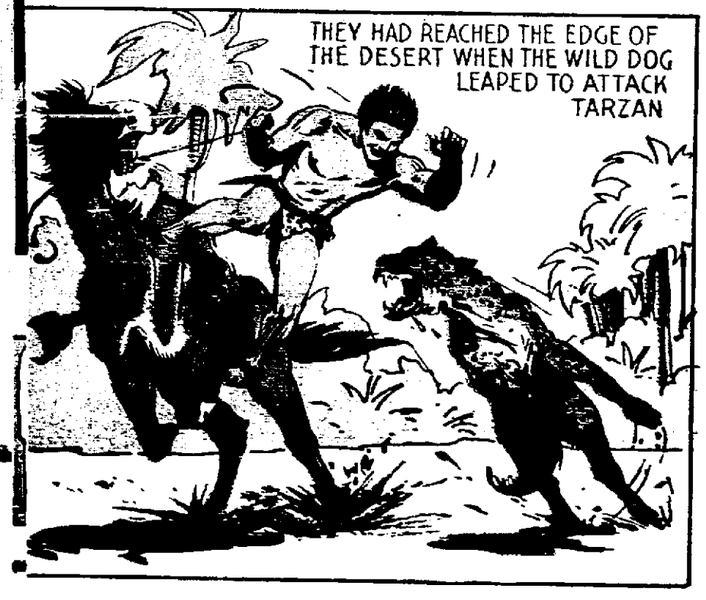
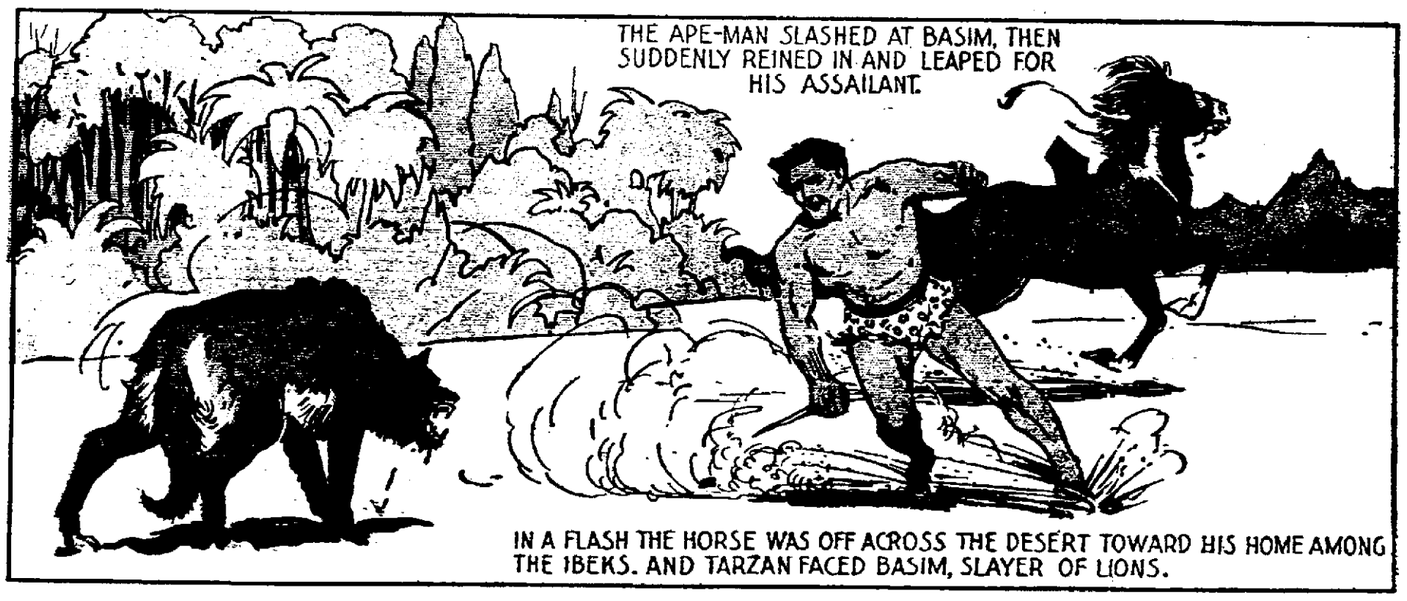
DOG OF THE JUNGLE











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E EDITION

S IN GREATER LINCOLN— FIVE CENTS ELSEWHERE

MER

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ATERS IGH ON COAST

akes Region and s — Scores Made Washington State anes Crash.

The Associated Press.) inter's first widespread of the season covered y sections of the nation y.

the Pacific northwest, paging flood waters ight death and suffering the week-end.

e coverlet of snow extended the Great Lakes region over northern plains states and the y mountain region; in the east the New England states south westward along the Ohio river y.

w York City was visited with a storm that reached a depth of inches.

oudy weather with more snow a drop in temperature was forefor the New York area.

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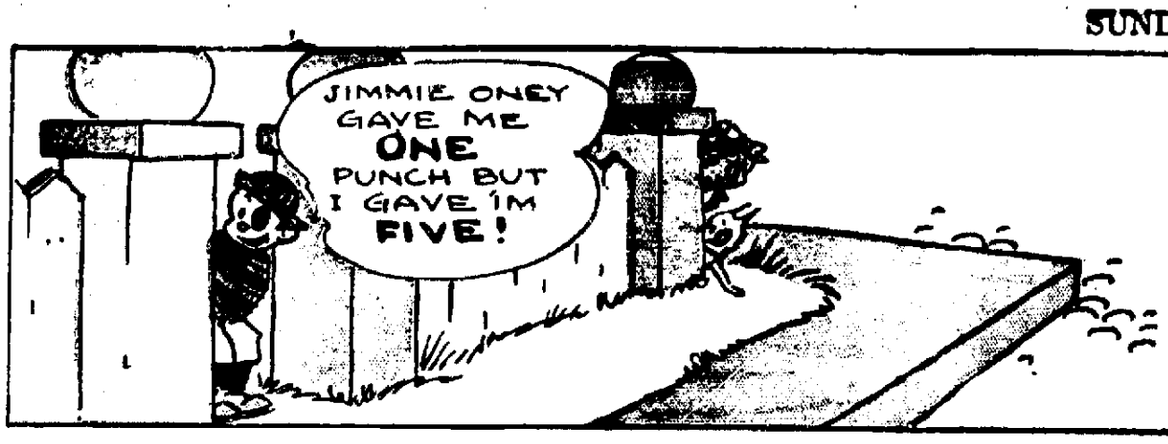

Reg'lar Fellers

By Gene Byrnes

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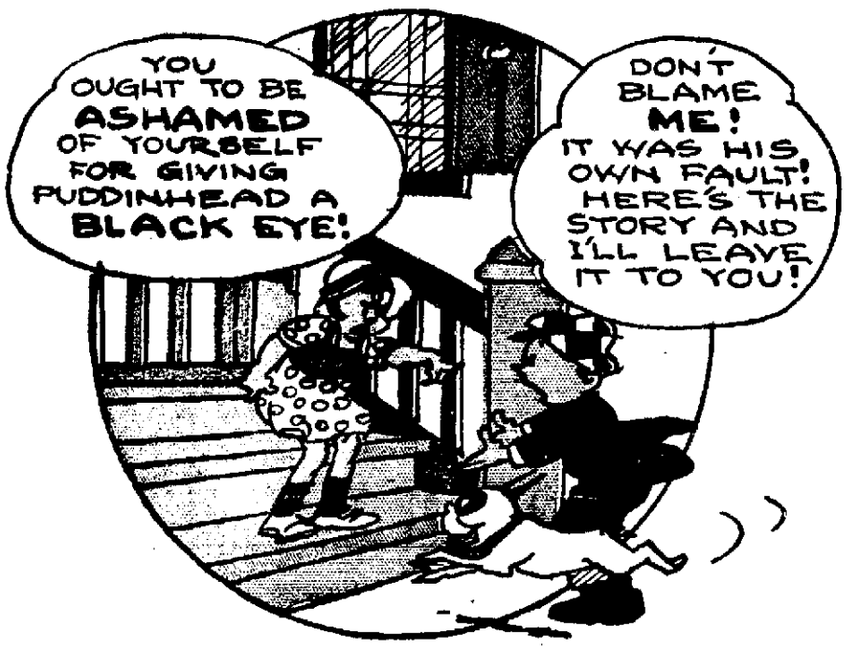

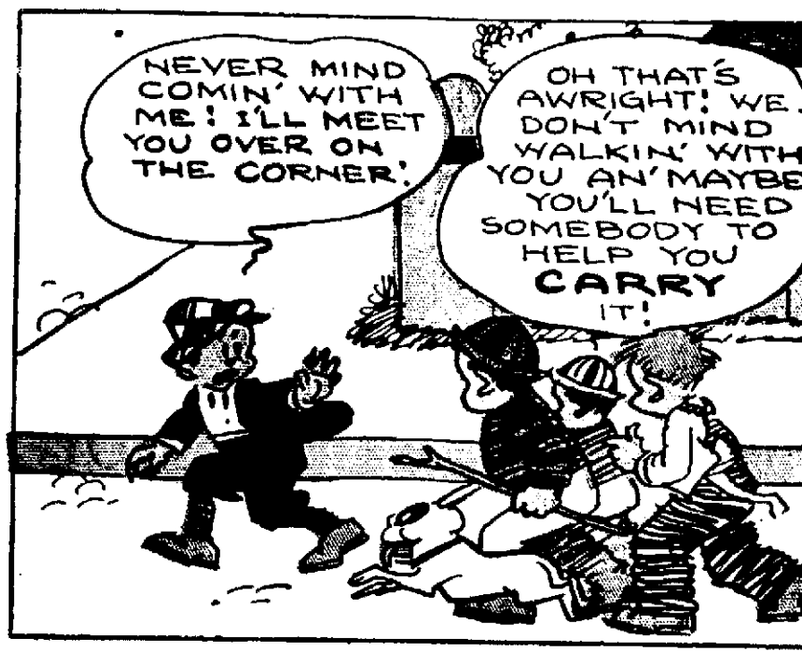

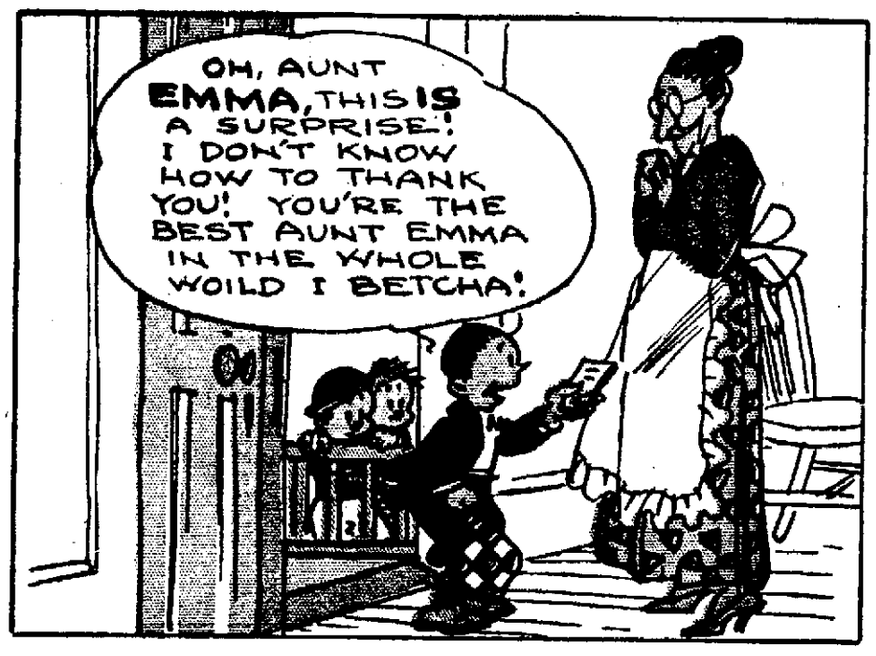

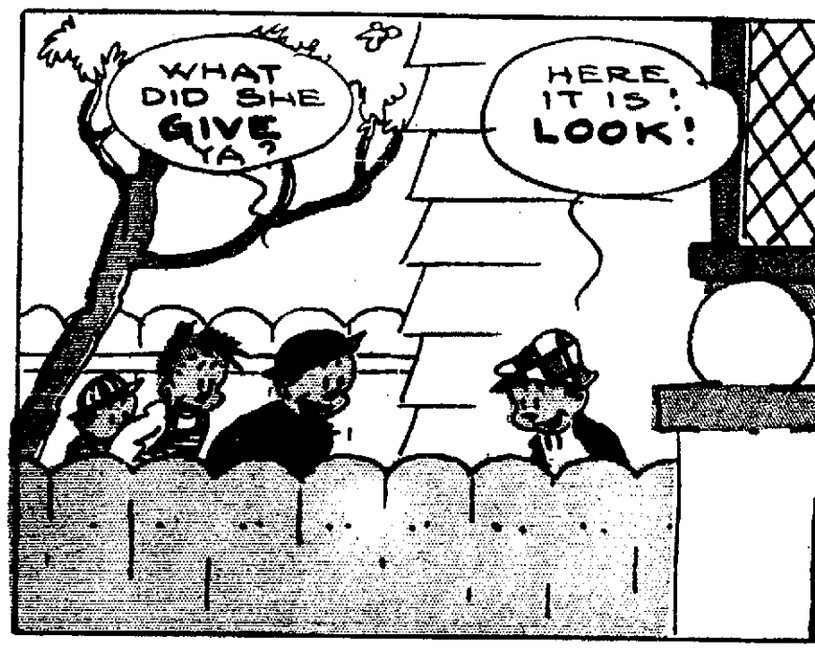

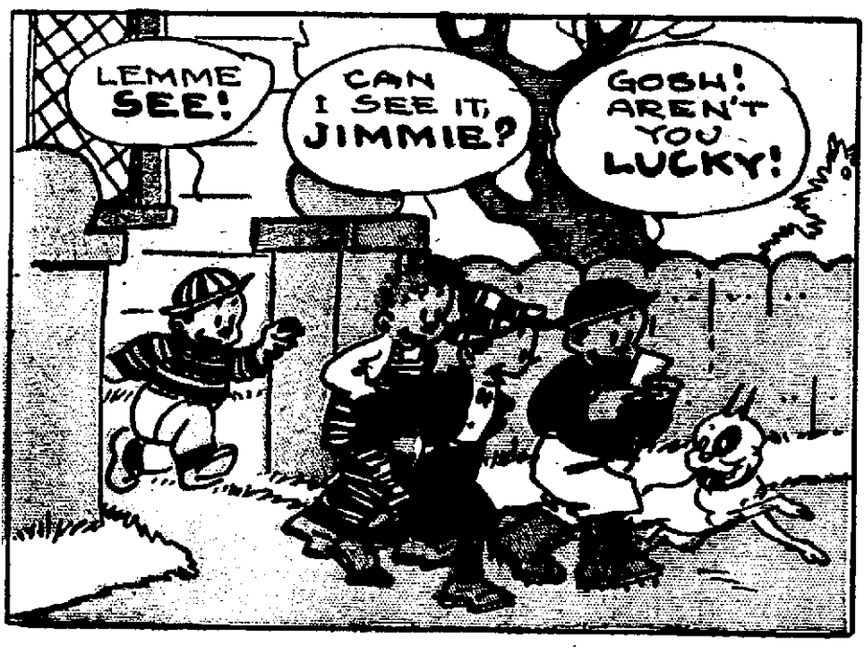

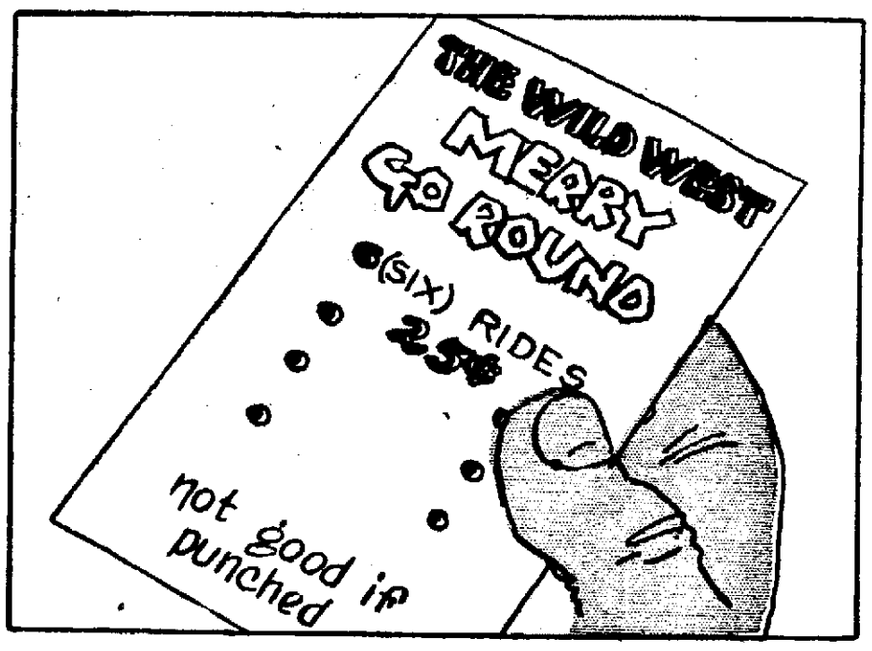

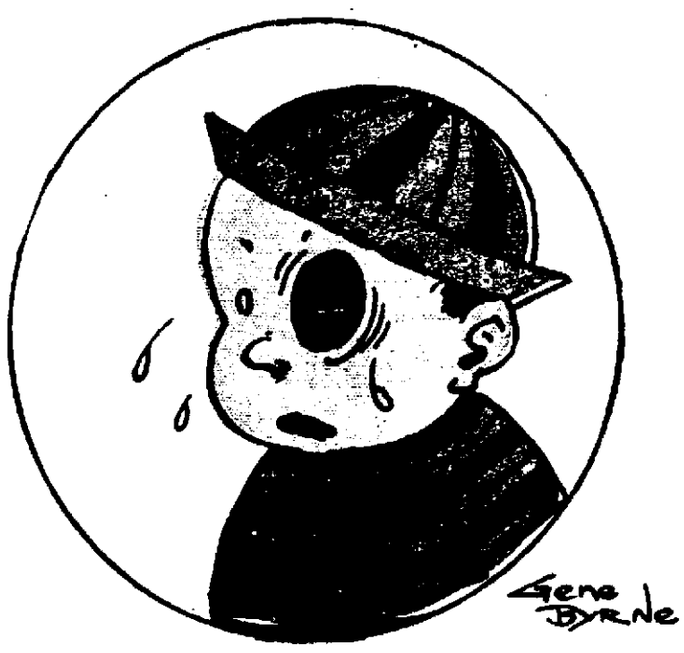

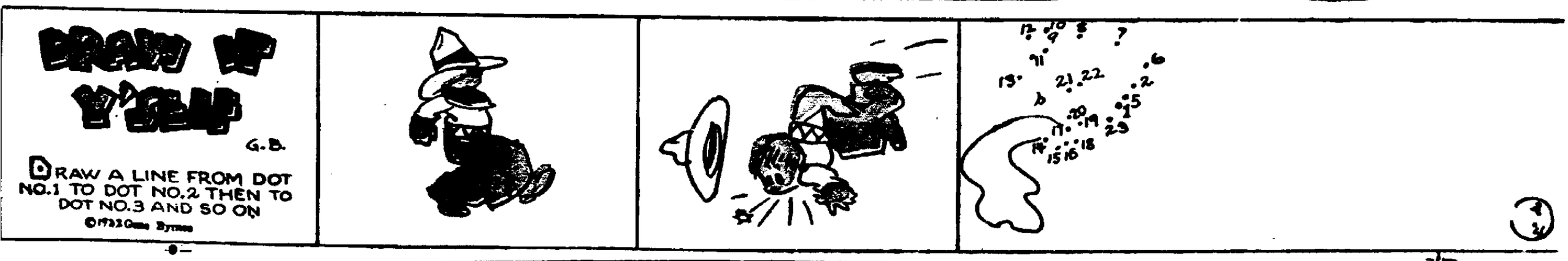

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High-Gear Homer

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TAILSPIN TOMMY

BY GLENN CHAFFIN AND HAL FORREST

SINCE TOMMY AND SKEETER ARRIVED IN AFRICA TO TAKE MOTION PICTURES OF WILD GAME WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE WELL TO SHOW YOU SOME OF THE ANIMALS THAT INHABIT THE DARK CONTINENT--SO HERE ARE A FEW TO ADD TO YOUR NATURAL HISTORY COLLECTION OF LAST WEEK--- NEXT WEEK WE'LL SHOW YOU SOME MORE--

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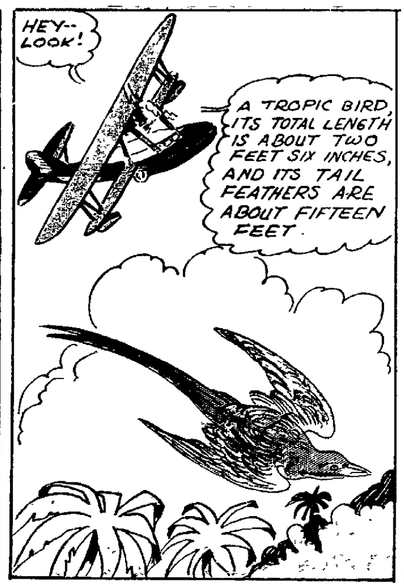
EARLY BIRDS

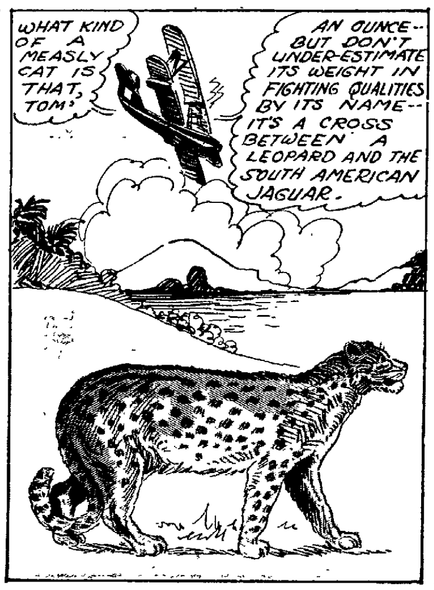
HENRY C. RIENE 1832

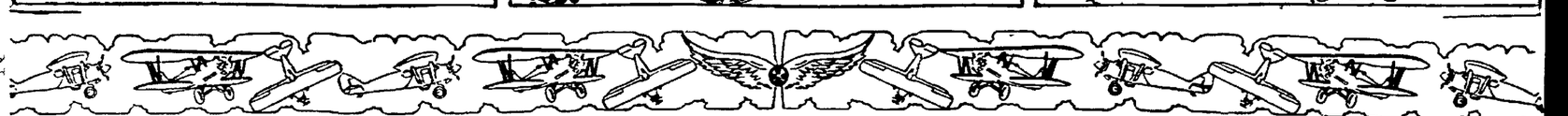
PROGRESS OF FLIGHT

ROLAND—

A TWO-SEATER, EQUIPPED WITH A BENZ IN 1916-A GOEBEL IN 1917 AND A MERCEDES MOTOR IN 1918 IT WAS FITTED WITH SPANDAU GUNS AND AN INTERRUPTER-GEAR FOR FIRING THROUGH THE PROPELLER.







NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Sunday Journal and Star

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1933.

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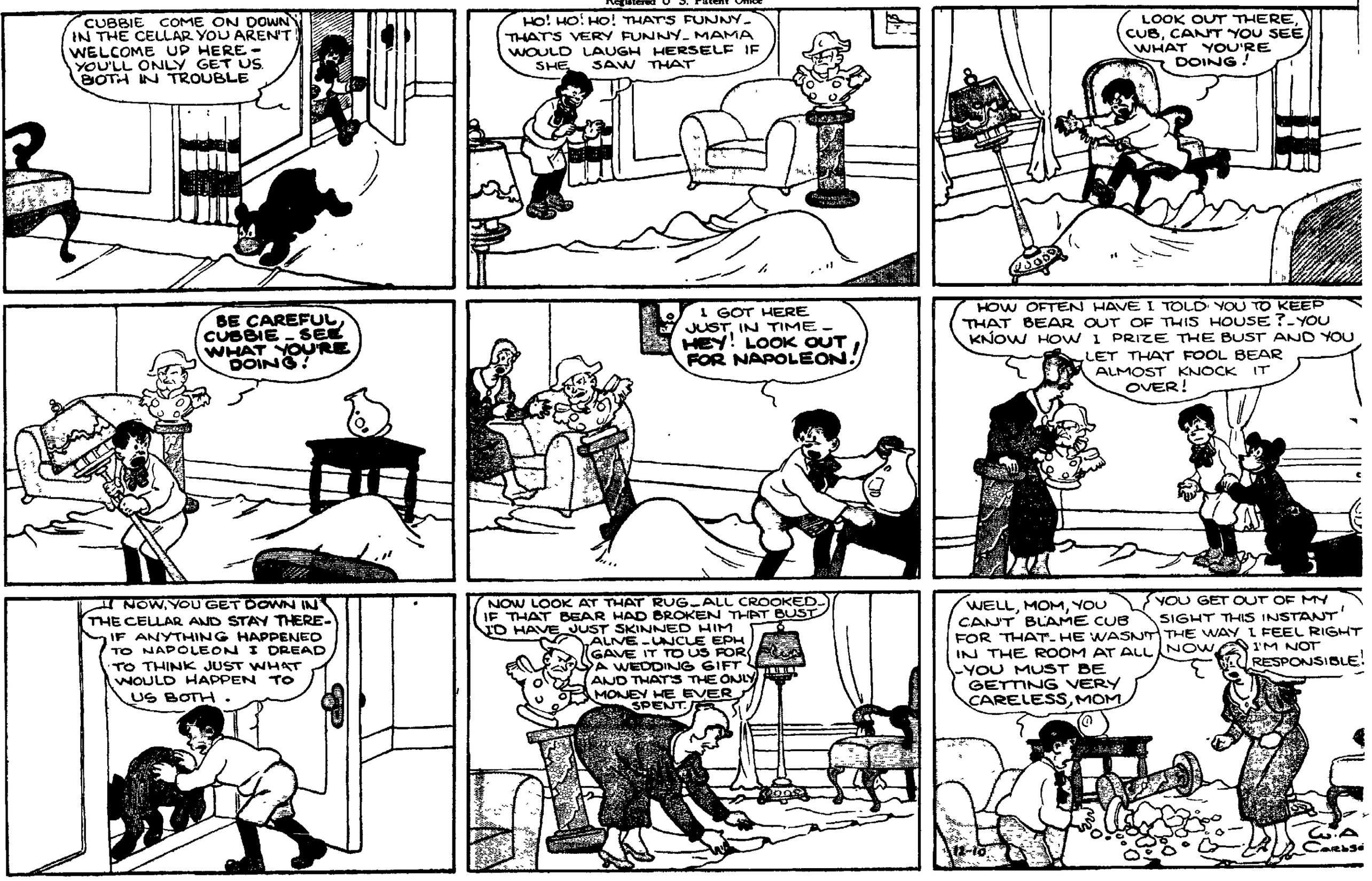

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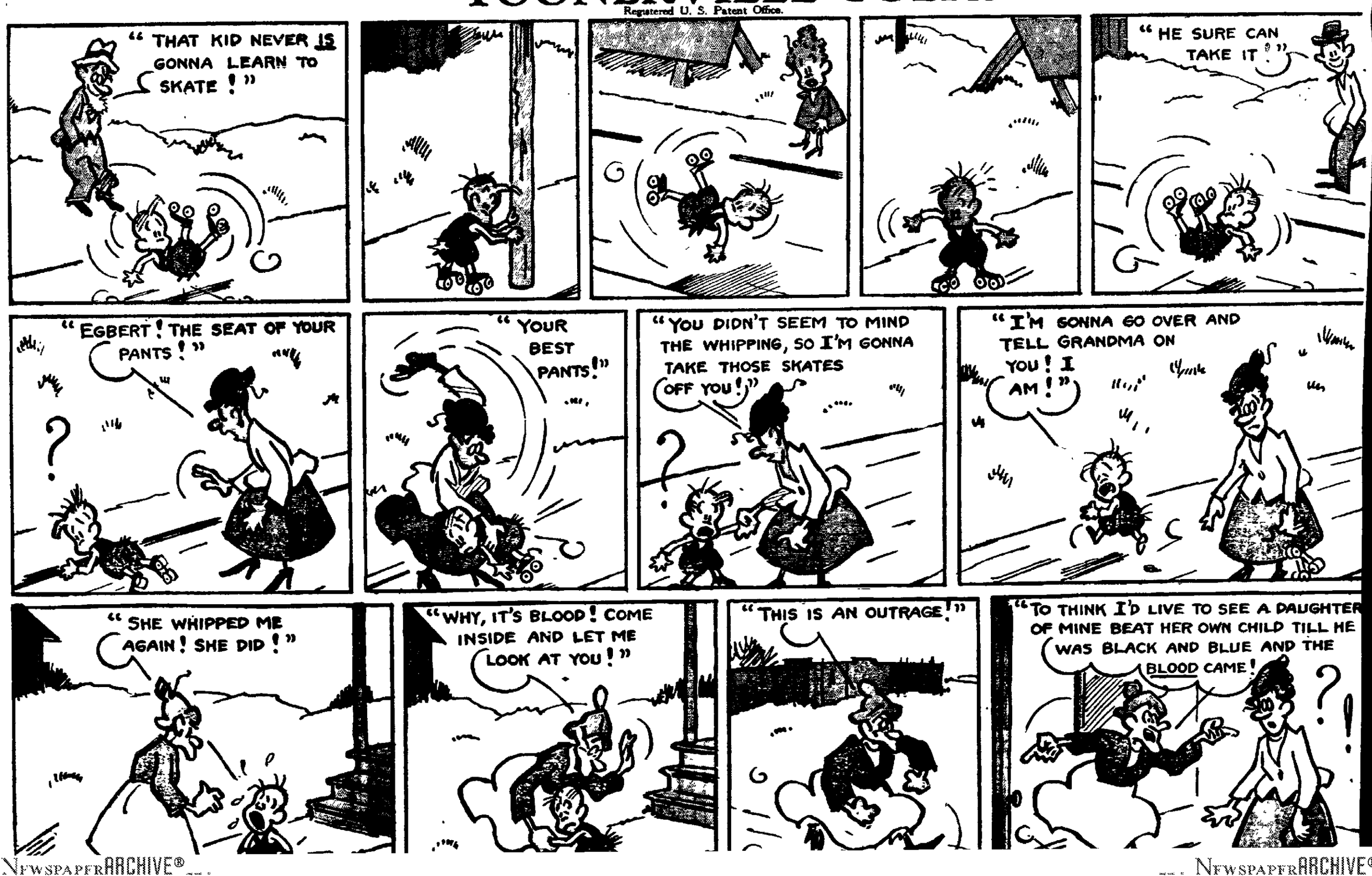

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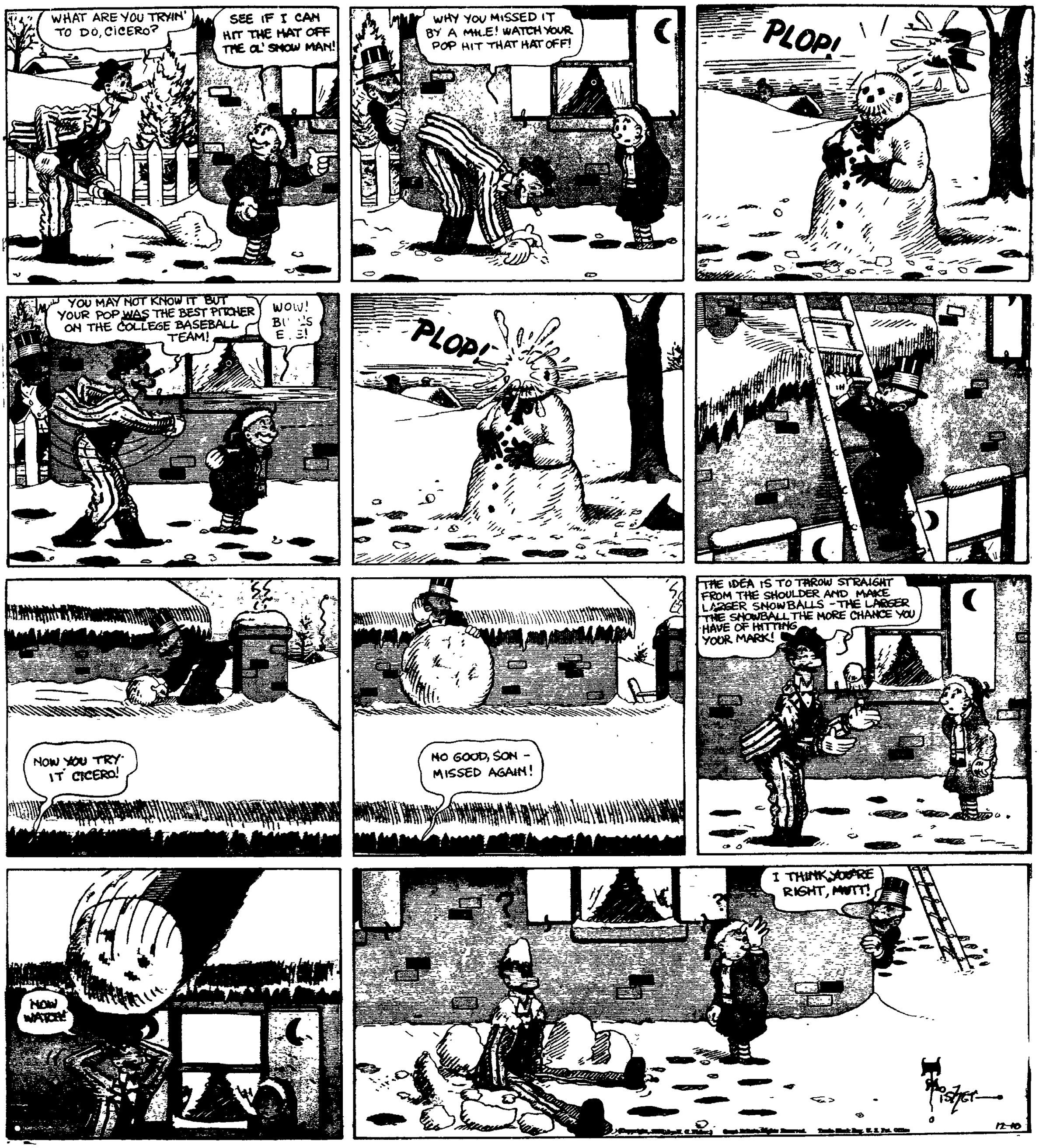
MUTT AND JEFF — Jeff's Snowball Act Was a Pflop — By BUD FISHER



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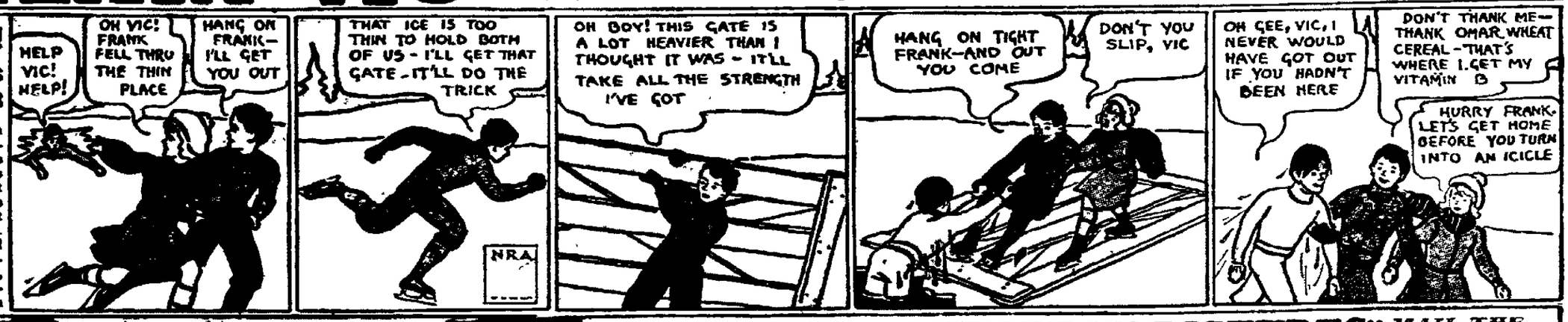

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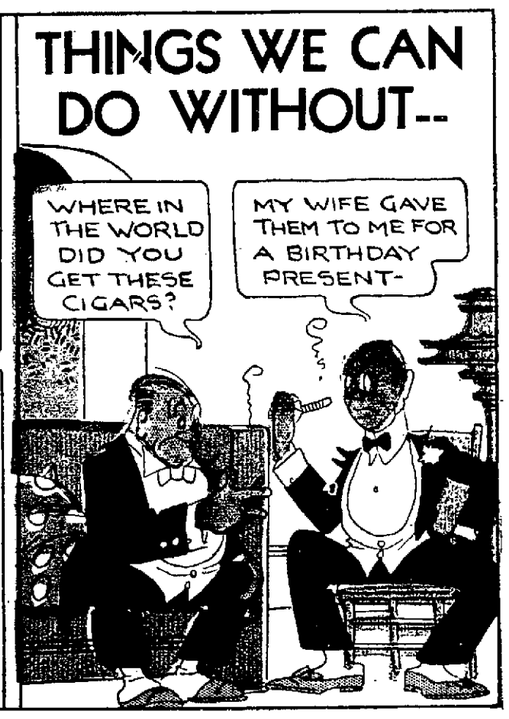
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1933

Rosie's BEAU

BY GEO. McMANUS



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Bringing Up Father

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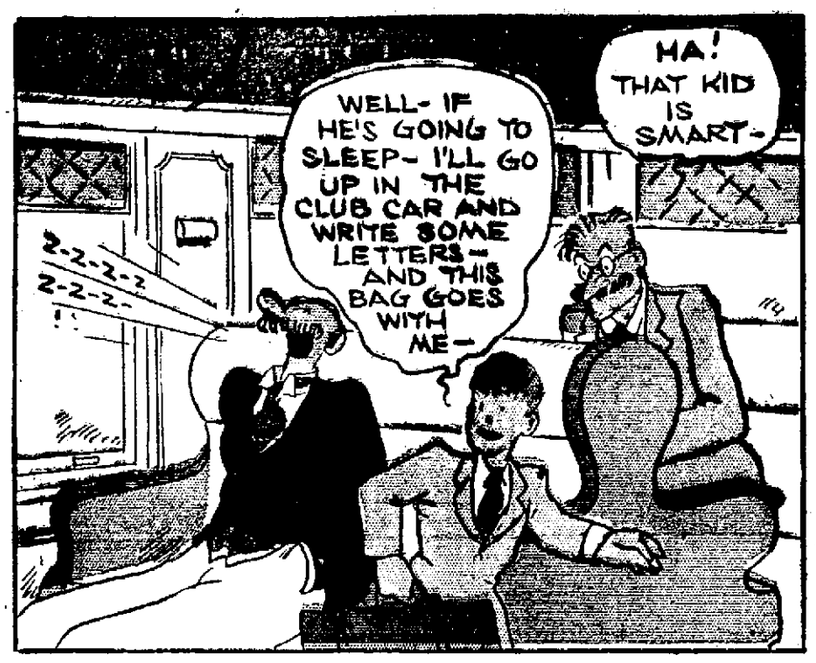

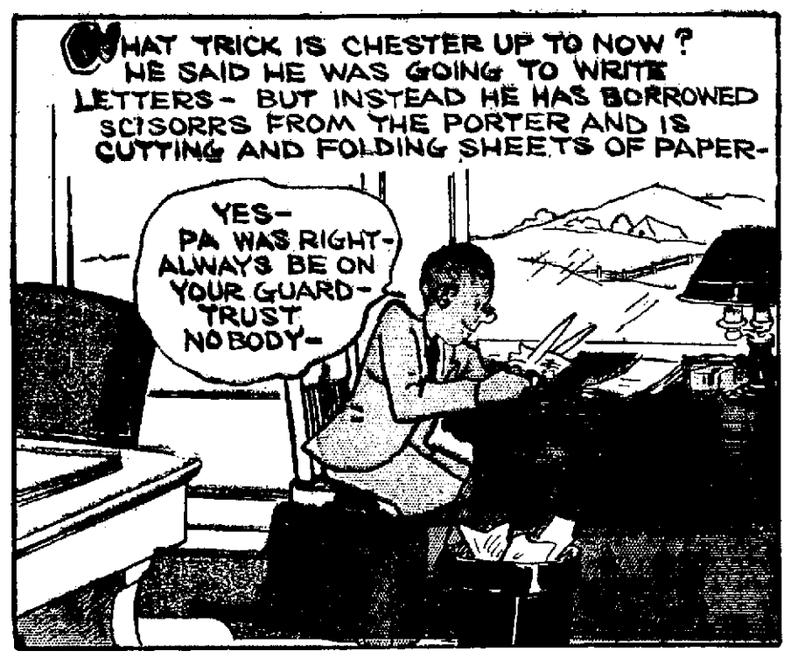

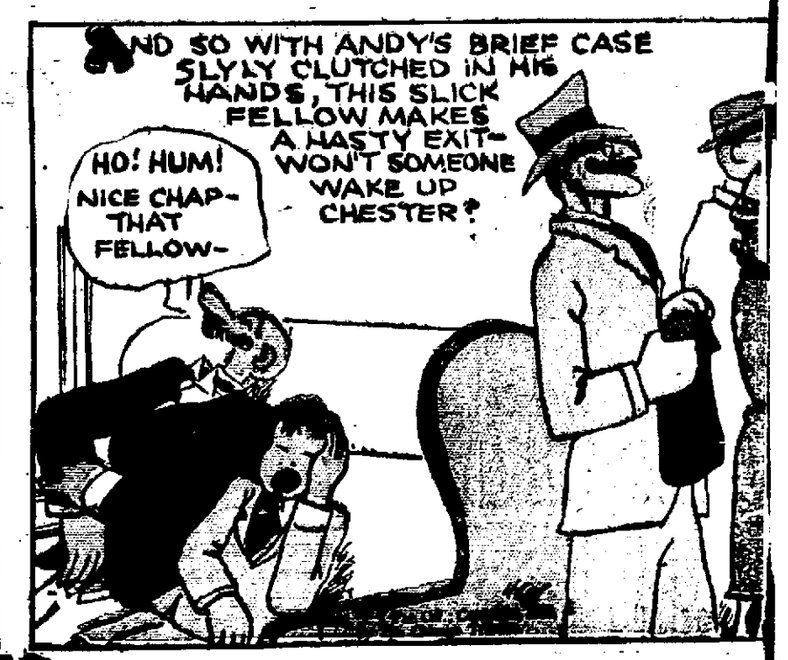

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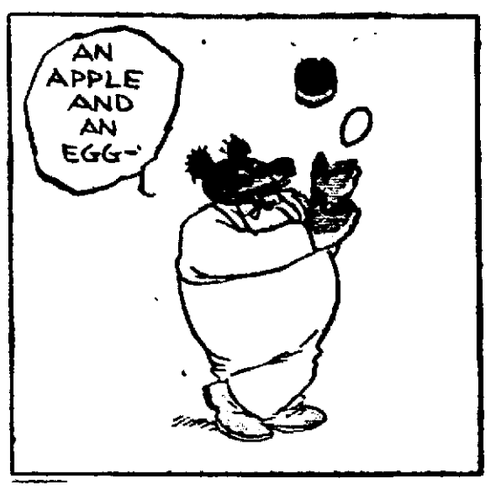

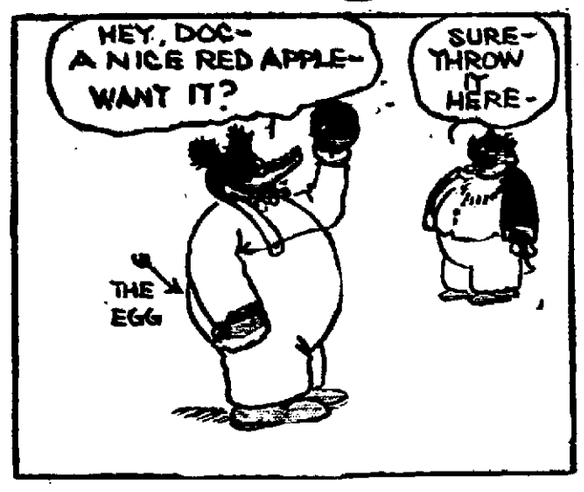

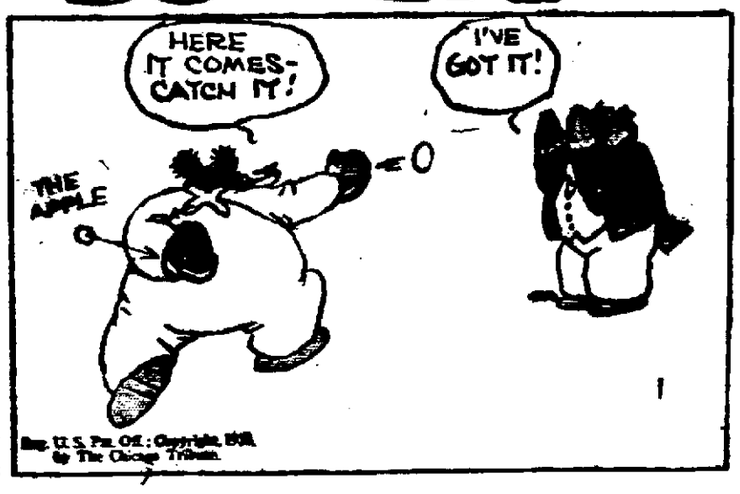

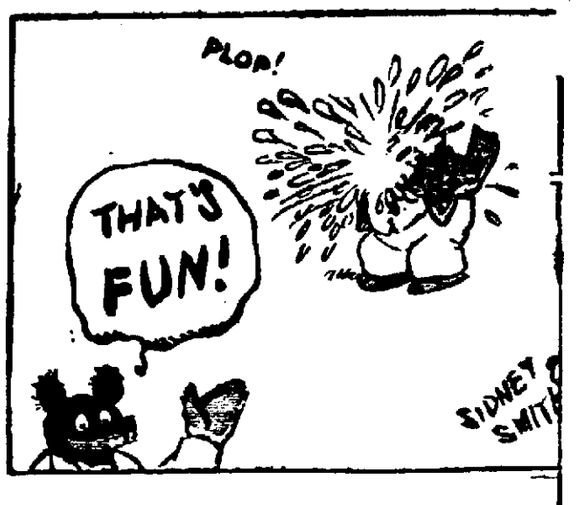

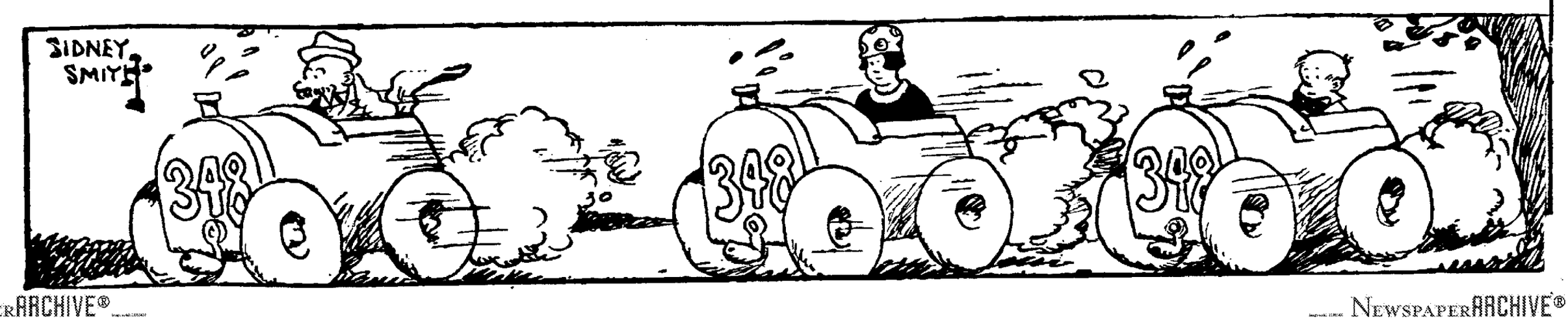

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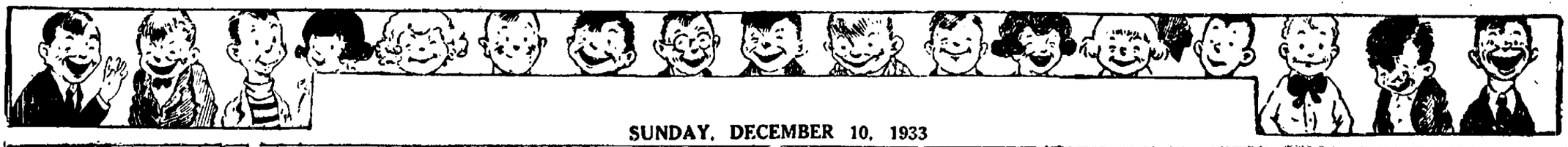

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1933

Tillie the Toiler

IE EDITION

'S IN GREATER LINCOLN— FIVE CENTS ELSEWHERE

MER

ctions

ATERS IGH ON COAST

Lakes Region and es — Scores Made Washington State lanes Crash.

y The Associated Press.) Vinter's first widespread w of the season covered ny sections of the nation ay.

n the Pacific northwest, npaging flood waters ught death and suffering r the week-end.

he coverlet of snow extended n the Great Lakes region over northern plains states and the ky mountain region; in the east n the New England states south westward along the Ohio river ey.

ew York City was visited with a w storm that reached a depth of inches.

loudy weather with more snow l a drop in temperature was fore- t for the New York area.

Western Washington, with flood ers from the Puyallup and Nis- ally rivers, was hardest hit, res of persons were made home- s. Only two deaths had been in- ectly attributed to the floods, but deaths were attributed las week a Pacific northwest storm which ceded he floods.

Heavy property damage was re- ted in the lower section of Ta- na by flood waters from the Puy- up yesterday, while motorists re marooned when the Nissually nt on a rampage near Olympia. railroad lines between Seattle d Tacoma were reported washed t.

Further Drop Predicted.

The midwest was in the grip of a ld wave, with a prediction for a rther drop in temperatures over ost of this section today. There is a blanket of snow in the Great ake region and over the northern ains states and the Rocky moun- in region.

Two mail planes, weighted down ice, fell to the earth in the snow- ad Alleghany mountains early this orning, but the pilots bailed out fely.

A new low temperature record r December, 24 degrees below zero as set at Owls Head, N. Y., north- n Adirondack village today. Sar-

(Continued on Page Four.)

DENVER ROBBER SUSPECTS TAKEN

Six Men and Three Women are Arrested By Omaha Police.

OMAHA, Dec. 11—(AP)—Dell Hanlon, known a decade ago as "Slippery Dell" and who flashed across the crime horizon brilliantly only to apparently end his career as a life termer in the Colorado prison and later to gain his freedom as a gift for his part in quelling a prison riot, is in jail again.

He is held here with his wife, Ruth, in connection with a $12,000 holdup of a downtown cafe in Denver Saturday. Held with him and his wife are Earl Smith, St. Paul; Wayne Haning, also known as Pete Haning, former Colorado convict; Merritt Oxley, Oakland, Cal.; George Anderson, Omaha; Ned Bolger, Omaha; Mrs. Mary Martin, Omaha, and Mrs. Katherine Doxey, Omaha.

Hanlon was paroled from the Colorado prison last spring on recommendation of the prison board as a reward for his conduct in the riot at the prison in 1929 when he acted as go between for the convicts and officials seeking to end the mutiny. He was serving a life term.

Shortly afterwards he was wedded to the girl being held here with him. She was formerly Miss Ruth Loraus of Seattle, Wash. Hanlon

(Continued on Page Four.)

As Rogers Sees It

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Dec. 11—Many a thing in our Sunday papers that showed a great picking up of things. And it was not ballyhoo, and not all government paid works either.

This thing of "we can't go ahead till we know exactly what our dollar is worth" is hooey.

Your bankers and your financiers marry with no gold clause. The preacher just guarantees you she is a wife. How long you can keep her, what she is worth to you, is all up to you.

Roosevelt, like the preacher, says "here is a dollar, it can always be used for a dollar."

Yours, WILL.

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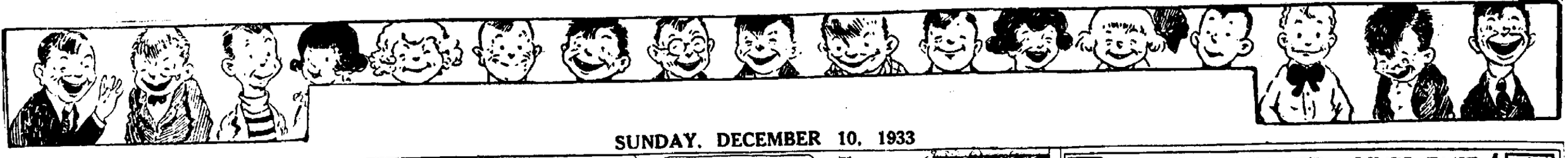
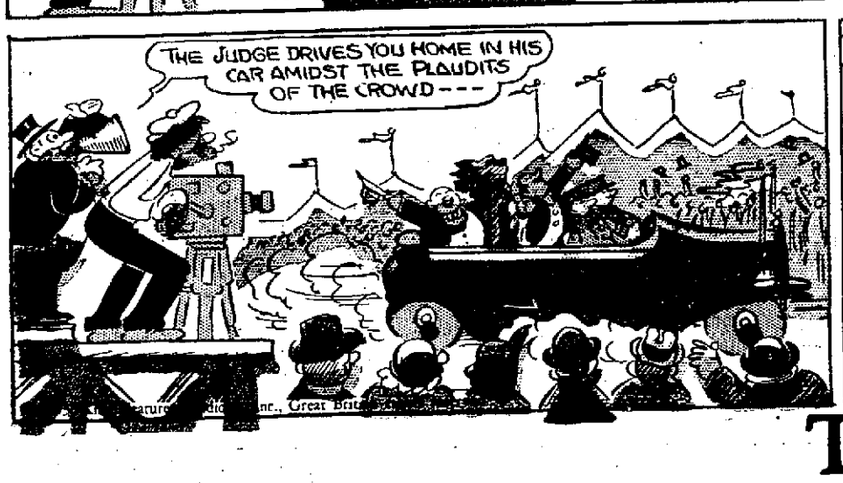
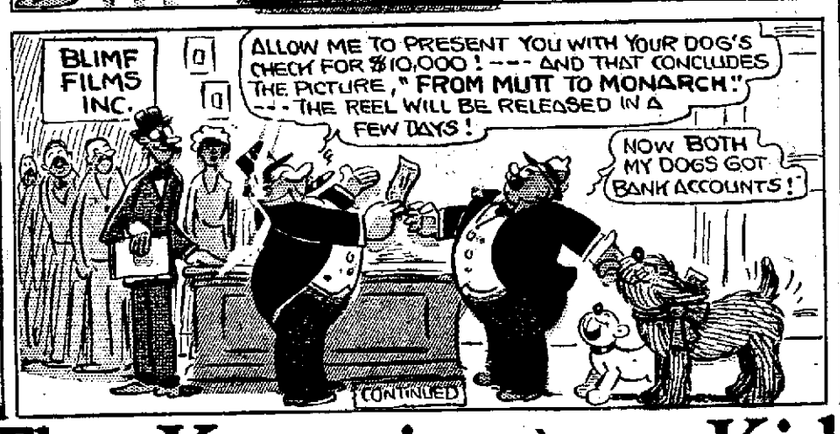


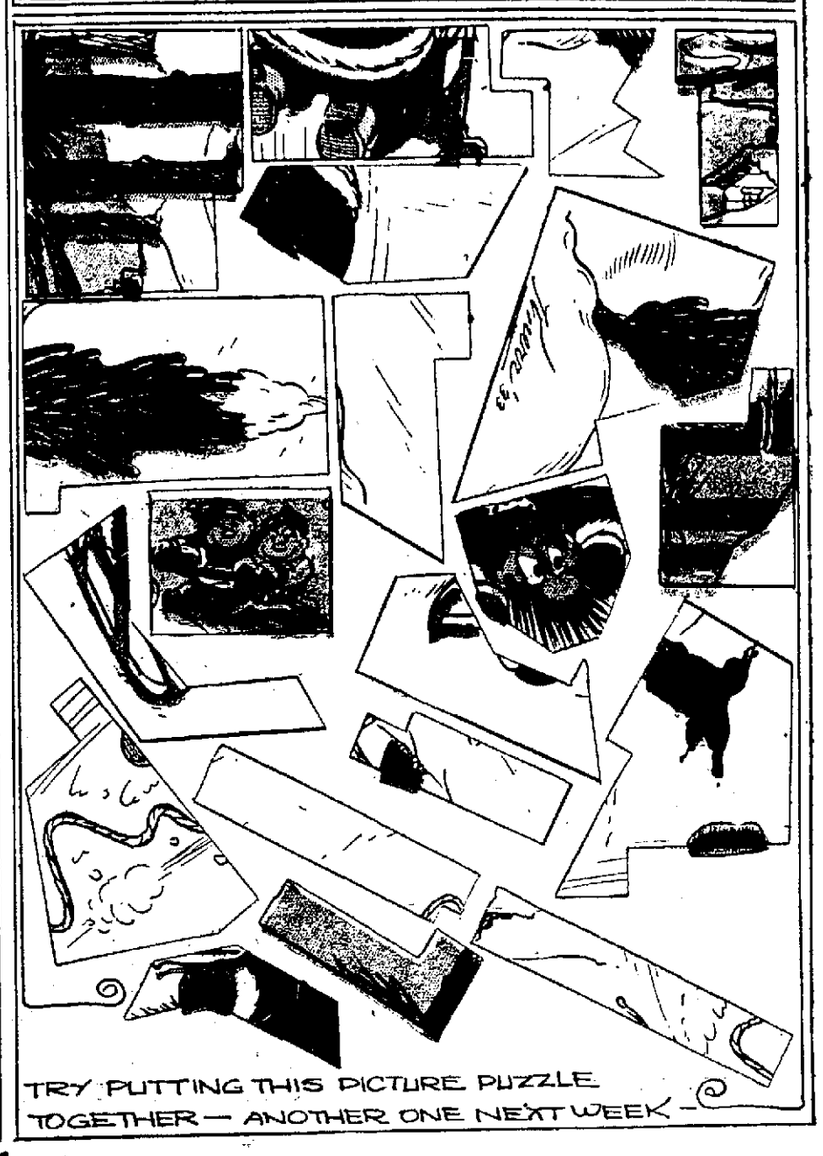
DINGLE-HOOFER

ADOLPH



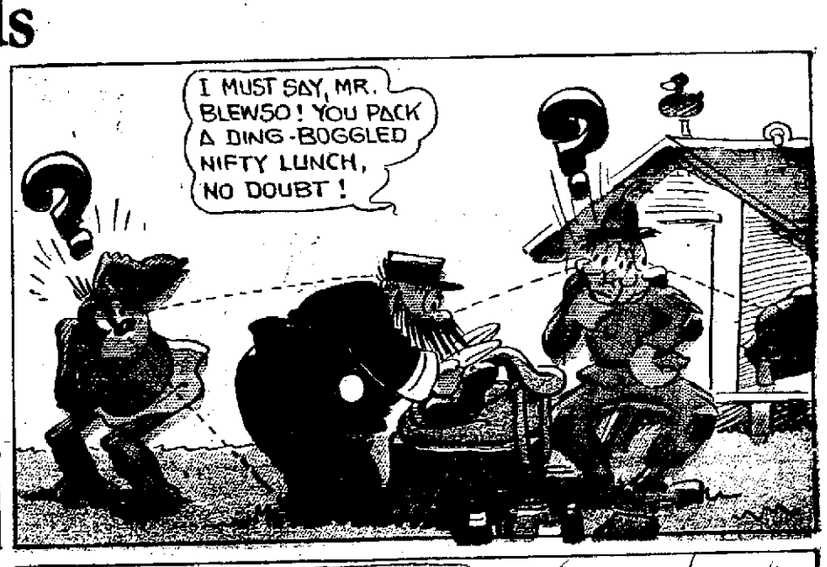


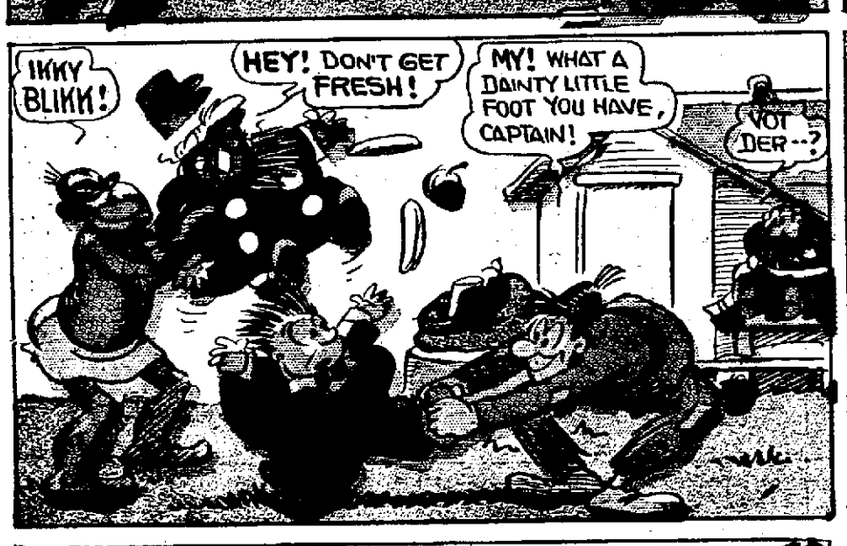
KATZENJAMMER KUT-OUT!

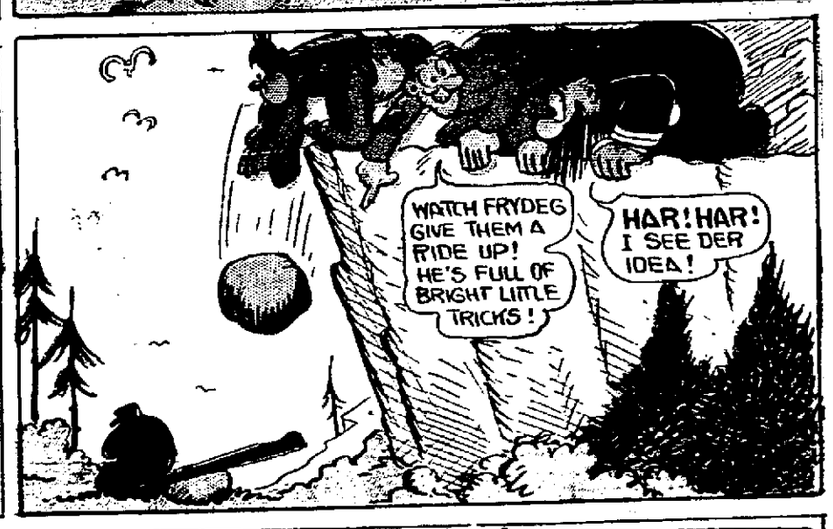


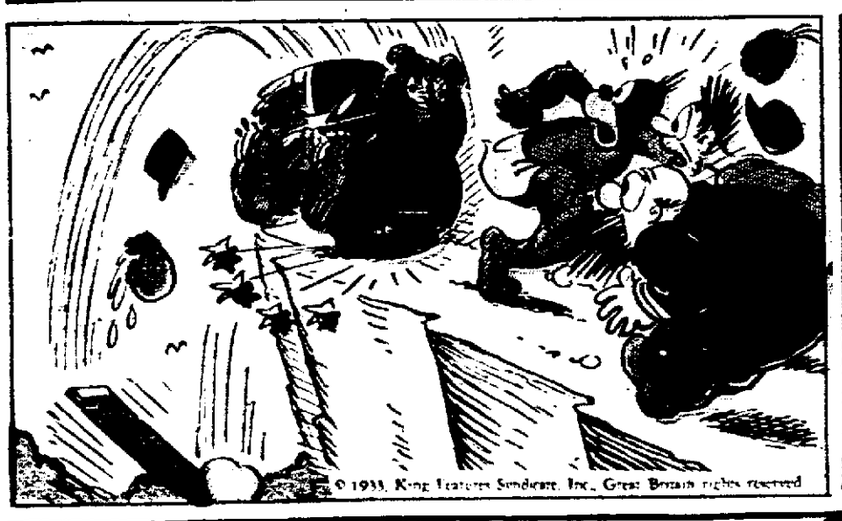
The Katzenjammer Kids

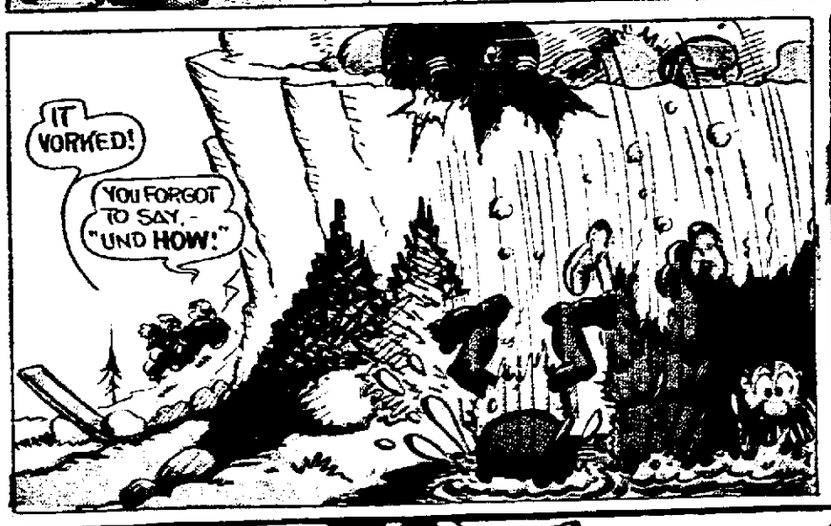
Registered U S Patent Office

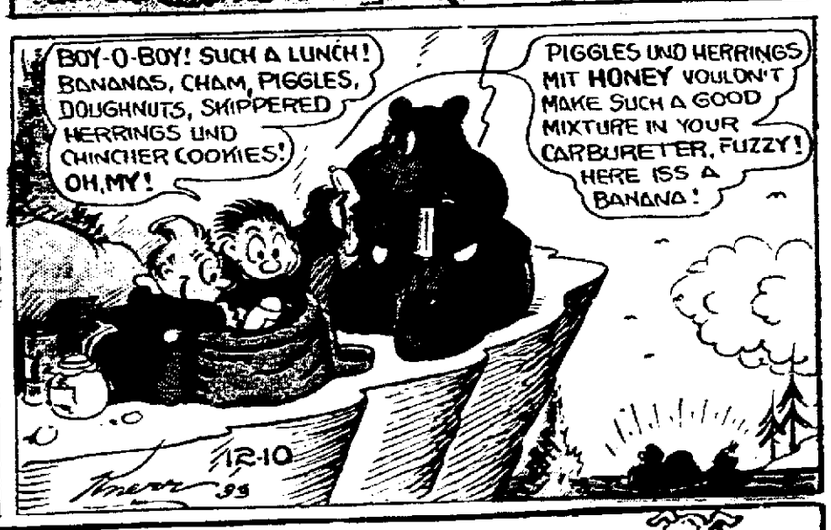












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